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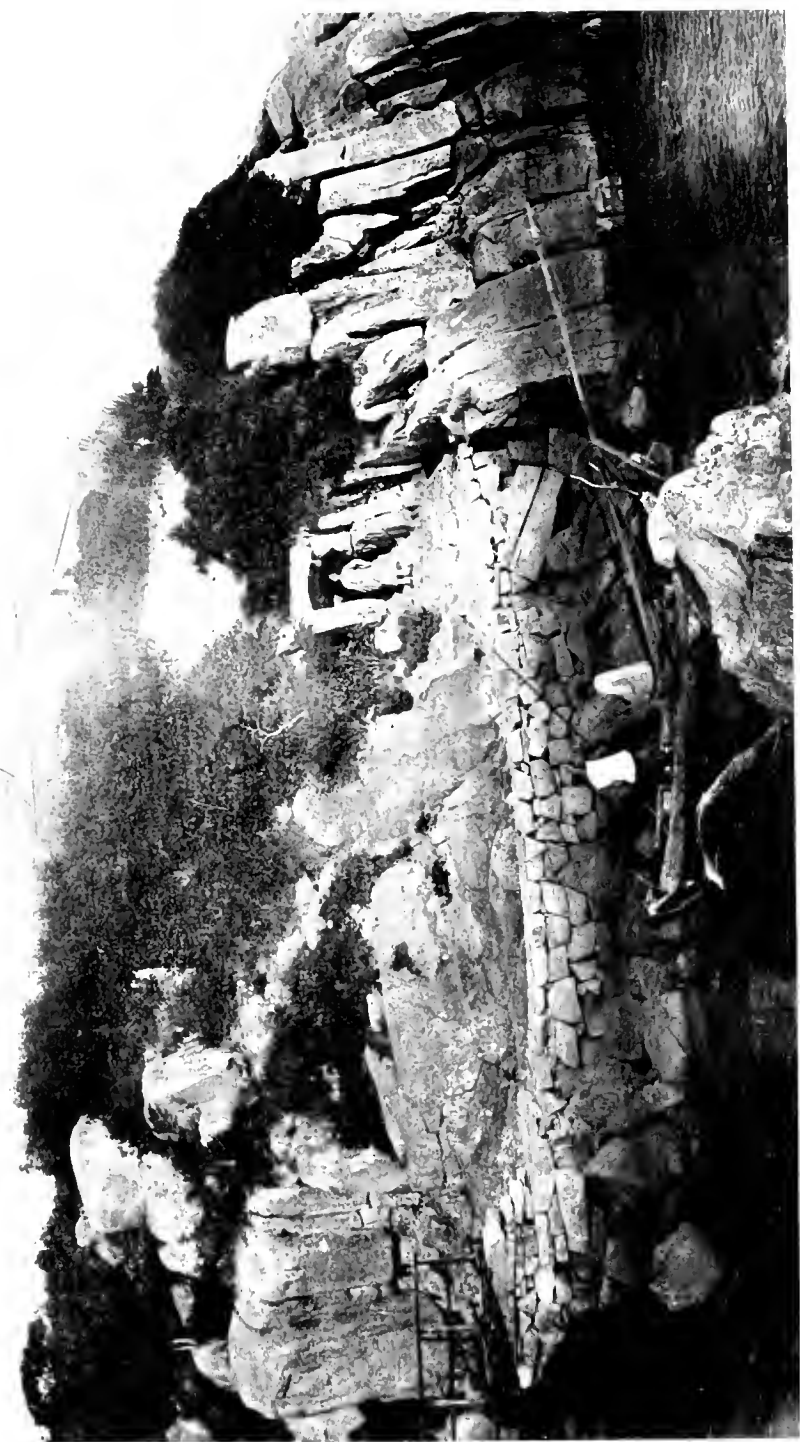


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The New America AND The Far East

A Picturesque and Historic Description of these Lands and Peoples

By G. WALDO BROWNE

Author of "Paradise of the Pacific," "Pearl of the Orient," etc.

With a General Introduction by EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.

*Author of "History of Our Country," "People's History of the United States,"
"Youth's History of the United States," etc.*

With the following Special Articles

Hawaii

By the Honorable HENRY CABOT LODGE

The Philippines

By Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER

Japan

By His Excellency KOGORO TAKAHIRA

China

By the Honorable JOHN D. LONG

Cuba

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CHAPTER VIII.

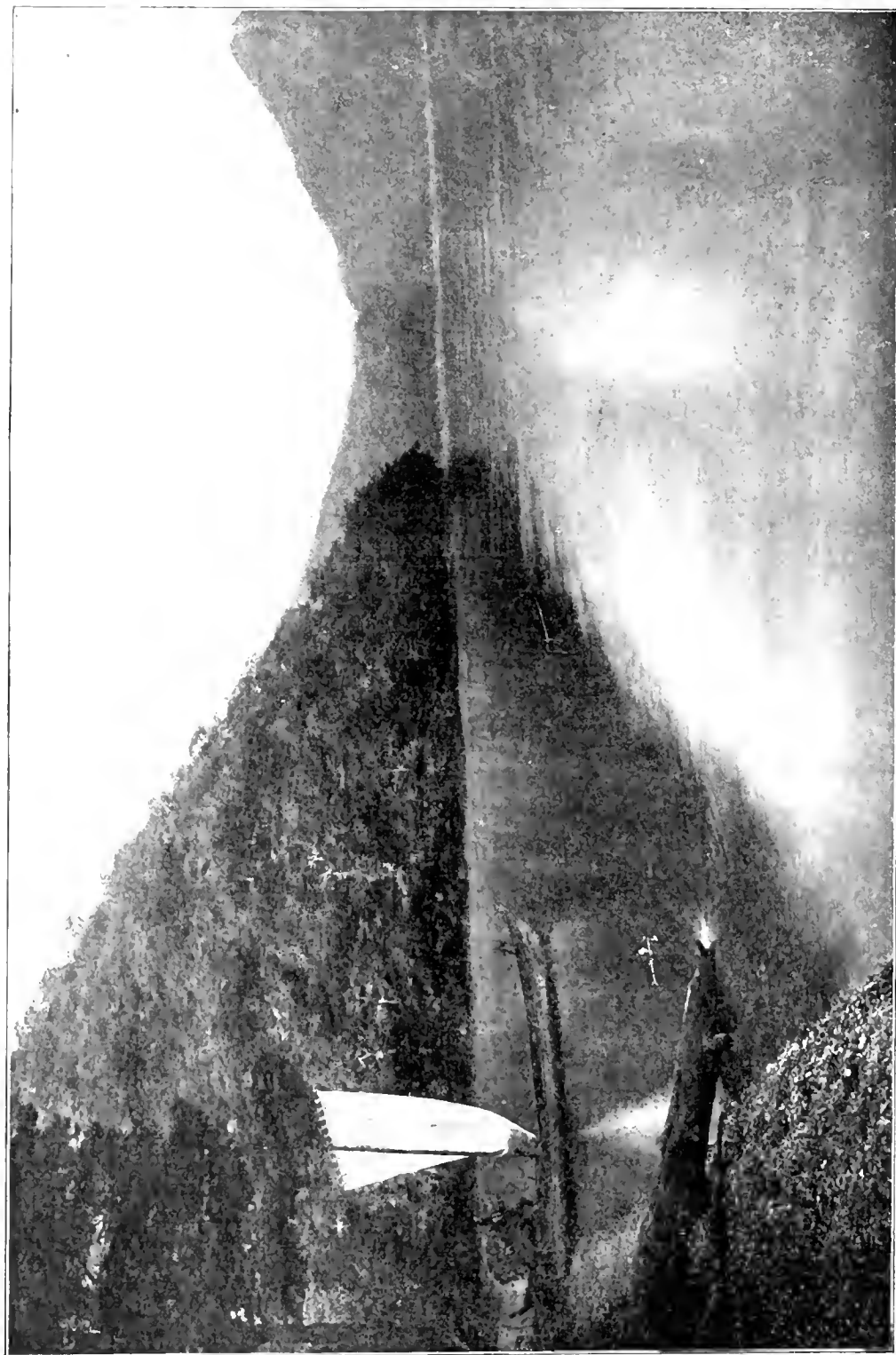
NIKKO AND ITS TEMPLES.

UN^{TIL} within a few years the traveller to Nikko could get no nearer by rail than the little town of Utsunomiya, twenty-five miles from his destination, but the beauty and grandeur of this last stage of his journey more than made up for the added inconvenience of travel. The entire way, which is a broad, well-made road, as highways generally are in Japan, is bordered by twin rows of lofty cryptomerias, some of them rising to a height of two hundred feet, their stately bodies free of branches for more than half that distance. These grand old monarchs, excepting a few that have taken the place of the originals, were planted a long time ago by a nobleman to make this road a fitting avenue leading to the resting-place of the shoguns sleeping in their bronze tombs on the hills of the city of temples.

Truly no more worthy monument could have been raised, and it is estimated that over a hundred thousand persons annually make their pious pilgrimages to the sacred shrines of Nikko. But the sublime effect has been marred by the modern methods of travel, and a band of pilgrims seeking their Mecca on an express-train lose their devout appearance. All over Japan the railroad is robbing it of much of its old-time grandeur.

Nikko nestles at the foot of the Nikko-zan range of mountains, in one of the grandest valleys of picturesque Japan two thousand feet above the sea. It has a cool, salubrious climate in summer, so it is a popular resort at that time, as well as being the keeper of the proudest temples in the land. Among the many sacred treasures of this storehouse of nature, there is none so ancient or so noble as the venerable mountains clothed in their dense growth of forest.

The city of temples is especially fortunate in its environments. If the mountains are the noblest in the northland, the waterfalls are the wildest in Japan. One of them leaps a sheer 350 feet into a basin of snow; another is broken and twisted into a series of cascades, whose silvery



CHUSENJI LAKE, NIKKO.

beauty cannot be conveyed to paper. The ancient forests are hung with rare mosses, that give them an increased appearance of hoariness. The silence and solitariness of the village of Irimachi, hemmed in by the towering heights, possesses an intensity of loneliness beyond comparison. But everywhere the atmosphere is laden with the sweet perfumes of a thousand flowers, and birds of rare plumage and melodious songs



STABLE, NIKKO.

enliven the scene. The temperature, too, has a delightful and invigorating tone, both healthful and hopeful.

At Nikko is seen a shrine of the oldest religion in Japan—older than her history, in fact. Beside this emblem of the Shinto faith was erected by the saint Shodo Shonin, in 716, a temple of Buddha. The later religion was introduced into the empire from China, but its priests were wise enough not to attempt to replace the primitive Shinto by it, being content to unite the two. The ablest and most powerful follower of Buddha was, no doubt, that great warrior, Iyeyasu, who was deified by the emperor as “the great incarnation of Buddha, the Light of the East.” Upon his death

this noted man was buried at Kunoza, in the southern country, and noble shrines were built to immortalise his memory. But in time it was felt that sufficient honour had not been done the mighty man, and it was decided to remove his remains to a more fitting resting-place at Nikko.

So in 1617, on the greatest day Nikko ever knew, his body was removed to her exalted protection, with such impressive ceremonies as only the rites of Buddha can afford. Japan has never seen such another burial; it may never again see its like. The remains of the hero were borne up the



YASHAMON GATE, NIKKO.

grand avenue lined by stately cryptomerias, to the mausoleum on the cedared mount, by the imperial envoy, made up of a long train of noblemen with two-sworded retainers, many gorgeously decked priests, and the living shogun.

The most-sought approach to the temple-tombs of the illustrious dead is over the sacred bridge, which is a wooden structure lacquered a deep red, in vivid contrast to the sombre hue of the pines, and supported by stone piers. Gates are closed at either end, stopping all entrance, except when they are open once a year for the annual festival, and vast crowds pass over the sacred way. Leaving this bridge, the avenue lies under

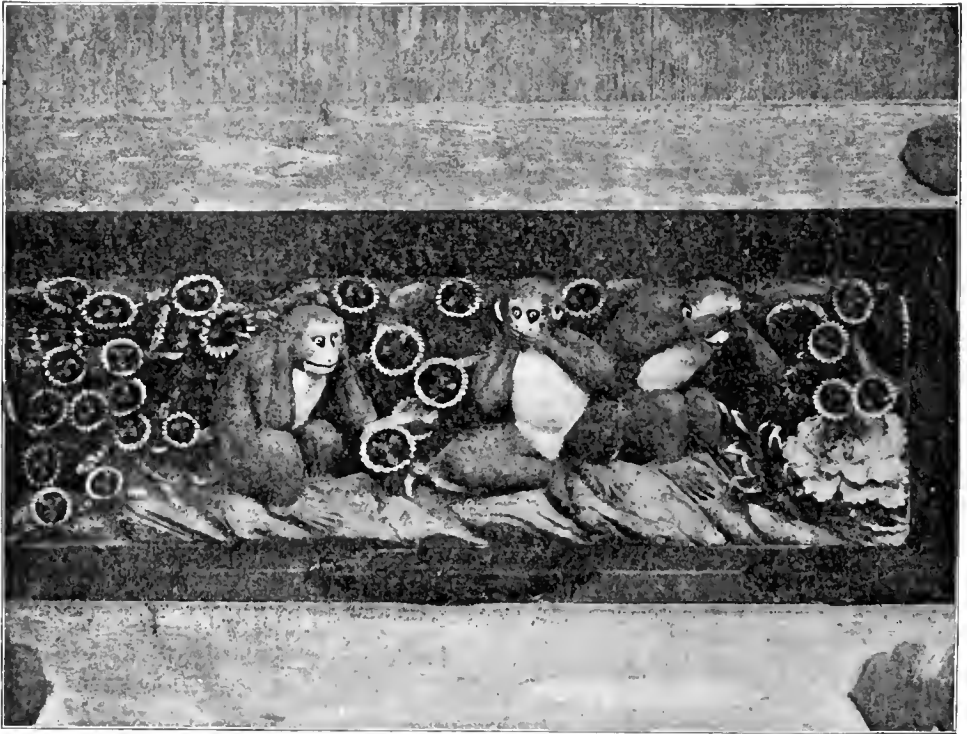
overhanging cryptomerias, and is terraced with stones worn smooth by many footsteps.

Midway in the ascent is a small belfry, looking like a huge mushroom under its big sloping roof, covered with bronze plates, and surmounted by the crest of Iyeyasu. A bronze bell, rung by means of a big log of wood placed at an angle so that, upon being pulled back by a rope, it will strike the deep-toned instrument as it rebounds, sends forth its clear resonant notes so as to be heard a long distance. At the head of the terraced ascent stands a massive symbol of Shintoism, a granite torii. This is twenty-seven feet and six inches in height, but looks dwarfed beside the handsome five-storied pagoda standing near by. The latter has a beautiful crest, its stories decreasing in size as they stand one above another. The eaves of the lower story are decorated by the painted carvings of the twelve Japanese signs of the zodiac: the rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, ape, cock, dog, and pig.

Broad stone steps lead to the entrance, through the "Gate of the Two Kings," to the storehouses containing the precious relics of Iyeyasu, and the numerous belongings of the temple. In the great courtyard, with its rows of stone lanterns, beside these two structures, with their large tiled roofs, is another and larger building, with painted carvings of elephants showing their hind legs turned the wrong way. These ornaments are the work of the famous left-handed artist, Hidari Jingoro, and are considered marvels of artistic taste. This elegant court is lighted, on special occasion, by 118 magnificent lanterns placed on massive stone bases, the gifts of noblemen in honour of the sleeping god Iyeyasu. Kept in a small stable near by is a snow-white pony sacred to the use of the god. This building is ornamented by the carvings of three monkeys, supposed to represent the unique trinity of *San-goku no saru*, the trio that neither see, hear, nor speak any evil. This fact is symbolised by the attitudes of the monkeys, one having his paws over his eyes, the second covering his mouth, and the third his ears. Wherever one goes in Japan he will see these images of blind, dumb, and deaf monkeys. In this same court is a cistern fashioned out of solid rock, and holding holy water, which comes from a stream on the mountainside, known as the White Thread Cascade, as the water flows over the brink of the precipice in such a delicate layer of the silvery fluid as to look to be a part of the glistening stone.

In the midst of his admiration of this scene the tourist hears the soft ting-a-ling of golden wind-bells under the eaves of the buildings, as they are gently swayed to and fro by the breeze.

At the head of another flight of steps the visitor comes upon a second court, filled with wonder-works of Japanese skill, and gifts from other countries. Among these last are a bronze candelabrum, that belonged years ago to a king of Loochoo; a huge candlestick sent from Holland,



MONKEY CARVED STABLE, NIKKO.

and a strange bell which was once the pride of a Corean king. These gifts came from those kingdoms when they were considered as vassals of Japan.

Another flight of steps ascended, and the visitor pauses before the Yo Mei gate, its two stories decorated with remarkable carvings of the common and the unusual in artistic work. Engraved in intricate tracings of marvelous cunning and grotesque invention are groups of happy children, wise-looking Chinese sages, heads of weird dragons, and beasts that live

only in the mythology of a picturesque people. On either side are cloisters prodigal of their carvings of birds and flowers.

As the ponderous gate swings ajar we are ushered into a courtyard containing several buildings, one of which was reserved in ancient times for the *kagura*, or sacred dance, which was performed by priestesses in wide-flowing silken trousers, an overdress of ganzy texture, and a wreath of artificial flowers, while they held in their hands tiny bells, that gave forth soft, bewitching music. They swirled and postured in absurd positions,



TEMPLE AT NIKKO.

making ridiculous passes with their fans before amused priests. Near the centre of the court is an enclosure holding the chapel, which contains that universal emblem of Shintoism, the golden *gohei*, attached to a long wand, and a Shinto mirror on a table lacquered a deep black. Save the decorations of bronze figures on the walls and ceilings, carvings and frescoes in gold and black lacquer, there are no ornaments here. But the dimness of the light, the coolness of the atmosphere, and the deep solemnity that pervades the sacred precinct, with its impressive mementos of the days of old, linger long with the beholder.

There is another way leading to this court, through an old gate bearing

over its top the ancient carving of a sleeping cat, denoting the tireless sentry, and the work of the left-handed artist already mentioned. This path leads up 220 moss-grown steps to that spot of greatest sanctity, the tomb of Japan's greatest ruler. In fact, all these preludes of courts, stone stairways, massive gates, and displays of decorations have been only the entrance to the mausoleum.

Situated within an enclosure of lofty walls surmounted with a balustrade, and sheltered by stately old cryptomerias, the tomb itself is unadorned, and stands an impressive and fitting resting-place of the mighty shogun. It is constructed of huge blocks of stone, crested with an urn of gold, silver, and copper-bronze raised in the form of a pagoda. A vase of bronze filled with lotus flowers and leaves in brass, a bronze tortoise supporting a stork, an ornament typifying the length of the days, and an incense burner of the same metal, all stand on a table of stone in front of the tomb. Situated on this noble height under the deathless shade of the pines, and behind the picturesque temples reared in his honour, the great monarch sleeps amid surroundings in keeping with his illustrious record. Truly, in no other land is fame more lasting, or honour more highly esteemed.

Scarcely inferior to this sublime mausoleum is the monument raised to the memory of his grandson, Iyémitsu. This is reached by an avenue turning from the approach to the other. In this direction, courtyards and flights of stone steps, gold and bronze images, grotesque carvings, temples to the Shinto faith, the tomb of Yoritomo, the shrewd, ambitious, and unscrupulous founder of the shogunate, niches filled with figures of mythological gods and goddesses, among which we note those ridiculous monsters with prodigious display of teeth that are supposed to rule the wind and thunder, gates that show both art and skill in the building, an oratory as impressive as that of Iyeyasu, and with more of ornamentation; all this, and many other beauties, which to describe would call into use every synonymous adjective in the English language belonging to the class magnificent, until we stand in our bare feet and with bowed head in the tomb of this noted man.

The two temples and their environments have interests that are different, as the first has, in comparatively late years, been shorn of its profuse adornments and rededicated to the Shinto gods, whose surroundings are





always of the simplest kind; while the latter remains in Buddhist hands, and retains the ornate glory of this religion. Its storehouses are filled with works of art and rare paintings, which no pen can adequately describe. The beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of these famous shrines of Nikko must be seen to be appreciated. Art and Nature seem to have joined hands in outdoing themselves. India, famous for her sacred shrines, has nothing to compare with them. Even when the Taj Mahal, that "temple-tomb of Asia," has been placed in comparison with these seen at Nikko, the beholder finds all the awe and wonder of the other, placed amid its solemn shadows, revived with intensified interest, until he feels that it was here, in the mountains of the north, art began and temples had their origin.



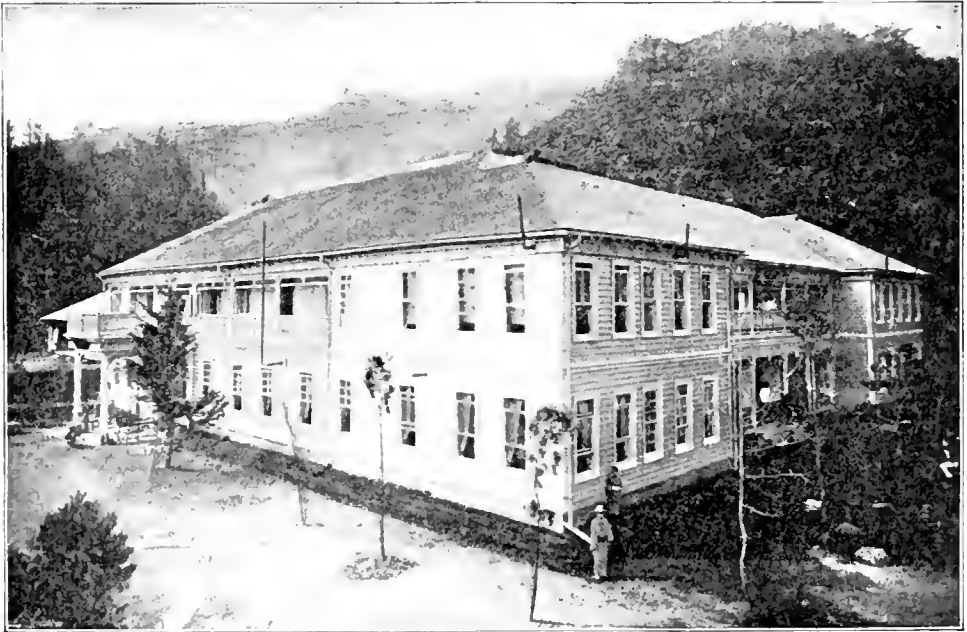
SACRED POST AT NIKKO.

Leaving these splendid sepulchres of the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty, and his quite as illustrious grandson, in the midst of stately mountains, clothed in ancient forests, and invested in storied mysteries of the ages, we soon reach that flashing stream Daiya gawa, plunging headlong down the precipitous descent in a frantic race to gain the lowlands, where it is spanned by the Mi Hasi, or sacred bridge, built in 1638 A. D., at a spot where legend says was made the first pilgrimage to the mountains of the saint Shodo Shonin. A lesser temple is raised by the wayside, dedicated to the

goddess of rice, Inari, and bearing the figure of the fox, which is the personification of this deity.

Nikko puts on her best livery at the festival of Iyeyasu, and the shrines to this hero are then seen to the best advantage. But the tourist has not seen it all until he has been present at one of the annual pilgrimages to the mountain shrines.

The day is perfect. Nikko has more perfect days, it would seem, than any other spot in Japan. The grand avenue is provided with refreshments



KANAYA HOTEL AT NIKKO.

for the coming multitude, and a pine, consecrated to propitiate the evil spirits, is dragged furiously up the terraced path. Eager, excited people rush after it, plucking branch after branch from the tree as charms against evils, until it is bare of leaf and branch. During this performance a continual outcry of voices from a hundred throats rings up and down the valley erstwhile so heavy with the silence. Then the broad gate of the sacred Red Bridge is flung open, and the anxious, travel-worn pilgrims move solemnly forward on their march to the holy temples. Sanctimonious priests in robes of gold brocade or silk chasubles and white cassocks, and mounted on ponies selected with religious veneration for this pious occa-

sion, are followed by their train of devoted parishioners, clothed in bright yellow gowns, and holding on long poles over their heads huge fans. Behind these marches a long train of warriors, made conspicuous by their ancient trappings and arms of olden styles. Next in this strange procession walk, in double file, men and boys, with masks over their faces and all wearing quaint costumes of other days donned for this especial scene. The last squad wave banners or temple flags of queer device over their heads, or carry live birds or monkeys. In the rear, attired in skins of wild beasts, and to make the imitation more startling, men creep upon their hands and knees, following two and two abreast. Besides these singular bodies of people, at intervals along the marching column zealous adherents of the faith draw sacred cars on wooden wheels, with temple-shaped roofs and bodies of dark lacquer, valances of rare needlework, and rich draperies of red and yellow silk. The entire scene is enlivened, if not rendered more enjoyable, by all sorts of instruments, musical and otherwise, sending forth their medley of sounds. The procession is at least a mile in length, while the avenue is fairly deluged by a flood of spectators who have come from all parts of the country — some hundreds of miles — to witness this famous festival.

One day is deemed sufficient for the religious celebration, in which there is an amazing mixture of the profane and divine influences. At eventide the whole affair is closed with an extensive illumination of the temples and surroundings for a long distance. Lights from gay-coloured paper lanterns, swaying from every building and gateway, from the trees, the pagoda, the tomb, dazzle the beholders of the night scene. Lanterns of bronze and stone lend their sparkling blazes from courts and avenues, while smaller lanterns of paper, carried by the surging multitude, look like so many fireflies dodging hither and thither. The wind-bells, swayed gently by the mellow evening air, send forth their tremulous notes with sweet cadence, while the deeper tones of the bronze bell float away in the far, misty distance. The crowd finally, with backward glances, moves leisurely down the avenue whence it had ascended in the earlier hours, until the silence and loneliness of yesterday fall upon the scene.

But the mixed train of prayerful priests and pious pilgrims, of devout people and curious sightseers, moving sublimely along the noble avenue consecrated to the gods of two religions, has come and gone and returned

again with autumnal regularity for over a thousand years, and who would gaze upon its like again has only to come to Nikko at its next annual matsuri. He may not see the same individuals making up the singular array of marching columns, neither will the forests have on the same vestments as before; but the solemn mien of the pine, and brilliant colouring of the maple still remain unchanged, while the same picturesque pageantry of worshippers will pass before the eye. It may be that Japan, in its new light of progress, has little use for these relics of romantic paganism, but she will hold upon them with ancestral veneration for many years to come.

CHAPTER IX.

NATIVES OF THE GREEN WOODS.

NIKKO'S attractions do not end with the temples described, by any means. There are other shrines as full of historic interest if not of religious importance, and one never tires of visiting these holy retreats embodying so happily the combined fascinations of art and nature and religion, romantic valleys and sparkling cascades, hillsides clothed in their variegated coats of bright and dark foliage, with vistas of plains in the distance.

Near the hotel, and amid surroundings that have been used at some time as the burial-grounds of an older generation, stands the temple of Jokoji. A stone image of Koyasu-Jizo, the god of children, is found at this place. To this, come the mothers, with offerings and prayers for his conciliation and influence to cure their children of their ills, or if well, to guard them from misfortune. This idol is nearly six feet in height, and continually decked with red and white linen, that anxious mothers have placed upon it for the effect it is believed to have upon their loved ones.

As we explore these sacred precincts about Nikko we are continually meeting with some god or goddess consecrated to some worldly object, and the central figure of some temple or shrine. No spot is so isolated or inaccessible that it does not have such an attraction. A hideous idol may stand watch in a snake garden; a goddess of light may throw her imaginary influence for good over some temple, or the god of darkness crouch behind a more dreaded shrine. A memento of Shintoism, or reminder of the rites of Buddha, may be seen; every sacred object having its devotees, and the roads leading to them lined at all times with pious pilgrims wending their way hither. These solemn scenes are made brighter by occasional vistas of one of the landscape-gardens which seem a part of Japan.

On the west of the village, nestling amid the hills, is a corner cut from paradise, and dropped here by a generous Giver. It is famous for containing hundreds of images sacred to the memory of that powerful deity that

once dwelt here, Amida. These time-worn, moss-grown figures, cut roughly from blocks of stone, are placed in a long row beside the pathway leading into the sacred vale. A legend the devout Buddhist believes to this day says that these images cannot be counted twice alike, except under the divine incantation of a faithful priest. Its rocky bed lying between two massive walls of mighty rocks, the river of the gods sweeps wildly and triumphantly through the narrow valley.

Among the other places sought by tourist and pilgrim, are Rainbow



A BUDDHIST SHRINE.

Falls, where all the hues of heaven and earth blend in a harmonious colouring of water and mist; and Pillow Cascade, a charming little stream that takes an unexpected leap of sixty feet over the brink of a rocky wall, carpeted with soft moss and covered with ferns, to quickly recover its equilibrium at the base and hie away singing as merrily as ever. Wild azaleas lend their beauty to the scene, pine and bamboo their dignity and solemnity, while the song of birds from the maples awakens the solitude.

With a climate similar to that of New England, it is natural we should look for about the same denizens of the green woods. The result is not a

disappointment. Roaming to-day the wilds of Japan are the deer, fox, badger, weasel, and smaller animals of the last type. In the north is to be found the bear, while the wild boar and the monkey live in the mountain ranges of the central and southern provinces.

In this group of natives of the woods the fox is ranked at the head by the human family, and he enjoys a sort of charmed life among the agricultural people, as the superstitious farmers believe he is the reincarnation of that sacred deity of the pastoral pursuits, Inari. The veneration shown this god is expressed on many a hillside by a vermillion-coloured shrine, where the farming class are wont to congregate to render homage to their patron divinity. In this manner the fox has not only come to be



VIEW OF MATSUSHIMA.

looked upon with respect, if not fear, but he figures in nearly all of the fairy tales of Japanese folk-lore. He is often associated with the badger, which is considered an uncanny creature, and is avoided as much as possible by all except those who hunt him for the purpose of killing him.

Deer of a small species are found plentifully, and, in the vicinity of the consecrated grounds of the agis of the Buddhist religion, he roams at will, unfeared and unharmed, amid the temples or along the village streets.

But away from the special protection of these sacred places, in the fastness of mountain and valley, he is hunted as in other countries, while his meat is esteemed as a delicacy.

The bear, among the Ainos of the north, and the wild boar in the Pyrenees of the south, are alike hunted and considered ugly customers when brought to bay, as many a battle-scarred hunter will attest. The flesh of either is not looked upon with favour. In fact, the meat of the hog has been considered, until within twenty years, with more than Jewish hatred, as unclean. Of late, however, it has become a part of the national diet, along with beef.

Of the domesticated animals, the horse ranks easily at the head, though he is of a small breed and has never been put to severe work. There are the ox, cow, pig, dog, and cat, the sheep being conspicuous by its absence. The last do not thrive anywhere in Japan, the rugged *kaya* grass and the stout bamboo, upon which they will persist in feeding, proving poison to them. The native horse, if small, is hardy and fleet of foot, and capable of great powers of endurance. Horses are inclined, however, to be vicious, and are not trained to work except as racers and jumpers. Oxen and cows are employed in agricultural pursuits in most parts of the islands, but milk is not generally considered as an article of food.

Goats, in some localities, are quite common, while there are two species of dogs which do not belong to any kind that we have, though as a lap-dog one of them has become quite common here. The other is called the *inu*, and more nearly resembles the wolf than any animal we know. It is quite easily domesticated. Cats are without number,—and also without tails, except in a few cases, when they are of great length. Rats are numerous, and looked upon with something of favour. The rat is one of the Japanese signs of the zodiac.

Japanese art has led us to expect much of her bird life, and naturally we look first for the stork, so familiar to us all, through the artist and the decorator, as the king of the feathered tribe. In many respects we are disappointed. The stork, *tsuru* (*Grus leucou chon*), attains a height of nearly six feet when erect, and approaches the size of the ostrich. It has a white, glistening body, with ebony wings and tail-feathers, and head conspicuously marked with a spot of crimson. Appropriately seeking the black, sinuous pines that overhang the old castle walls, and shores of the

reedy ponds in the ancient parks, circling around the gnarled arms of the dark evergreen, or posing in graceful and stately manner amid the grottoes and lakelets of these olden pleasure-grounds, if he does not meet the expectations of the foreigner, he richly deserves the admiration the Eastern artist so loves to picture.

A companion to the stork, in size if not in public favour, is the *go-i-sagi*, or heron of "noble rank." Then there is the snowy heron of the rice-



TAME DEER, NARA.

fields, more numerous than desirable. There are several other varieties of this kind of bird, but of lesser importance.

Another of the feathered creatures that stands high in popular opinion is the mandarin duck, also common in China. These ducks have a magnificent plumage of a rich colouring, and, shyly seeking the secluded waters of some isolated lakelet or stream, are worthy of the unstinted praise bestowed upon them. This love is strengthened by the belief that when one of a pair dies, the other remains without a mate the rest of its life, a striking example of conjugal fidelity.

A bird of most beautiful plumage and gorgeous tints is that native of

Japan. the copper pheasant, very often found in the southern and central islands. Teal, mallards, widgeon, woodcock, snipe, and quail, are all to be found abundantly in the marshes and unfrequented bodies of water.

A Japanese spring would not be spring without its swallow, which comes and goes here as it does elsewhere in the world, never failing to make its flight to and fro as unvaryingly as the seasons. But here it builds its mud house inside the roof instead of under the eaves, as it does in New



A PUBLIC PLEASURE RESORT, KANAZAWA.

England. That dusky representative of every zone, the raven, is seen in this clime, the same bold, saucy, cunning mischief-maker.

Among the sweet singers of the Land of the Sunrise is the skylark, whose notes in Japanese are just as melodious as in English. Here are also the cuckoo, which for some reason has fallen into ill-repute, linnets and finches, starlings, sparrows and sparrow-hawks, and owls with no more of cheerfulness in a Japanese wood than in a New England swamp.

The denizens of the farmyard are the same as in New England, and

among the fowls bred for eggs and table are the Black Spanish, Plymouth Rocks, Dorkings, Cochin Chinas, the common duck and goose, with the turkey, or "bird of seven faces," as they call the last.

From early times fishing has been a common pursuit, and Japan is extremely fortunate in the number and variety of her finny tribe. Every kind of fish known in America, and many that are strangers with us, appear in the menus of Japan. The highest bidder for public favour is that bright pink roach of immense size, called the *tai*, which is ever to be found at a well-devised banquet, either baked, boiled, or roasted, unless it is preferred raw. Fish is often served without being cooked. It is the rule, rather than the exception, to take fish to the market alive. This is done by carrying them in shallow buckets, fitted with lids, and venders of fish go from house to house with their stock still alive. It must not be supposed that this practice is confined to the thickly settled districts, for far back in the mountains these fish-peddlers are to be seen going about from hamlet to hamlet. As has already been said, fish is generally eaten, while beef and pork are only sparingly partaken of. Naturally those fish which are the most rare bring the highest price in the markets.

Besides these creatures of mortal life that people the green woods now, the forests were formerly, according to legend and tradition, the home of many strange races of beings, that still live in the wonder tales of Japan. Our little wiry-framed guide, whose tongue, like his limbs, never seems to tire, is pleased to tell us one of these.

Many years ago, while these woods were yet young and the mosses of mountains had not given them their patriarchal appearance, elves lived in these forests, and held sway over other forms of life. They had bodies like men, but having been hatched from the eggs of the hawk, had heads like that bird, and two powerful claws on their hairy hands and feet. In early life they had wings and feathers over their bodies, but these fell away as they grew older, until they donned the garb of men, and stalked about with all the majesty of kings, declaring that they were lords of the forest. Thus when a person becomes vain and frivolous it is said of him, "he has become a *Tengu*," which was the name given this elfish race of the mountains by the sons of men.

The chief of the strange creatures living in the fastnesses of Oyama, half man and half elf, was the Dai-Tengu, who was prouder and more

vainglorious than any of his followers. He had a long gray beard and moustaches, and he seldom spoke, but continually waved a fan of seven gay feathers, and looked very wise whenever he was addressed. Over his left shoulder he carried in a sling a formidable axe, and this, with his fierce, sombre looks, gave him the reputation of being extremely cruel.

These Tengus were fond of passing away their time, which must some days have hung heavily on their hands, in wild, fanciful games, such as leapfrog over steep precipices, fencing with their long, pointed noses, or by



A COBBLER.

balancing themselves on the tops of high trees and in building bridges in mid-air by locking their noses together, to make their children walk over the narrow way, or spring from one span to another.

Once it so happened that the son of a great warrior at the court in Kyoto, named Sakato, fell into the power and teachings of these wild denizens of the green woods of Mount Oyama. His father had fought the good fight for his chief, and, being defeated, was obliged to flee to the fastness of the forest with his dearly beloved wife. He soon died of a broken heart, but she lived to give birth to a son, whom she named Kintaro, the Golden Boy, because he had such bright hair. Though she



ROAD TO ROAD, NIKKO



was grieved to think of the loss of her noble husband, and her pleasant home that she had been obliged to desert, the mother grew to be happy in the company of her sturdy little boy.

The wild beasts of the forest were her enemies, which she feared much at first; but as Kintaro lay on his bed of ferns he made friends of the birds, while they gathered in the tree-tops and sang him to sleep day after day. Their presence telling the wild animals that no human being



A "TEA-HOUSE WOMAN" IN JINRIKISHA.

could be around the place, they served as guardians as well as soothing him to rest. So his mother did not fear to leave him alone with the birds for hours at a time, while she picked berries or obtained vegetables for food.

In this way Kintaro grew and played in the companionship of the birds. By and by, as he became larger, these, having communication with the other creatures of the forest, one day invited a bear and a stag to see him. These were so pleased with the little fellow that they began to come regularly to see him, and Kintaro soon learned to spring on the

back of the stag, that would carry him about in the woods. At first his mother was frightened at this, but as some of the birds promised to watch over him, she became reconciled to his trips, which grew longer and longer.

On one of these journeys through the wildwood, up and down mountainsides, and over dizzy heights, the stag came to a leafy spot in the forest, where rippling water made sweet music the day long, and succulent grass tempted the strange steed to stop and get his dinner. Kintaro soon saw with amazement the most elfish creatures he had ever known, for he had been brought to the home of the Tengu. They were playing at rolling small stones across a bridge made by putting their noses together, but instantly stopped at sight of the newcomer. Quickly encircling the Golden Boy, they began to sing a musical song, which expressed pleasure at seeing him.

Fortunately for Kintaro, he had been taught by the birds never to be deceitful, and his mother had always made him acknowledge great love for all the creatures of the forest. The stag told this to the Tengu, and they received him with unbounded delight. The oldest and wisest of them, who never went around without a book in his hand, began to teach the boy all that he knew of birds, beasts, nature, and humanity. He taught him the languages of all the denizens of the woods, until Kintaro could talk with them all, holding conversation with everything that flew in the air, walked on the earth, or swam in the water. When he had tired of his lessons, the stag took Kintaro home, and his mother was told of the many wonderful things he had seen and learned. From that day he was known as the Prince of the Forest.

After that Kintaro looked more anxiously than ever for the coming of the stag, and winding his arms around the noble creature's neck, he would be borne swiftly away to the court of the elves in the distant green woods. Here, as he grew wiser from the teachings of the Tengu, the young prince delighted to hold court with the innumerable inhabitants of the forest. At the call of the Tengu chief, every living creature, would quickly appear: the fox, the badger, wolf and bear, the deer and dog, the marten, squirrel, and many others too numerous to name. Nor were the birds, whether great or small, missing. The hawk and the eagle, leaving their lofty perches, the crane and heron, sweeping from over the plain, the

stork and wild duck, from the ancient grove of black pines; in fact, all of the feathered friends alighted on the cedar branches to listen to the tales of the youthful prince they loved so well.

But the sun does not always shine, and there came a day when Kintaro found none to attend his court under the cedars. While at play with some of the Tengus he had got impatient at their inattention to the game, when he spoke angrily to them. They were the first angry words he had ever spoken,—except possibly to his mother, and a mother forgives



FOLDING COTTONS.

easily,—and the little Tengus flew up to their nests in the lofty pines. Angered still more at this, Kintaro shook the trees, and he proved so strong that the nests of the Tengus were shaken from their supports and fell to the ground.

This so incensed the mothers of the injured elves that they banished the prince from their courtyard, and he was forced to start home on foot, with a feeling of sadness at his heart he had never known before. He had not gone far before he was reminded of his fallen estate by the attack of a bear, which threatened to kill him. But the little prince of the forest

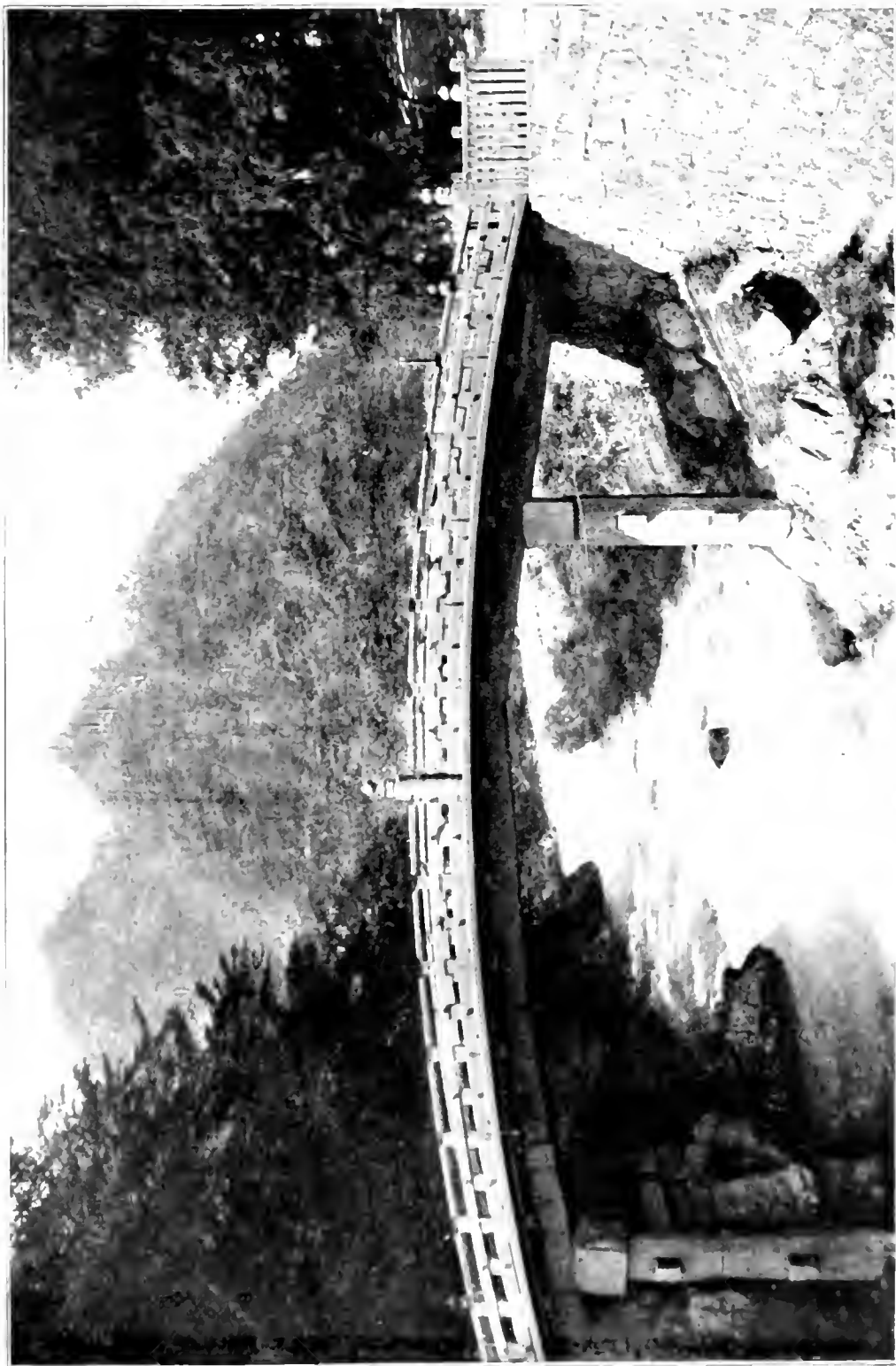
was plucky, and he wrestled with the big bear until he was nearly tired out. He was thinking what his mother would do, in case he never returned home, when a good and brave man came along. He quickly killed the bear, and took Kintaro in his arms, all bleeding and torn as he was. Kintaro soon told the stranger who he was, and how his father had fought in a lost cause and been exiled to the woods, to die there. Thereupon the man wept, and held him closer than before in his arms, saying that he had been a soldier with his father, that at last the tide of battle



WASHING.

had turned in their favour, and that Sakato and his wife were free to return to their home.

With what joy, tinged with sadness over his father's fate, Kintaro led the messenger to his mother may be imagined. She listened to the story with gladness for the sake of her son, and preparations were begun for the journey home. In the midst of this, the Tengus, who had repented of their hasty condemnation of the boy that they loved so well, came and begged of him not to leave them, but to be their prince always. Their pleadings did not avail, and finding that he was really going away, the Tengus summoned all the creatures of the forest to be present at his



SALIDA DEL DIO, NIKKO.

departure. So many tears were shed on that occasion that a stream ran to the sea, and unlike other rivers that dry their founts in summer-time, this never becomes dry. And the story-teller stops here, except to add that Kintaro became a great warrior, who ever remembered and kept the precepts taught him by the elves of Oyama while he reigned as Prince of the Forest.

CHAPTER X.

LAKES OF THE HIGHLANDS.

FEW sightseers visit Nikko without making an excursion farther up the mountains to those lakes of the highlands, Chuzenji and Ynmoto. This trip is made best in one of those basket-chairs called *kago*, which is borne on the shoulders of two or four carriers, according to the condition of the route and size of the occupant. Even this is not a comfortable way of riding, on account of the cramped position the occupant has to maintain, but where the roads are steep and rough it is better than the *jinrikisha*. If the tourist is strong of limb and not afraid of exercising his powers of locomotion, he will be inclined to walk, but this mode of travelling, it must be confessed, is not in good favour in Japan. However, we are free to confess that, used to mountain climbing and feats of pedestrianism, we let tongues say what they might, and "took to our heels." This is nature's way, and one cannot improve upon it if he wishes to reap his full reward for his time spent in the rural districts of any country. We may add, however, without fear of contradiction, that the visitors to this region, no matter how they make the trip, are never disappointed by the grandeur and magnificence of the scenery unfolded to the gaze.

Some of the party go on horseback as far as the hamlet of Uma-gae-shi, which means "horse-send-back," as this is as far as these sure-footed equines can go. From this point, those of the men who can, climb the precipitous pathway on foot, while the others and the women are carried in the *yama-kago*, or mountain-chair. The ascent is slow, until, at last, effort is rewarded by the grand sight of the lake of the mountains in its peerless setting of rock and forest.

We are now 4,375 feet above sea level, and surrounded by cloud-capped mountains, clothed in light shades of the hard woods at their base and the darker tints of the pine above. Lake Chuzenji is a popular summer resort, and its shores are dotted with the tea-houses occupied during the

warm period of the year and deserted through the winter. A grove of pines, festooned with trailing mosses, stands out boldly on one of the distant points of land, while from this rises the sheer, majestic form of Nantai-zan, the sacred mountain. This is over eight thousand feet in height, and on its summit the wind god is supposed to have his dwelling. This brings hither each season a great number of pilgrims with no other errand than to propitiate with appropriate tributes this fickle deity, that



RESTING KAGO.

he may remain in good humour until the autumn harvests have been safely stored. On the sides, broken ranges of hills, covered with dense growths of forest, fringe the crystal waters with a border of dark hue.

Crossing the lake in a boat, catching many a glimpse of the finny inhabitants of the waters as we pass along, we are soon wending our way under an archway of grape-vines, syringa, azaleas, and rank bamboo grass, overtopped with elms, chestnuts, and maples; until we finally halt at Ryuzu-ga taki, or Dragon's Head Cascade, where dancing waters make

merry the livelong day in the midst of their lonely surroundings. Leaving this spot with an affectionate backward glance, we plunge into the deeper woods. The flowers and the vines grow scarcer and more puny, we outstrip the maple with regret, while the forest grows denser and darker. Up, up, up, we continue to climb, higher and higher, until even the hardy oak no longer greets us, and we advance under gnarled and haggard pines, that make noonday dark with their shadows.

We are wondering if we had not better turn back, when, without any warning, we suddenly find ourselves looking down upon a scene which, for the deep silence and solemnity that hangs over it, fairly takes away our breath. There are still lofty peaks hanging over us with their grim, awe-inspiring fronts, but it is not that which makes the situation so impressive and sublime. We experience that sensation which accompanies every spot which seems to lack room. The bright body of water at our feet, made dark by its surroundings, seems compressed into half the space it needs; but we soon get used to this, and look to our guide for explanation.

He tells us this is the upper of the highland lakes, famous Yumoto, of which we have been hearing ever since we landed at Yokohama. It has become thus noted as a resort for victims of rheumatism, who fancy they can find here a balm for their sufferings in the numerous sulphur springs in this vicinity. A hamlet of inns and tea-houses finds scanty standing-room on the rim of the lake. At this place are found the two extremes of temperature, — the excessive heat of summer and the extreme cold of winter. Very beautiful Yumoto looks under the benign influences of summer, and here gay life makes one forget his aches and pains if its warm fountains do not. In the public places of Japan the promiscuous bathing of the sexes is generally forbidden, but here the force of the law is lost, and the old-time custom prevails. But Yumoto's reign each year is brief. A short season of health-seeking and pleasure-finding, and at the warning of the frost a coarse matting is thrown over the dwellings, the people hie away to their respective homes, while Yumoto is left to languish during the long winter in its crystal prison, covered with ten feet of snow.

The return to Nikko is made over the site of one of the famous battle-grounds of ancient days, and we reach the city of temples glad we made this trip to the mountains, — thrice glad it is done. We came to Nikko

from Utsu-no-miya behind a wheezy iron horse at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. But in doing that we missed largely the beauties of the sacred avenue, so we decide to hire a jinrikisha to get back, and the result is most satisfactory. Performing this stage of our journey, we go by rail to Oyama, and thence take a westerly course through the great wilderness of mountains and valleys which makes this region "the Switzerland of Japan." Here we find the people living nearer to nature and



YUMOTO.

nature's god, where there is less of foreign and more of the aboriginal influence. The plains along this road, as far as the foothills of Asamais, are producers of two great staples, rice and mulberry. Large factories, where silk is spun from cocoons, are to be seen. The food for the silk-worms is obtained by planting a stem from the parent mulberry-tree, and when this has grown to full leafage, the leaves are plucked or else the whole branch is placed in a basket where the worms can feed upon them.

Rice is cut by the sickle, as grain was harvested in this country before

the invention of the reaping-machine. A labourer follows the reaper to gather the straw. The grain is separated from its stalk by means of a steel blade with a row of teeth along the upper edge. A bunch of straw is held in one hand, while the other pulls the heads over this saw-like instrument, and the rice falls on a cloth spread to catch it. The hulling process is even slower and more primitive. The rice, after being put in its basin



HUSKING RICE.

of stone, is beaten from its covering by the weight of a lever falling into the receptacle.

The houses along this route are made of wood, except an occasional stone dwelling, and the roofs are shingled, tiled, or thatched. Outside the large cities the means for keeping warm during the cold periods are primitive in the extreme. The principal resort is for the sufferer to put on more clothes. The only artificial way of affording heat is the *hibashi*, the charcoal brazier, a wooden box filled with ashes, on the top of which is placed a layer of red-hot charcoal. Around this, muffled in their extra clothing, the family huddle and shiver, for the Japanese are very susceptible to the low temperature. Houses are lighted in the mountain districts by a wick floating in a cup of coconut-oil, placed in a paper lantern, or

by a candle of vegetable wax, stuck in a candlestick of grotesque pattern.

In the amphitheatre of the northern mountains the tourist suddenly and unexpectedly comes upon a tea-growing province, where he had least expected to find it. But the plant raised here is not considered of a very good quality, and it is cured in the simplest manner possible by being dried in the sun. It is not offered for the foreign market, but finds a ready demand from home consumers. It goes without saying that Japan is greatly interested in tea-growing, and great attention is given that crop, both in raising and curing, though only a small percentage is sent abroad. The soil best adapted to the crop is that composed of disintegrated granite, which quickly partakes of moisture and is easily drained. Green tea without milk or sweetening is the universal beverage, and the stranger accepts this the more willingly as the water of Japan, before it is boiled, is less fit to drink than that of almost any other country.

This route of travel crosses the backbone of Japan, where two engines are required to draw the coaches up an incline of one foot to each fifteen feet of progress from Yokogawa to Karuisawa through Usni Pass. In a short distance twenty-five tunnels are threaded, having an entire length of about three miles. These tunnels are built of stone or brick.

At the summit, four thousand feet above the sea, is to be found a typical Japanese inn, where the traveller stopping for a brief rest is invariably offered a small tray, called *ban*, containing a teapot, teacups, a caddy of hot water, and a small charcoal fire with which to light the pipe or cigarette. A charge of ten sen is made. A tea-house contains one large room, which can be divided into several smaller ones by simply drawing sliding screens. These apartments are wholly unfurnished during the day. At nightfall the bed is made by first sprinkling a generous amount of flea powder over the straw mat laid on the smooth floor. A mattress about four inches thick is then laid down. Over this spotless sheets are spread, and over them down quilts, the number gauged by the temperature of the weather. A mosquito netting is then hung over the couch, and a paper lantern, with a dim light burning from a wick floating in oil, placed near the head. To this is added, for the women, a wooden head-rest, so they will not disarrange their hair. This is a typical Japanese bed, without a single article of furniture in the apartment, and separated from that

adjoining by a screen wall, which is moved back against the outer wall of the building when the sleeper arises in the morning.

A large tub is convenient, where all of both sexes bathe promiscuously without any feeling of shame. The Japanese live more by washing than eating; they are a cleanly people, but, as a race, subject to skin diseases. This may be due to exposure, and again disease may be spread by contagion, from their habit of public washing. A Japanese, upon reaching an inn where he intends to stop any length of time, doffs his heavy clothing, and puts on a light kimono girthed about with a silken sash. This habit not only makes him comfortable, but puts him into good harmony with his surroundings.



JAMADARI WATERFALL AT YUMOTO.





FUJIYAMA.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE WILDS.

MANY stop over night at this lofty station to witness the glory of the sunrise. The reward is ample for loss of time or any inconvenience the delay may have caused, for nowhere in the Land of Sunrise is the day ushered in with greater beauty or magnificence. The surroundings are such as one might picture for the stepping-stones of the awakening god, as he climbs from his couch in the deep to the rosy heights of morning. In the midst of these colossal benches rests that mighty mountain boat, *Iwa-fune-san*,¹ as if driven in from the distant sea, and stranded on the splintered peaks scattered around the lofty monarch, Asama-yama. This grim sentinel towers nearly nine thousand feet above the ocean, the blue and purple tints that touch the upper part relieved lower down by the delicate shades of green running from the pine to the maple. Not least among the group of royal giants stands grand old Ikao, while still nearer to us, with its castles of cliffs and pointed spire, rise in bold relief

¹ Named "Rock-boat Mountain" from the shape of its peak: *Iwa*, rock; *fune*, boat; *san*, mountain.

the castellated ramparts and huge arches of Miyogi-san, or Rocky Mountain. In the two lights of the dawning day the silver tower of peerless Fujiyama is pillared in the southern sky. On the west rolls the Sea of Japan, while in the glorified east the broad Pacific lies with unruffled bosom.

The clouds that all night have hung over the mountains roll slowly away, as the starlight takes on the peculiar transparency of early morning. Then the mists settle swiftly down over peak and pine-fronded hill, until their soft profiles are but dimly seen. Afar in the east a faint streak of crimson tinges the horizon. The transition that follows is as rapid as it is delicate and glorious. But the pen cannot reveal the sweet incense of the highland breeze and the fragrance of the flowers, for that requires a sense over which the mind is no mediator; the brush cannot picture the glory of the summer dawn, flecking here and there with gold and pink the green carpet Nature has spread on the landscape, because the eye has no language to impart its treasures; the imagination cannot bestow the softness of the songs that stir the heavenly air, as fancy has no gift to feel as others feel, and hear as others hear.

But look! the peerless mountain suddenly stands before us more resplendent in her dazzling morning robes than at midday. Fleecy clouds fall away from her matchless form, as if the goddess had begun to disrobe; the gauze-like veil that has concealed her marble white countenance drops from the snowy forehead, that she may catch the first flash of the golden eye of the east. With jealous haste the hills of the north then tear aside with their long pine arms the mist curtains enveloping them, when their daring profiles stand boldly out against a sapphire background. These detached draperies of more than silken delicacy hang for awhile tremulous in the airy space, rising and falling with gentle undulations on the soft breath of morning; now they break apart, and now they cling together; now they are torn into a thousand shreds, to swim away on the current of air, growing dimmer and dimmer as they float into the distance, or sink slowly, lightly, into the dark valleys, unnumbered veils of finest gauze wafted whither the wind listeth. A fresh flaw of wind comes rushing up one of the rents in the mountains, the last delicate filaments are torn ruthlessly aside, and the smile of the risen sun illuminates the earth.

Leaving this station in the mountain pass, the railroad winds down the western descent through what is considered the very heart of picturesque Japan. Deep gullies now yawn constantly on the one hand, while on the other cloud-capped peaks look grimly down, none grander than old Asama-yama, who appears at the zenith of his glory from this point of view. Below, in the distance, lie the rice-fields of Iwamurata, looking in the month of harvest like golden foils laid on the widespreading plain.



FUJIYA HOTEL AT MIYAGOSHITA.

Nowhere in the land of soft contrasts does the deep green of the pine-clad mountains oppose more vividly the gray of the lime belt, the brown of the lava tops, and the shadows of the furrowed valleys.

There is no hamlet, however small, in Japan that does not have at least one shrine and a temple. It is equally true that every Japanese home contains the gods of Shinto and Buddha, the first to protect the family in their bodily wants, and the other as a guardian over their spirits when death shall come. The shrine of the first is easily distinguished from the temple of the other by its torii, always placed before it.

At Zenkoji is the celebrated temple of Amida, dedicated to the sacred three, Amida, Kwannon, and Daiseishi, whose images are all enshrined here. This group is claimed to have been made by the renowned saint, Shaka Muni, from gold that he obtained from Mount Shuni, the centre of the universe. It is entwined with a tale of wonderful adventures in China and Corea before it was brought to Japan in 552 A.D., as a pledge of friendship from the king of the last country to the Emperor of Japan upon the entrance of the religion of Buddha into this country. It was received with a storm of indignation from the followers of Shinto, and was subjected to all kinds of treatment. But legend says it was in vain that its enemies threw it into the sea, attempted to hew it into pieces, or tried to burn it. It came out of every attack unharmed, until in 602 A.D. it found a peaceful resting-place at Zenkoji.

The present temple was erected about two hundred years ago, and is a two-storied structure, 198 feet in length and 108 in width, with a heavy gable roof supported by 136 stone pillars. This roof is claimed to have 69,384 rafters, a number exactly equal to the written characters of the Chinese version of the scripture of Buddha. One thousand and six hundred square feet, covered by eighty-eight mats, comprises the kneeling-room for the worshippers praying to the different gods arranged about at every available spot and niche. This ancient temple is rendered more unique and picturesque by the practice of painting upon the shingles the name of each person aiding in the support of the temple. These shingles are fifteen inches long and four wide.

Night-watchmen are common throughout Japan, and in the small towns and villages they carry, as in olden times, two sticks made of hard wood called *hioshigi*, or "time-blocks." All through the night, at regular intervals, the sharp click of these instruments striking together is heard. The hours are designated by the number of strokes of the sticks, five o'clock being given by five strokes, and the half hour by one click.

The roads of Japan are kept in excellent condition, which is more easily done from their hard, smooth bed or bottom. At the wayside farms, that noisy but cheerful occupation of threshing grain is going on as we pass along in our jinrikisha, the work being done by both men and women. The well-dried straw has been laid on mats outside the barn, and the kernels are pounded out by clumsy-looking flails, which are handled with a

dexterity quite surprising. Another way of getting out the grain is to place the stalks on frames of bamboo and beat them with clubs.

In the province of Echioo, on the northwest district of Hondo, the settlements are mostly small villages, and but few houses have thatched roofs. The majority are covered with shingles, which are held in place by cobblestones, as the winds of the winter season are very violent in this section. The women of this province are larger and more muscular than in some of the southern districts, which may be due largely to the



TORII, SHINTO TEMPLE GROUNDS.

fact that they work as hard and as much out-of-doors as the men. It is no uncommon sight, but rather the rule, to see young and pretty girls working side by side with weather-beaten men, and the pathetic prospect of no better state in the immediate future lies before them and their children. They soon age and grow stout of figure, their good looks leaving them in a few years. Women smoke as much as the men, and invariably carry pouches for pipe and tobacco by their sides. This part of the island does not offer the inviting prospects of other portions, unless it be in the number of children, which seem to be the fruitful crop of this rather cheerless country. The parents are poorly clad, while the

younger members of the family are content with little, if any, clothing. The price of labour, whenever it commands a reward, is a mere pittance, women using the pick and shovel from sunrise to sunset for the paltry sum of ten cents. An example of this kind is where they are working for some railroad or improvement company, which seems to be about the only avenue open to them to earn money.

The island of Sado lies off this coast about twenty miles from the mainland. Sado is forty miles in length and about eight miles in width, and has a population of 135,000. It has mines of lead, copper, silver, and gold, the last having been discovered in considerable quantities in the seventeenth century.

The river Shinano-gawa, which turns over its

floods to the Sea of Japan at Niigata, drains this province from the south, and the river Aka-gawa, from the mountains on the north. The first is a wide, shallow stream, often sluggish in its current. The other is more rapid, and has several pretty falls.

This district is noted for the amount of cotton and tobacco it raises. It is a common sight to see young girls spinning, and only these are



COUNTRY GIRLS.

employed at this industry. One of the most frequent sights to be seen along the roads is a single ox or bull drawing a load of tobacco to the city, the yoke being simply a wooden stick held on top of the neck by a thong running underneath.

Owing to a chronic weakness of the eyes, the natives wear huge, mushroom-shaped hats to shield them from the sun, and when the heat is most severe, wear big smoked glasses for further protection. These spectacles are made round instead of oval, and are two inches or more in diameter,



SCHOOL, OLD STYLE

giving the long, thin countenance of the wearer a peculiar appearance. They still further add to the picturesqueness of their looks by straw mats suspended from their shoulders.

Niigata, with a population of 34,000, was made an open port in 1869. This town is not particularly interesting to the tourist, and has fewer relics than the average city.

Between Niigata on the west shore and Fuku-shima on the eastern boundary of the adjoining province of Iwashiro, stretches north and south the backbone of Hondo, affording a picturesque scenery. Here are vast

forests of cedars and cryptomerias, the former being used to a great extent for building purposes, nearly all of the floors of the houses being laid in this wood. Planed and finished without paint or varnish, it acquires a beautiful polish after long use. The most attractive mountains are the O-Bandai and Ko-Bandai, the latter rising to a height of over six thousand feet. As late as 1888 it showed the volcanic influences at work within by breaking forth with great vigour, destroying nearly five hundred people.

One of the pleasant features of this country is its schoolhouses, square, substantial stone buildings, where often as many as seventy-five youths of both sexes are taught the principles of knowledge, songs and marching enlivening the course of studies. Modern methods are being adopted to a greater extent than might be expected. A railroad penetrating this country, and running for miles at a stretch along the ancient highway, is nearing completion.



READING A LETTER

CHAPTER XII.

THE EDEN OF THE NORTH.

SHAPING our course now toward the eastern coast, and leaving behind us the railroad and all hope of a railroad, we plunge boldly into a country where the mountains present their grandest peaks, the valleys don their richest verdure, and the sky takes on that rare wealth of colouring peculiar to this region. As we proceed, signs of life become less apparent, until only the coal huts and smoky fires of the charcoal burners of Japan are scattered over the broken landscape, wherever there is sufficient growth to admit of their vocation.

For a time the way grows more and more precipitous, the mountains become more bulky; and then the latter gradually slope off in front into hillsides, the growth becomes dwarfed, stunted pines and bamboos taking the place of the lofty monarchs of the forests. Over the tops of these scrubs we catch the gleam of water, and soon realise that the sea is on either side and ahead of us. The last is the Strait of Tsugaru; that on the right hand the Pacific Ocean; on the left, the Sea of Japan. We have reached the northern shore of the main island of the Empire of the Far East, Hondo. Ahead of us lies the second island in size, Hokkaido, which has an area of about thirty thousand square miles and a population of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand.

A somewhat boisterous passage across the strait takes us to Hakodate, which was the second Japanese port opened to American commerce, and the most important city in Hokkaido, — the North Road, or district, — which comprises not only this island, which until recently has been known as Yezo, but the crooked line of isles to the north of this, the Kuriles. Hakodate has a fine harbour, protected on the south by a rocky barrier over eleven hundred feet in height. The town lies at the foot of this, and has become quite a resort for invalids on account of its delightful climate.

There is a museum at this place, among its other attractions, where is to be found an extensive collection of sea shells, birds of many kinds, and

relics of the stone age. Leaving Hakodate, we soon find that there are few good roads in Hokkaido, and that the best mode of travelling outside of these is on horseback. Much of the interior of this island is a primeval forest, seldom penetrated by man, and then only by the hunter of the bear and other animals having their haunts within the wilds.

Before quitting Hakodate we frequently meet with a different type of people from those we have been accustomed to see in Hondo. These we soon learn are the Ainos, as they are now called, and considered the



REFRESHMENT SELLER.

original inhabitants of the more southern islands, but who have been driven to this less genial clime by their overpowering rivals. The distinction between them and the Japanese is quickly seen, one of the most noticeable characteristics being their great abundance of hair. Except that they are milder in their natures, they bear about the same relationship to Dai Nippon and its present people that the American Indians do to the United States and its inhabitants. They have eyes with the inward fold peculiar to the Japanese, but they have wider countenances, broader shoulders, and more sturdy limbs. The men sometimes reach a height

of six feet, though more commonly standing from five feet six inches to eight. With their heavy growth of hair and beard, which is never allowed to be shorn, they bear a marked resemblance to the description of Esau. The average height of the women is about five feet, and their costume does not differ materially from that of the men, their principal garment being a frock open in front and held about the waist by a girdle. It is usually ornamented simply by embroidery done in some fanciful design of individual invention. Unlike the men, the women keep their hair cut quite short, while they give the appearance of a moustache to the upper lip by tattooing it.

The habits of these peculiar people are as simple as their personal appearance. Their dwelling is simply a hut raised on posts, and sheltered by a reed roof. Their sleeping-couches are rude benches built around the walls and covered with mats. A hole is left in one wall for a place of entrance, while a second serves for a window, and affords the only ventilation they have. The Ainos, in their religious rites, worship the sun and moon as deities, and the bear as a sort of mediator between themselves and these others.

In certain districts Hokkaido has a rich virgin soil, but the Ainos lived solely by hunting and fishing, until the new government at Tokyo in 1870 decided to try and raise these people from their barbarism by teaching them how to raise crops. Accordingly a farm was established patterned after a California fruit plantation. In order to carry out this experiment successfully, Sapporo, situated near the centre of the island, was selected as the seat of control here. The first thing to be done was to cut a road through a trackless wilderness for nearly seventy-five miles from Hakodate, and other highways had to be opened, so that in all nearly one hundred and fifty miles of road were built. In addition to this expense large sums were laid out in mills to saw lumber, and in machinery of one kind and another to run the work of building houses and bridges across the numerous streams intersecting the country. From such a beginning, and with this worthy object, sprung into existence a capital with houses of boarded walls and shingled roofs, similar to the homes of our own Far West.

The building of railroads next engaged the attention of the Japanese, and now Sapporo has connection by rail with Otaru, on the north coast,

twenty miles distant ; to the Cola mines of Poronai, thirty-five miles away ; and southward, to Shin-moraran, a good port on Volcano Bay. Along these same routes are lines of telegraph, which have been of great benefit in opening up this country.

The natives taking kindly the efforts of the government, wonderful



A FISHERMAN.

results have followed. The trains into Sapporo from either direction rush through thousands of well-tilled farms, where a little more than a quarter of a century ago stretched vast forests, which were the lairs of wild beasts. Crops natural to the temperate zone, Indian corn, melons, cucumbers, onions, asparagus, and others, yield good harvests ; fruit trees grow abundantly. Horses, cattle, hogs, and some sheep are among the domesticated

animals. So here, in a climate that causes the ground to be covered more or less with snow for half the year, with the simple means at their command, by the assistance of their conquerors the Ainos have builded for themselves a thriving agricultural country, a region of pleasant surprises to the newcomer. Away from this district the Ainos remain about the same as in past generations, primitive in their customs and gentle in their associations. They number in all about twenty-five thousand.

Much of the scenery in Hokkaido is picturesque and interesting, particu-



LANTERN MAKERS.

larly on the northern shores, but the southland claims us, and, with a brief sojourn among the "Yezo hills," we bid adieu to its lakes, mountains, volcanoes, and picturesque people, to recross the Strait of Tsugaru, clouds of strange-looking sea-fowl screaming over our heads as the little steamer heads for the main island.

Upon reaching the shore of Hondo we take the grand trunk line for Tokyo, the first place of interest which we pass being Sendai, the "city of enchantment." We then pass through the region of the Lacquer-tree, which affords that varnish so much used in Japan. It resembles our ash to a considerable extent, and it is its sap which is so extensively used to

finish wood. It also has an oil and vegetable wax that are valuable for lighting purposes.

Another tree of especial value growing in this country is the camphor, which is an evergreen belonging to the laurel family, and has great clusters of yellow flowers considered with great favour. But the gum obtained from this tree is what makes it the most valuable. This substance is obtained by cutting the wood into small pieces and then extract-



FEEDING SILKWORMS.

ing the sap by steaming the chips in a wooden trough until the sap oozes out and is caught in a vessel placed for that purpose.

Even going at our slow rate we soon reach Fukushima, the centre of the silk industry. This occupation is almost entirely monopolised by girls and women, as they are better adapted to it on account of their lighter touch and greater patience than the men. Groves of mulberry-trees are everywhere to be seen. The homes of the people have a busy appearance, with the women stripping leaves and reeling silk, while rows on rows of white and yellow cocoons are placed on mats exposed to the sun's rays in order to "kill" the chrysalis. Three weeks of constant care, day and

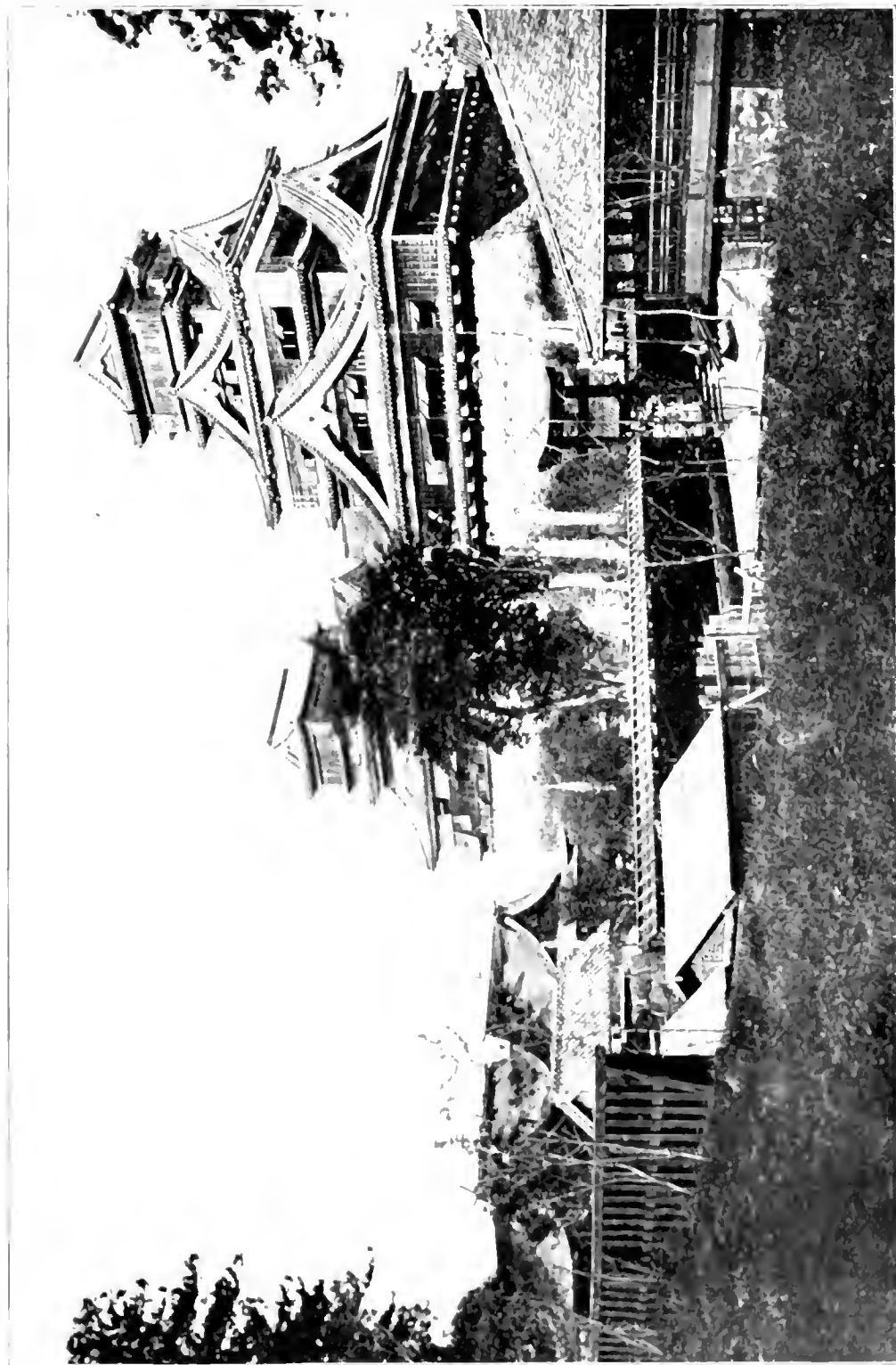
night, are required to hatch the eggs, and even then many of them are lost. Leaving this region behind, we reënter the country of rice-fields and tea-plantations, where young girls are to be seen gathering the leaves of the last-named plants, and putting them on drying-mats. The branch road running to Nikko is reached, and we find ourselves travelling the same route taken in coming up. Again we view the plantations and the flooded fields, the level patches of deep green stalks, the stacks of ripened grain belted with their natural fringes, until we are familiar with it all, and hail with gladness the reappearance of Tokyo's vast expanse of homes, business houses, and public buildings.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHADOWS OF DEPARTED POWER.

THE day has already come when the stranger can travel to all parts of the island empire without hindrance, though until very recently the one way open to him was the Tokaido, the imperial grand trunk of the main island. This word means, as has been said, "Eastern Sea Road." Along this historic highway were scattered in ancient times several cities of importance, among which may be mentioned Odawara, now but a shadow of its old self, Atami, Okitsu, Shizuoka, Hamamatsu, Okazaki, Nagoya, while but slightly removed are the great silk-making, tea-raising, and pottery-producing regions of Uji, Gifu, and Banko.

Following this great highway, the traveller beholds miles of unobstructed view of the Pacific, with its silvery beaches on the one hand; on the other, ranges of mountains crowned with snowy crests; while he passes over reedy plains or through beautiful towns, his pathway bordered for the greater part of the distance by lofty cryptomerias. These venerable and gigantic trees were planted by command of that noted shogun (general) whose tomb we visited at Nikko, Iyeyasu. This was done about 265 years ago, or very soon after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It is true many of the original trees have fallen away for others of a more recent planting, but the majority standing to-day bear the ancient grandeur of that far-distant day. If the fame of that deified warrior rests largely upon his prowess with arms, he is to be credited with many humane acts, among which ranks high the planting of these cedars of Japan along her most frequented highways. The prime object in doing this was to prevent sunstroke to the numerous travellers passing along the road. How many tired and perspiring pedestrians have blessed his name, for this work is beyond estimation, but the number must be legion. This grand thoroughfare is the equal, if not superior, of that leading to Nikko, of which he was the originator. Beginning with the seventeenth century, twice each year gorgeous retinues of daimios (nobles) passed over



KUMAMOTO CASTLE.



this route to offer to the shogun at Tokyo, then called Yedo, their renewal of fealty.

As is the case with many other old roads in Japan, much of the ancient glory of the Tokaido has departed with the advent of the railroad, which runs for long stretches within sight of it. This modern rival for the patronage of travel was begun in 1872, and completed seventeen years later. The difference between the old way and the new is aptly shown by



YO MEI GATE, NIKKO.

the fact that while it formerly took seventeen days to perform the journey, it can be compassed in as many hours by the steam horse.

Wishing to stop over at Tokyo until another day, before resuming our journey to Yokohama, and thence along the renowned Tokaido to the western country, we improve the opportunity to see the *yashiki*, or "spread-out house," as the Japanese word means. Now Japan can claim as the original productions of her own artists and architects three forms of buildings, or structures. One of these is the torii, found at the entrance of all Shinto shrines, and which has been described. The second of the list is the *shiro*, or castle, which claims a high place on account of the vast extent of the work, and the great size of the stone used in its building

material. The castle of Ozasaka, built by Hideyoshi, contains stones forty feet in length, ten feet in width, and five or six feet in thickness. In the highest part of the citadel of Tokyo are stones over sixteen feet long, six feet high, and three feet thick. What makes the size of these blocks of granite seem most remarkable is the distance from which they have been brought,—as far away as Hiogo, more than two hundred miles distant. They were drawn neither by steam nor by beasts, but by human arms, and were raised to their lofty positions by the same power.

The third of these products of Japanese skill, the *yashiki*, has a unique and striking appearance. This consists of four lines of houses arranged in the form of a hollow square. In the centre of this front wall are erected mansions for the daimio and his ministers, while the outside dwellings are occupied by their retainers. The array on the frontage has the appearance of a single building on foundations of stone, with rows of grated windows. The hollow interior is filled with gardens, walks, and fire-proof warehouses.

A ditch or moat, usually eight to ten feet in width, and varying in depth from three to twelve feet, filled generally with running water brought from a long distance, encircled the *yashiki*. The lotus-flowers were allowed to grow along the rims of the moats. In case the castle stood on an elevation the slopes were grassed over, while the escarp was faced with blocks of stone. Often miles of frontage of these *yashikis* were to be seen in the larger towns, under the old régime, making a most monotonous appearance. The result to the two-sworded gentry living within them can only be surmised. “Some of these *yashikis* covered many acres of ground, and the mansions of the Go Sanké families and the great clans of Satsuma, Kaga, Choshin, and Chikuzen are known at once upon the map by their immense size and commanding positions. Within their grounds are groves, shrines, cultivated gardens, fish-ponds, hillocks, and artificial landscapes of unique and surpassing beauty. The lord of the mansion dwelt in a central building, approached from the great gate by a wide stone path and grand portico of *kéyaki*-wood. Long, wide corridors, laid with soft mats, led to the master’s chamber. All the woodwork, except certain portions, stood in virgin grain like watered silk, except where relieved here and there by a hard gleam of black lacquer-like enamel. The walls were gorgeously papered with gold, silver, or fanciful and

coloured designs, characteristic of Japanese art, — among which the pine, plum, and cherry tree, the bamboo, lily, the stork, tortoise, and lion, or fans, were the favourites. The sliding doors, or partitions, of which three sides of a Japanese room are composed, were decorated with paintings." With the advance of Japan along new lines, these structures, the outcome of the Japanese tent in the early days of Yedo, are growing yearly less frequent in Tokyo. In the light of modern civilisation there is no call to replace those the hungry flames destroy.

We are impressed more than ever by the size of Tokyo, which is about equal to that of London. An odd feature to us is the general lack of sidewalks, the pedestrians passing along in the middle of the streets, without particular danger to themselves. The drivers of vehicles of numerous kinds carry horns, which they blow to warn aside any foot-passenger who may be in their way. The Broadway of Japan is the Bund of Tokyo, along which an odd mixture of humanity is constantly passing and repassing, the representatives of many races of men and many conditions in life. In the midst of this surging mass we caught sight of an undersized man, dressed in a sort of mixture of Oriental and Occidental fashion. Notwithstanding his singular dress, a glance showed that he was an American, and the load of books under his arms that he was a scholar. Upon inquiry, we learned that he was the celebrated Lafcadio Hearn, the author of several books upon Japan, and at present a professor of foreign literature in the university. In fact, he is the only foreigner left in the Japanese institutions of education, where a few years ago American and European teachers were common. But that was before the Chinese-Japanese war, and even this man of letters might not be the exception had he retained more of his Americanism and adopted less of his chosen country.

The train leaves Tokyo for Yokohama at 1.30 p. m., and bidding the capital good-bye for another period, which may be longer than our first, two hours later we are again threading the streets of the latter city. Here we plan a tour into the heart of Japan, intending to visit the historic spots of the empire, which were the battle-grounds of the days of feudalism. In order to do this to our greatest satisfaction we shall travel little by rail, preferring the *jiirikisha*, or that still more primitive mode, travel by foot.

If not particularly attractive in itself, Yokohama is favoured with beautiful surroundings. Twelve miles from this city is Omori, where Professor Morse discovered mounds of shells similar to those found in Florida, New England, and Denmark. Near by are the temples of Ikegami, which annually are the scene of one of the grandest religious pageants to be seen in Japan.

A popular seashore resort is at Honmoku, on the beach of Mississippi



MAIN STREET, TOKYO.

Bay, where is found that famous tea-house of Tsukimikan, which means "Moon House." Another fine bathing place is Yamashita, which is conducted in a more primitive manner. Boating is very much in vogue at the former place, which has a fine beach.

Twenty miles from Yokohama lies the shadow of that city of sacred memories and relics, Kamakura, which was the capital of the shoguns for nearly three hundred years, beginning in 1192. In the zenith of the prosperity and military glory, a million inhabitants lived where to-day are plains covered with forest, patches of rice, and fields of tasseled corn.

Kamakura had a most eventful history. In 1333, two Japanese warriors, named Ashikaga and Yoshisada, after a long siege, captured and nearly destroyed the city. Then the former established a new dynasty of shoguns. Among the historic curiosities of this place is the temple of Hachiman, standing on a high plateau, which is reached by a path leading up fifty-eight stone steps. The hero deified here was a god of war. This temple, plain in its architecture, contains many relics of the long and sanguinary



VIEW ON THE BUTEI, YOKOHAMA.

wars of the old régime, and is a treasury of military collections to be prized. In reaching this sacred spot the visitor passes through a cluster of ancient trees, among which is a venerable *icho*, over twenty feet in circumference, and asserted to be over a thousand years old. This noble patriarch has a wide-spreading foliage that, under the touch of the autumn frost, turns to leaves of gold.

Beyond this spot is a grove of great religious interest, holding within its sacred precincts the best image of the Great Buddha to be found in Japan. In the park at Nara is a larger representative of the head of the leading

religion of the Far East, but this image is acknowledged to be the better work of art. There are many notable images of Buddha to be found in the Land of the Gods, but not one which can compare with this in its impressive presentation of the principles of Buddhism, in its historic associations, and in its size and work as a masterpiece of art, — sitting here on the deserted plain of Japan's ancient capital, with its mighty but reposeful face turned toward the sea, with a look fitting its august mystery. This image was made in 1251, and at that time was covered by a



ROAD TO THE TEMPLE.

temple, one hundred and fifty feet square. A tidal wave, in 1369, swept away the building, but left the statue uninjured. The temple was soon after rebuilt, but as if the elements held some especial enmity against it, for the second time it was destroyed, 1494, two years after the discovery of America by Columbus, and it has never been reconstructed.

Though standing in the open air, the Bronze Buddha remains to-day in an excellent state of preservation, and is surrounded by a park, cared for by individuals. It is a perfect symbolisation of calm resignation and complete mastery over all the passions and tempests that beset the human frame, while an intellectual light pervades each of its mighty features.

Buddha is represented to have had great love for all dumb creatures. A noted Japanese warrior and king, named Yoritomo, is credited with conceiving the idea of placing here at his capital an image of his god which should outrival that at Nara. He died before he could carry out his plan, but one of the ladies at his court finished the work of collecting funds, and Kamakura's "Buddha" was cast in bronze on the spot by Ono Goromon. Its height lacks only five inches of fifty feet, while its greatest



A RUSTIC TEMPLE SHRINE.

girth is ninety-seven feet and two inches. The width from ear to ear is seventeen feet and nine inches. The eyes are of unalloyed gold; the forehead is embossed with silver that would weigh thirty pounds. As its name implies, the image is cast of bronze, the parts carefully brazed together. In the hollow of the interior is a small shrine, and a ladder leads up into the head.

Amid a solemn silence, the suppliant enters into the awful presence of the graven god, and prostrating himself before the shrine pleads for its

favour. How many thousands have here each year offered up their prayers to the divine ruler through this object of worship, there is no way of knowing; but since the image was first placed here the number must be beyond the most daring calculation of man.

A short distance from Diabutsu, the Great Buddha, is a temple standing on a summit overlooking the plain of Kamakura, noted principally for holding a wooden image, gilded and lacquered, and thirty feet in height, known as the goddess of mercy,—Kwannon. This deity has modestly sought shelter from the common gaze behind closed doors, and who would look upon her must pay a small fee. At this temple there is also a popular idol, the god of money. He does not sit, as an American might expect, upon typical money-bags, but rests on two sacks of rice, the Japanese idea of prosperity, and holds in his hand a mallet. The superstitious believe he has power to help them in affairs of finance. Another potent image, let the believer tell it, is a god who possesses the power to cure the ills of the human body, providing the afflicted simply rubs that part of the figure where his ills are located.

It requires no great strain of the imagination of the modern visitor, as he wanders amid these relics of other days,—temples of a thousand years looking as if they had been reared yesterday, and images remarkable as works of art though hideous in themselves,—to imagine himself walking along the well-ordered paths of these ancient groves, where so many feet have pressed the sod, and under such conflicting emotions as he of necessity can know nothing. Everywhere one turns one is confronted with sights and traditions of gods and goddesses, all of whom seem strangely out of time, and yet as miraculously having something to show for the superstition that gave them being.



KAMAYUKU

CHAPTER XIV.

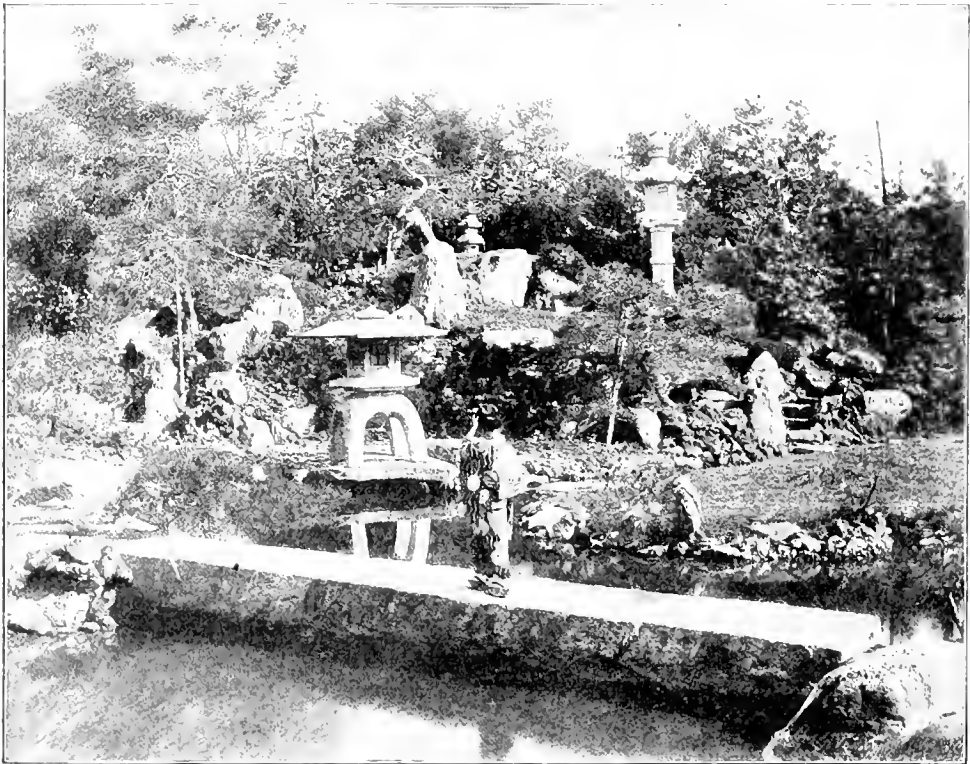
THE WONDERS OF ATAMI.

THE Tokaido railroad swings to the northward, and climbs the ridge reaching away to Fujiyama at Gotemba, in order to pass around one of the most interesting historic points in Japan, Hakone Lake. This charming sheet of water is held, at a height of over 2,300 feet above the sea, in a basin that was once the crater of an active volcano. Sheltered by the adjacent grassy peaks, the resplendent beauty of the sunny slopes of the Peerless Mountain are clearly reflected in the placid bosom of this Loch Lomond of the Far East, situated in the midst of a scene upon which nature has lavishly bestowed her treasures. Hakone Hills, as well as possessing great historic interest, have become a noted health resort, on account of the numerous hot springs to be found in this thrice-favoured locality. There is a double charm in lingering about these springs, which the tourist and health-seeker is not apt to deny himself. While some of these outlets of the spongy earth are perfectly clear, others are dense with the sulphur they contain. The odour several of these emit is detected miles away. Not only is this a beneficial retreat for the invalid, but it affords a profitable location for the innkeeper, while a considerable supply of sulphur is sent to the markets. Formerly this region was known as Kojigoku, or "Little Hell," but the emperor, on a visit to the place in 1877, changed this to Ko-waki-dani, which means "little boiling valley."

If one at first wearies of the softness of a Japanese landscape and the dreaminess of its atmosphere, and looks back with longing to the rugged wildness of an American scene, he eventually learns to admire this languid beauty. It may be a loss of energy in the end, but it is a robbery we do not feel.

At Kodzu we turn to the south, to find, at the end of an avenue of noble pines, on the shore of the sea, that silent, dejected town, Odawara, a queen

sitting in mourning over her departed grandeur. Formerly this was the stronghold of the Hojo clan, one of the early factions of warlike power, and it was the last place to hold out against the triumphant forces of Iyeyasu. Becoming a part of the territory belonging to this conqueror, when he took up his capital at Yedo, Odawara dwindled into an insignificant town. Eventually its situation made it a promising commercial city, when a second enemy worse than the first, the cholera, left only a handful



IN A NOBLEMAN'S GARDEN.

of its inhabitants, and it has never recovered from this visitation of disease and death.

Atami, that strange but popular little village by the sea, next attracts our attention, and we leave Odawara in her gloom to follow a road running in and out of numerous orange groves, but losing sight of the water only at rare intervals. Now and then we catch sight of lines of fine specimens of one of the most interesting trees in Japan, the *hamamatsu*, or coast fir. These trees seem to have an especial liking for the sea-

brine, for they press their way down to the very edge of the water, often dipping their arms into the bay.

Atami lies between the arms of two verdant hills, that vie with each other in keeping their charge from slipping into the sea. This delightful resort is noted for two attractions above its minor charms, its lilies and its geysers.

Artificially, Japan is the very paradise of flowers and birds. The leading figures in the decorative art so common and highly perfected are these fairest gifts of nature, until the canvas literally glows with the one and awakens with the songs of the other. Japanese fiction abounds with vivid pictures of the plum and cherry blossoms; we see in fancy a land brilliant with the varying colours of flowering buds, and the lives of its people a continual round of floral picnics. The four seasons are those of the chrysanthemum, peony, iris, and wistaria. Thus we are led to expect everywhere the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the song and music of birds, which shall make of this fortunate country an Hesperian garden. But the real Japan is remarkably silent of songsters, and barren of the flowering plants. "There are no pastures dewed with daisies and starred with buttercups and dandelions and cowslips; no glades carpeted with bluebells; no golden plains of orange-scented gorse; no groves of laburnums and lilacs; no fields of glowing poppies." The ever pervading love for the beautiful has been inculcated through a longing for it rather than possession of it.

Groves of fir and pine, both red and black, clothe nearly all the slopes of the indented mountain ranges, and, where these hardy trees cannot find sustenance, the clinging azalea carpets rock and precipice to the very brink of the tumbling cataract. This shrub is the only flowering plant that is really to be considered of supreme importance. Even this has that love for its native haunt that it will not thrive except where nature has given it root. These favoured spots are few and far apart. Of course we are speaking now of what nature and not man has done for Japan.

Even in the last situation, when we come to the core of truth, we find that the oft-praised cherry is conspicuous for its want rather than for its richness of blossom. What is true of this applies to the plum. The beauty of a well-ordered grove of cherries is not to be gainsaid, but it is of a lower grade than that of an American apple orchard. The fruit

being worthless, and there being a scarcity of flowers, the people bow to the cherry-tree in worshipful adoration.

We see this same idea illustrated in the matter of the leading, and, it might almost be said, of the only universal fruit of Japan, the pear, which is really a second-class article. There being no better subject to outrival it, it is eaten everywhere in the empire, and given a conspicuous place on every fruit-stand. It is carefully cultivated in groves and orchards, whither visitors are invited in the season of ripening. These orchards



IRIS GARDEN.

are objects of beauty in themselves, being planted with checker-board uniformity, and carefully trained, laterally, along trellises of regular height and form. Natural archways, reaching for long distances, are places of great beauty both in flowering and fruiting seasons. So it is, the empire over. Let flowers be scarce or plentiful, the love for them is the growth of many generations, and there is no person so high or humble who does not treasure the knowledge and worship of them in his heart.

Wherever the floral giver bestows her gifts, she does it with a liberal hand, and if the slopes of Hakone are resplendent during the spring with uncultivated gardens of wild azaleas in their pink, white, and variegated

hues, so are the hedges and hillocks, the vales and plains, of Atami, decked to profusion with miniature groves of hydrangea in their glowing foliage, and blue, white, and lilac blossoms, with lilies of gorgeous colouring bursting upon the landscape like waterfalls, whose foam is of many hues. The princess of these floral showers is the magnificent white lily that proudly lifts its snowy crest, nearly a foot in diameter, to the height of a tall man. Its stems are pink, and its broad leaves are splashed with crimson stains.



VIEW AT ATAMI.

Of less haughty showing, and of more modest beauty, are the orange, white, or soft-tinted pink flowers that seem everywhere present. Not content with beautifying the earth, these lilies venture to the very edge of the seashore, and their sisters, in scarlet dress, spread out over the rocks, until all their bleak barrenness is concealed under a coverlid of dazzling brightness.

While the lily is the object of beauty at Atami, the wonder of this place is its remarkable geyser. This sulphur spring, which has been the

source of prosperity where was once poverty, is located near the centre of the village, and within a short distance of the seashore. It is not active all of the time, and occasionally for days it is as silent and motionless on the surface as if its powers had been spent. Then a low rumbling, swiftly increasing in volume until it can be heard for a long distance, proclaims its coming; the earth quivers and shakes for rods around; and the hot, sulphurous stream bursts forth, rising several yards into the air. This upheaval lasts for ten, sometimes fifteen, minutes, when the power underneath seems suddenly to collapse, and only a dense cloud of white mist remains to mark the scene. These displays come with clockwork regularity every four hours, except during those rare periods when the interior forces seem to be taking a vacation, and, though continuing less than a quarter of an hour, present a vivid and impressive phenomenon the beholder will not soon forget. Baths in this *oyu*, hot water, are considered very beneficial, and Atami is continually thronged with health-seekers.

Atami would not be a Japanese town did it not have its temple. The latter stands just back of the village, embowered in the green woods, where visitors delight to wander on the hot, sultry, do-yo days of August. The first among these ancient trees to attract attention is a venerable camphor, supposed to be the largest of its kind in Japan, and possibly the oldest. Its years and weight have separated its trunk so it has two bodies, looking at first like the trunks of twin trees, whose united girth is over sixty feet. If betraying evidence of its great age in its body, the ancient giant shows a vigorous old age in its huge canopy of dense foliage overhead.

As we sit under the cooling shadows of this famous tree, accompanied by our inseparable guide, we recall the strange story told us in the mountains of the north regarding this king of the greenwood, as well as of the temple on our right, now slowly falling into ruins, and of the geyser in the distance, at this moment sending forth its torrent of steam and hot water. Our companion must be a mind-reader, for he begins to repeat with great fervour of speech and token of faith the story.

Not always has Atami been the thriving and happy town of to-day, and away back in the period of its poverty and distress there lived here a very good and pious man, whose one great source of sorrow was the

extreme suffering of his people for the simple necessities of life. In those days there were not the many ways of earning a livelihood that we have now, and the inhabitants were fain to depend on their catch of fish for food. Even the sea was fickle, and often its tides carried the finny tribes of its kingdom to other places, so that the people living at Atami frequently went hungry.

This holy man had taken up his abode in a temple on this hilltop, so that he might get a wide view of the bay, and warn the people when-



IN A TEMPLE COURT.

ever the spirits of the deep frowned upon the land. You see yonder the ruined walls of his temple-home. During the warm season this devout priest loved to sit here under this camphor-tree, which was then hale and hearty, spreading its wide branches to the gateway of the temple. One day, while a famine was on his people, who were groaning and complaining in their hopelessness, the faithful priest, worn with watching and praying, fell asleep at his post.

While he slept, he dreamed that the seashore was heaped with fish of many kinds that were delicious to the palate. In his joy he started

toward the scene, when a great noise and commotion in the water stopped him. Huge clouds of steam filled the air, so that he could hardly see the bay, which was churned into foam by some terrible power underneath. He saw now that the fish all lay on their backs, dead, every one of them having been scalded to death by the boiling water.

His distress was so great at this sight that he awoke: but with his eyes wide open he looked on the same strange spectacle, only the dead fish were piled deeper on the seashore, while the volcanic forces sent spouts of hot water high into the air. He closed his eyes to shut out the sight, and prayed that this awful visitation of hor-



A SHINTO PRIEST.

ror and desolation might not be felt by his people. In the midst of this unselfish prayer he heard a terrific crash behind him, and upon turning around, in new fright, he saw that the huge camphor-tree had split in twain from root to branch! As he looked upon it dumfounded, lo! a beautiful goddess stepped from the heart of the riven tree, and, handing him a branch from its broad arms, said, in a voice of peaceful intonation:



"Take this camphor wand, O holy man! and wave it thrice over the boiling sea; and ere its final circuit is finished toss it far over the water in the name of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, when thy prayer shall be answered, and Atami's woe will become Atami's joy."

He took the proffered camphor branch, and as he did so she, as it seemed, vanished into air. Mindful of his duty, he ran toward the sea-shore, which he reached quickly, though an old man. On the shore, with



THEATER AT OSAKA.

the hot water hissing at his feet like many reptiles, he waved the charmed wand thrice over the tide, and threw it far out to sea, with a prayer for Atami's salvation ringing out clear and strong above the tumult, that Kwannon might hear it. Immediately a mighty convulsion shook the earth all around him, followed by a deep rumbling underground, which grew louder and nearer each moment. Then, with a deafening roar and a rush frightful to behold, the earth opened, sending forth a torrent of seething, steaming water, which ran down to sea. At the same time, the

water of the bay became calm, and the fish swimming in it had nothing more to suffer from its flood.

All the people now gathered about the fountain of hot, sulphurous water, and marvelled, and trembled for the end. But the prophecy of the goddess had come true: Atami's woe had become Atami's joy. The ill soon learned of the wonderful curative powers of the geyser, and came from afar to be healed. If the fish swam shy or bold in the sea, the population of Atami were no longer dependent upon them for their food, and cared not. Wise men have said that the goddess of the sacred camphor-tree was Kwannon herself. Be that as it may, the visitor of to-day sees proof of her coming in the riven trunk of the tree, and again in the living geyser, which is both the wonder and the wealth of Atami.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE OF JAPAN.

THE rivers of Japan are short, but their careers are as brilliant as they are brief. Innumerable rivulets, bursting their silvery bonds amid the wild gorges of the Fujiyama regions, unite their volumes to form turbulent streams before the lowlands are reached. What is here lost in number is more than made up in swollen floods. Fed by so many tributaries, the rise of water in this network of rivers is often rapid, so that when the ice and snow melt on the mountains the effect is startling along the courses which are incapable of carrying off the increased tide. But these generally subside as swiftly as they rise, though this does not relieve the difficulty of bridging these erratic streams. The Japanese have long understood the art of bridge-making, but the amount of capital required to build the colossal structures necessary to span these mountain rivers has, until within a few years, deterred the people from attempting to reach satisfactory results. Japan has now several bridges of huge dimensions, built with no little engineering skill.

The rivers of the Tokaido district become almost dry during the winter months, but, swollen by the thaws of spring, they overflow their banks and run wild for a few days. The longest of these streams is the Ten-ru, Heavenly Dragon River, which rises in the Nakasendo, or Middle Mountain road, near the thrifty town of Uyeda, and traverses 130 miles of country. The Oigawa finds its source over ten thousand feet above sea-level, while the Fujikawa, a stream fifty miles in length, drains the Peerless Mountain.

This last giant of sleeping volcanoes, whose prismatic splendours and artistic sublimity have been so often expressed in works of Japanese art, now attracts our intimate attention. Seen from the distant ocean, its truncated crest, wrapped in a robe of snow for three-fourths of the time, looks like a pink and white pillar rising abruptly from the immeasurable deep. The first land view defines it, some fifty miles away, as a lonely

sentinel in white, the pinnacle of more than fifty square miles of country, every foot of which has helped to rear this gigantic monarch. Seen in the clear light of morning, a mystic halo seems to encircle it, from which it bursts forth like a jewel of purest lustre set in an opaline sky. Under this effect, it is easy to accept the poetical signification of its name.

On a nearer approach, its complete isolation is removed, and other satellites, one of them Oyama, as high as Mount Washington, in New England,



FUJIKAWA RIVER LOOKING TOWARD FUJIYAMA.

become visible, one after another, until it is seen that this chief is really the central summit of a court of serrated cones rising from attendant mountain ranges and detached ridges and peaks. Here the monarch holds his court in the realm of glittering mountain-tops, whose dazzling splendours aptly bear out all that tradition has attributed to this grand panorama.

The voice of ages says that this vast mountain was builded in a single night, and the earth and substance taken to rear its majestic form were



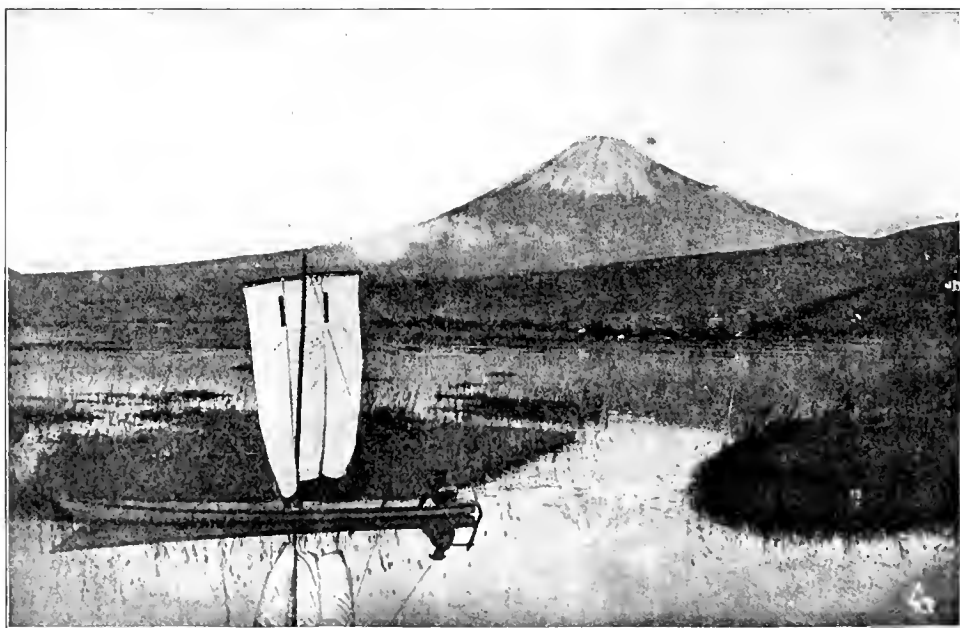
taken from that hollow in the ground, two hundred miles distant, which is now filled with the water of Lake Biwa. In the light of modern knowledge, this does not seem altogether impossible or improbable. Within a comparatively short time, that mighty protuberance which breaks the steady rise of the eastern slope of Mishima has been lifted bodily from a depression in the mountain's lower regions.

If it is now inactive, one need not go far to find ample evidence of the terrific upheavals of earth, ashes, and molten masses, which are veiled but not concealed by the thin growth of vegetables creeping over Fujiyama's broad, pumice-covered slopes. What Vesuvius is to Naples, Kilanea to Hawaii, Shasta to California, Hecla to Iceland, Fujiyama is to Japan. It is a source of national pride, of majestic grandeur, of fear but half concealed. If Nature created this mountain in haste, she gave it the softness of contour, placidity of aspect, and tenderness of verdure so common to Japanese volcanoes. In fact, this term in Japan loses its meaning of barrenness, desolation, and disruption, for all this is swiftly reduced by climatic influences, or concealed under a dense mantle of vegetation. We have seen, in the north, an alpine wildness and sublimity, but in the heart of Japan "green valleys nestle in the arms of sloping hills, while these are clothed in feathery bamboo or billow-boughed pines, which kiss the fantastic seashore, where the waves seldom raise their cadence above a whisper, as if fearful of breaking the brooding silence, deepened rather than disturbed by the sweet tone of the temple bells."

Pilgrimages to the summit of Fujiyama are made with all the religious ardour of similar journeys in India to the holy shrines of Mecca. More than ten thousand pious pilgrims clothed in spotless white garments, with enormous hats on their heads, and long, stout staves in their hands, annually wind their way slowly upward toward the lofty crater of this sacred mountain as if bound to an incense-burning altar. Aside from the reverential feeling which naturally urges on the visitor to the Peerless Mountain, it affords one of the noblest and most delightful trips that can be taken in the Sunrise Land. Rising over twelve thousand feet from the plain at one sweep, the view from the top is the broadest and finest in all Japan. Not many years since, the entire distance from any point had to be made on foot, or seated in the mountain-chair borne by four sure-footed coolies. Now a three hours' ride by rail from Yokohama

takes one to the village of Gotemba, at the foot of the mountain. If the tourist is able-bodied, he had better complete the journey on foot. Despite his extra exertions he will find this preferable to being carried, cramped up like a jack-knife half closed, in a kago, or that more pretentious but scarcely more comfortable Eastern palanquin, the *norimon*.¹

Above the farm-lands, which reach upward to a height of over fifteen hundred feet, is a wide belt of grassy moorland; then a girdle of forest, stopping at six thousand feet, succeeds. Above this band of growth the



FUJIYAMA.

vegetation gradually becomes sparse and sickish in appearance, until finally the ancient paths wind in and out of rocky ravines, around or over huge patches of volcanic deposits. The kago-bearers go no farther than the upper rim of the forest, so that all climbers are then obliged to walk.

The mountainside is dotted with rude huts built for the accommodation of pilgrims and tourists, who may get caught in one of the snow-storms which break over the scene, often with unexpected fury. On the summit,

¹ Originally the *norimon* was the carriage of the nobles, and the kago a basket for the conveyance of the middle class.

two and one-fourth miles above the sea, a stone hut has been raised, a tip-top house for the protection of the comers to that lofty, dreary, and desolate outlook, for such it is until one's immediate surroundings are forgotten by the charm of the view beyond.

A short distance from this building is the sacred gateway leading to the crater, which is four hundred feet deep; and if it has been inactive for almost two centuries, it has punctuated Japanese history with many lurid periods from time immemorial, and still furnishes proof of its living fires by the thin wreaths of sulphurous smoke rising from its secret chambers. In 1707, after a long interval of silence, it suddenly burst on its southern slope, burying the lowlands around deep in its molten débris, while clouds of ashes were wafted out to sea fifty miles away. Who stands in its awful presence cannot fail to realise, as he may never have before, his own feebleness and the power of that force at work beneath, which the next moment may send him miles into space.

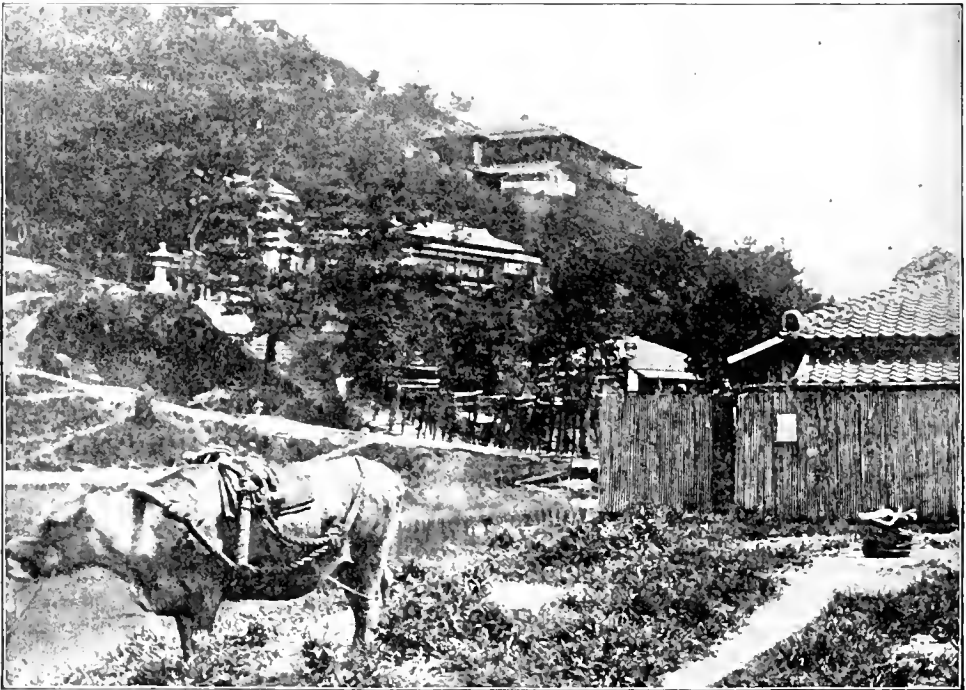
But the horrors of the pit are forgotten in the presence of the beautiful and the majestic. Below, stretch the corrugated crests of the inferior mountains, mere hills as viewed from this lofty eyrie, while farther away are the plains and valleys, the dark groves of fir and pine, the cultivated fields, glistening sheets of water, silvery rivers winding across the landscape toward the sea, hamlets and towns embowered in gardens and wayside trees, the bays indenting the coast, and, beyond all these, the placid ocean. No view of this kind is without its charms, and the Peerless Mountain of Japan is not surpassed in this respect.

It is natural that the aborigines of any country should hold their mountains in awe, and the Japanese believed that it would be contrary to the wishes of the goddess who was supposed to have her abode here for a woman to ascend this silver-crested pyramid. So it was left for a foreigner, Lady Parkes of England, to perform that feat. She was watched with awe, as she resolutely climbed the ascent. That was in 1867, and many of the gentler sex have since made the arduous journey; so that the spell has been broken, and it is considered nothing remarkable to make the trip.

While we rest from this "feast for the eyes," our Japanese friend surprises us with a fancy tale of legendary days, when the earth was younger and its inhabitants lived in closer communion with it. The magic of the

narrator's impressive language, and the flash of his eye, as he dwells on the scenes pictured on his vivid mind, had become a mysterious part of his subject, which cannot be conveyed in the speech of tongue or pen any more than the laughter of the sunny waters or the song of the summer breeze can be imprisoned in the caverns of the imagination, to be freed at will with all their subtle expression. Shorn of this beauty, his story runs:

Over two thousand¹ years ago, long ere the old faith was shaken, and

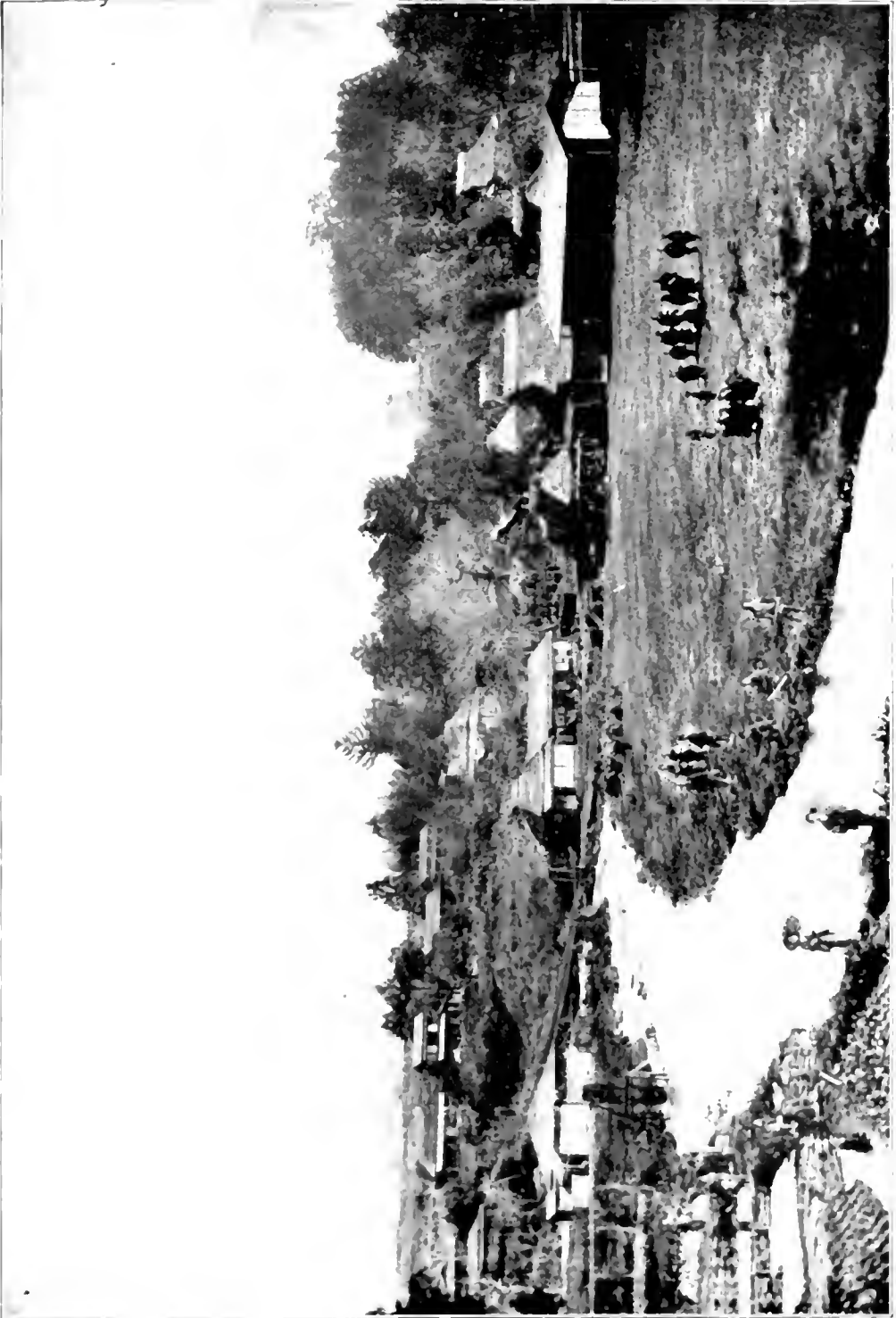


SUWA-YAMA MOUNTAIN, KOBÉ.

each pathway leading into the forests immemorial led under a massive torii to some sacred shrine, there dwelt in the heart of Old Japan a certain good man named Visu. With him dwelt a faithful wife and two sons and two daughters, the sunlight of peace and happiness falling like the beams of the sacred sun over his home. His dwelling stood under the fringe of the forest, so that he looked out upon the broad plain of Suruga.

In the summer he was accustomed to tend his growing crops, but with

¹ 286 B. C.



THE HOUSE AT THE FALLS

the coming of winter, with its legions of wind and snow, he delighted to toil with his axe from sunrise to sunset under the warm tent of the pine. At nightfall he could be seen struggling homeward under a load of logs and branches of trees for the fire. Visu was renowned as a storyteller, and around the cheerful blaze he loved to narrate to his family wonder tales of the deep greenwood and the fairies and elves that dwelt in its midst. The region to the north was wonderland to his listeners, so often did he repeat his strange stories.

One night, as he was telling an especially interesting tale of the secrets of the forest, a strange noise startled the little group. As one and all listened, it grew louder and more terrific, until it seemed as if the whole interior of the earth was in convulsion. The cry of "Earthquake!" rang out shrilly, but Visu quieted his family somewhat by saying that had it been an earthquake it must needs have been sooner over. But, before he had finished speaking, the thunder was so loud that he could not make himself heard. He was frightened himself, and taking his smaller children in his arms, while his wife and the other children clung to his side, he ran out into the night.

Even in his fright he noticed that the sky had taken on an unusual brilliancy. Orion's band of jewels hung low in the stellar realm, while the dipper's seven diamond points shone like a glittering finger-board in the sky. What amazed him most was the fact that every tip seemed focused toward the plain of Suruga and the forest beyond. Dazzled and bewildered, Visu looked northward, where the way was shown him, and lo! he saw a sight he never forgot.

Where at sunset had stretched the vast plain, and beyond the greenwoods, which had been his pride and boast, rose a mountain! And such a mountain as he had never looked upon. It rose before him like a tower of fire, sending forth, far and wide, storms of stones and molten débris, while flaunting into the air banners of flames that lifted and spread until the very light of the sky turned into darkness. Visu and his family watched the scene, terror-stricken, until another day, when they returned to their home.

With the morning light they saw the black folds which had encircled the new-born mountain take on the bright and purple hues of the golden robes of the sun goddess, which told them that she was pleased at the

appearance of the newcomer, which Visu saw was higher and mightier than any mountain he had ever seen, and he had penetrated far into the region of the northern hills. He named it Fujiyama, declaring that it was a *peerless mountain*, which distinction it has borne ever since. As the days passed, and the young giant grew calmer and milder in his appearance, Visu loved nothing better than to sit at eventide, with his day's toil done, and watch the rays of the setting sun, as they played



SHIRAITO WATERFALL, FUJIYAMA.

around the still smoking crest in purple streaks that lapped over into twilight.

In time Visu learned strange facts concerning the birth of Fujiyama, his mountain, as he delighted to call it, and which he looked upon as a watchman of the plain. In the same hour that it had risen from the heart of the great greenwood, all the sacred hills of the Kyoto district had disappeared with a great hue and hubbub and where they had stood quickly shone a tranquil sheet of water of a heavenly blue. It was

shaped like the loved lute, and was named Biwa. The people knew now that the Peerless Mountain had travelled nearly two hundred miles underground in order to reach its abiding-place.

Though he was the guardian of the great greenwood, and the keeper of its secrets, being on visiting terms with the Tengus, and often met on sacred grounds the gods and goddesses that ruled over the things and creatures primeval, it was fully a year later before Visu dared to leave his home so far as to penetrate into the deep forest skirting the foot of Fujiyama. Then, as he went farther and deeper into the trackless realm, he was more and more pleased with what he saw. It seemed to him the trees never had looked so friendly and beaming, the sun had not shone so bright, or the sky looked so blue. Thus he kept on and on, until finally he realised that he must turn back. He had barely decided to do this, when a merry little fox bounded across his pathway in front of him. Visu thought the bold little fellow looked at him with longing eyes as he sped past, and stopped within sight. Of all the denizens of the greenwood the fox is held in highest esteem.

"It is a good omen to have a fox cross one's path," thought Visu. "Seeing he has not fled away, perhaps if I approach him he will pass in front of me again, and thus double my good fortune."

With this intention in his mind, Visu advanced, until the wary fox started to run off, but so shaped his course that for the second time he ran before the delighted woodman. As he had stopped within sight now, Visu imagined he was still inviting him to come ahead, so he continued to move forward, when, to his increased joy, the fox crossed his way for the third time. In fact, this manœuvring was repeated, until Master Reynard had actually crossed and recrossed the path of Visu ten times.

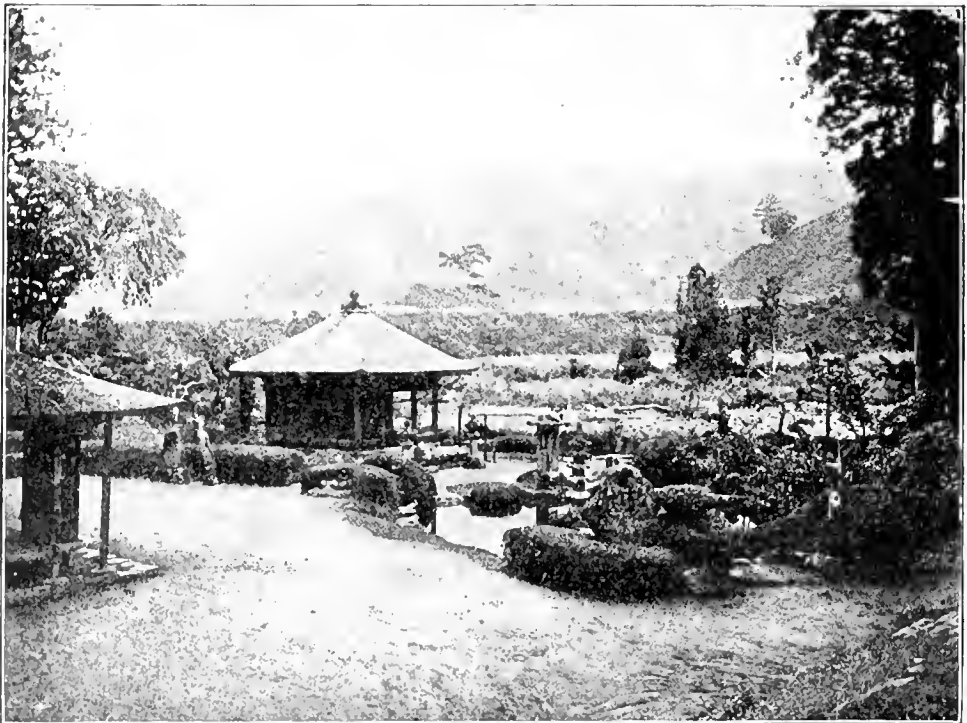
"Never did such good promise of fortune fall to the lot of mortal before," thought the forester, "and I am sure my happiness is to be increased tenfold."

But if so auspicious, this singular progress had, quite unconsciously to Visu, taken him so deeply into the woods that, when he came to look about him, he found he was so far that he would be puzzled to find his way out. As he stopped to look about and listen for some sound amid the solemn silence, he was pleased to catch the soft murmur of water gliding slowly along a smooth course, while there broke upon his ear the

louder and harsher sound which he took to be the gurgling of a cascade, where foam-capped waters were tossed sharply from rock to rock as they hurried on their way.

"The water always runs toward the plain," said Visu, half aloud, "and by following this stream I shall be able to find my way home."

Acting upon this idea, parting the bamboo thicket just ahead of him, he stepped boldly into a little green, or clearing, in the forest, where the



MOUNTAIN VIEW FROM MONASTERY GARDEN, NIKKO.

morning dew still lingered on the pale green leaves like pearly drops, though the sun was sending his silvery shafts into the beautiful retreat. Visu thought it was the prettiest glade he had ever beheld, and he stopped to admire the scene, when a yet fairer sight caught his vision, and held him spellbound.

Visu saw nothing less than two maidens sitting on the mossy carpet of the green, close beside the bank of the rivulet, playing *go*.¹ They were

¹ A household game played by the Japanese, which resembles somewhat our chess or checkers. It is played with boxes of little round buttons for checks, with the players seated around

the fairest, sweetest couple he had ever seen, and so absorbed were they in the game that they played on in silence, except for the clicking of the cheeks and the singing of the running waters. The waving bamboos partly shaded their fair faces from the sunlight, but their features seemed lit by a light divine. As they had not noticed his appearance, Visu continued to watch the twain, as graceful of movement as the slender willow, and as fair of presence as the blossom of the cherry-tree. Entranced by



GIRLS WARMING THEMSELVES.

the lovely sight, he did not have the power to break the mystic spell, and, leaning on his axe helve, he watched and watched the motions of the beautiful players, scarcely daring to breathe lest he dispel the illusion. Oblivious of him, the maids continued to move the chessmen as if their future existence depended upon their skill in playing. The gentle breeze stroked softly their long, dark hair, lifting it ever so lightly, until the sun's rays,

a mat spread on the ground or floor. Women and children play it at home, while it is no uncommon sight to see men stop in the midst of their labour, or journey, to spread a mat at their feet and amuse themselves for hours at a time.

grown bold with their opportunity, played hide and seek amid the dusky coils, and ran races along silken roads. A strange power seemed to bind the enraptured watcher, its delights growing with its strength; time and again he closed his eyes to reopen them upon the same scene: the green with its moss mat, the pearl-drops on the bamboos, the sweet maids playing, as if they never intended to stop, in silence and beautiful contentment.

At last, when it seemed to Visu that it was possible he had fallen asleep and dreamed it all, he rallied enough to bestir his cramped limbs. The



COUNTRY ROAD.

action brought a low cry of pain to his lips, and he found himself so sore and stiff in his joints that he could scarcely move. He looked for the fair players, to find to his surprise that they were gone.

"Strange they should have slipped away before my eyes, without my seeing them," he thought. "I must hasten home and tell those there of the rare sight I have seen in the heart of the great greenwood."

Leaning heavily on his axe helve, as he started to move away, the wood crumbled from under him, and he fell to the ground. So stiff were his knees, and there were so many aches and pains in his joints, that it was several minutes before he could regain his feet. He saw to his further

amazement that his hair reached far down over his shoulders, while his beard hung from his chin wide and flowing. Both, until now, black as the raven's wing, were white as the snow on Fujiyama's lofty crest!

Not knowing what this all meant, well might he be frightened, and he hobbled homeward with what haste he could. But it was many hours later when the poor, bewildered woodman came to a hut standing near



JAPANESE PHYSICIAN.

the border of the forest and looking out upon the plain. He remembered it as his home, though strange children were playing around the door, and unfamiliar voices came from within.

"There must be visitors at home," he decided in his mind, as he stepped inside, to be greeted with the decorous reception the Japanese always accord strangers.

"I am looking for my wife and children," he said. "I left them, a short time since, for a ramble in the green wood. Perhaps they have got anxious, and gone in search of me. If so, prithee make haste and inform them of my safe return. Strange to say, I am fatigued over my walk, though it has not been overlong."

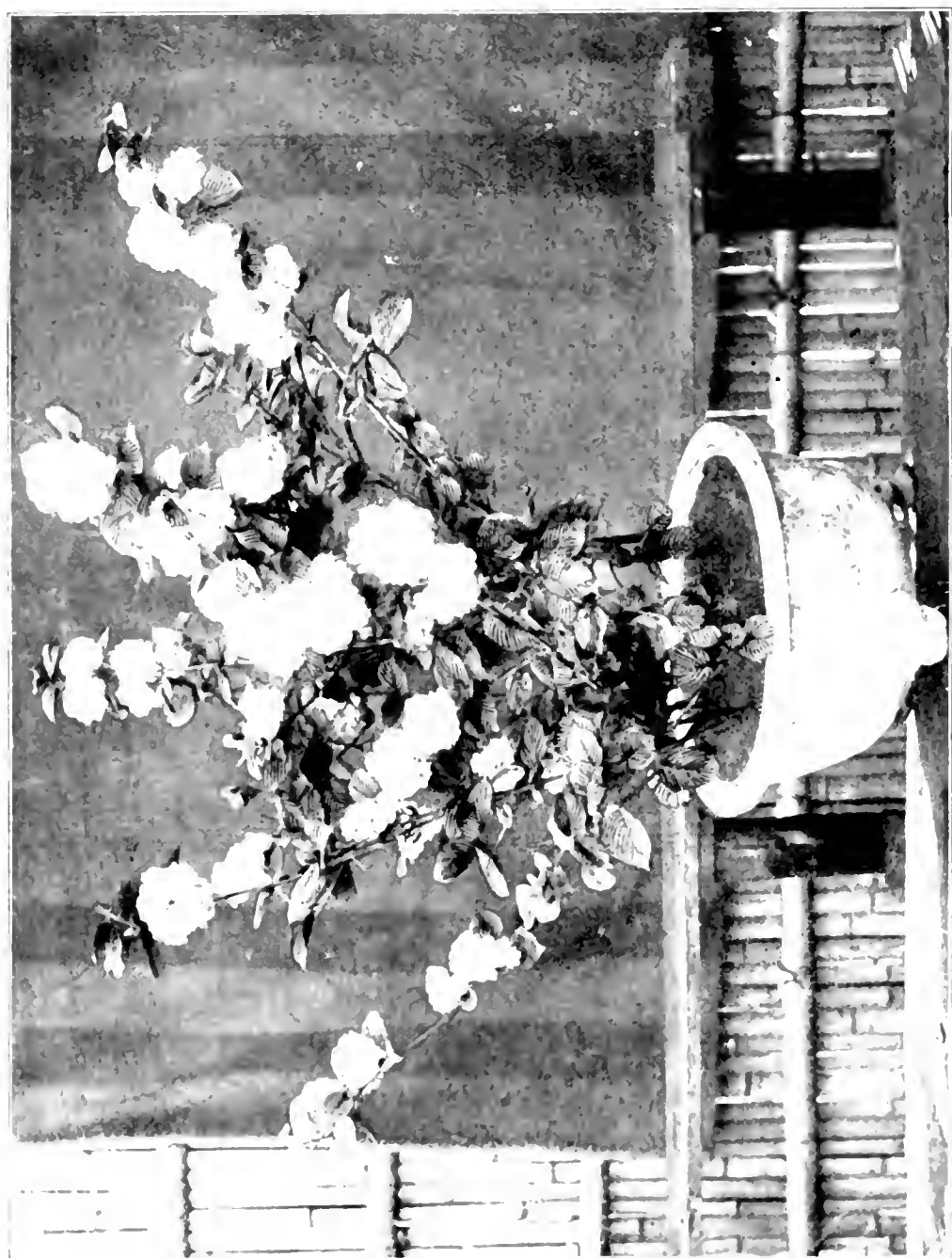
They looked upon him with a wonder they could not entirely conceal,

and after listening to his speech the man shook his head. When Visu insisted that this was his home, he protested, saying that his father, and his father's fathers, had lived there before him. Surely this hoary-headed stranger, clothed in tatters, was one bereft of his reason, and he pitied him. Then the dazed woodman told his name, when the other finally recalled that an ancestor had been named Visu, and that he had been a man of considerable renown, who, when tired of the earth, had sought rest in the fastness of the forest that he had loved so well. But he had served his family ill by going away without imparting his intention.

"Nay, brother!" cried Visu, "now you wrong an innocent man. I am that woodman, and if I have been gone overlong it was no fault of mine. Tell me where I may find my wife, that I may obtain her forgiveness. She was ever indulgent, and I promise never again to pass within the magic circle of the mountain green."

"Thy wife," replied the other, looking incredulous, "if thou art, as thou claimest, Visu, has slept with the faithful for six generations. Those you look upon here are descendants of her children.—hers and Visu's."

Slowly and painfully it dawned upon the returned woodman that while he had tarried in the forest, watching the beautiful maidens playing go in the deep greenwood, his wife, his children, and his children's children, had lived their natural spans of life and departed. He realised that he had mysteriously fallen out of the race run to the grave by his generation, and been left a lonely old man in a lonely world. He was taken in and cared for most kindly, but his heart was no longer light. His remaining days on earth were passed in making pious pilgrimages to Fujiyama, and in looking for the fair players of go. Once he fancied he caught a gleam of the little fox who had allured him into their court, but he never saw the delusive maids. Upon his death, Visu was fittingly sainted, and he has ever since been worshipped as a deity of prosperity.



SNOWBALLS

CHAPTER XVI.

REGION OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

DESCENDING from Fujiyama and regaining the route to Kyoto, we notice all along the way a fine view of the country at our feet.

The view at Sano is especially fine, the sacred mountains affording a magnificent background, while the vista in front is one of the fairest landscapes in Japan, with a broad belt of glistening water beyond. During the afternoon we pass the scene of that charming tale from Japanese folk-lore, "The Robe of Feathers," which our guide stops to relate.

Many years ago, as all legends begin, some fishermen passing the shore here, one day, saw a beautiful robe made of feathers from some strange bird hanging upon the trees that dipped their arms into the seaside. The wondering men, after stopping a moment to admire the magnificent object, showed their honesty by passing on without offering to touch the robe, which they concluded belonged to some woman of the nobility, who had perhaps come here to bathe in the clear tide.

A little later a single fisherman, landing on the shore near by, discovered the robe, and, less scrupulous than the others, immediately took possession of it. As he was making away with it in high pleasure, a most beautiful maiden appeared on the scene, coming from he knew not whence. With tears in her lovely blue eyes, mused to weeping, and in a voice of the sweetness of the wild dove, she told him the robe was hers. Then he laughed at her, declaring that having it in his possession made it his.

She continued to plead with him, saying that without it she could not return to her home in the sky. He soon learned that she was one of many attendants that waited upon the "thirty monarchs" that ruled the moon. This only made him more obdurate, while he was fascinated by her loveliness. So he hesitated in rowing away, though he refused to give up his prize. To hesitate in his case meant final surrender, for hinting to him of the gay life of the immortal dancers, he consented to

let her put on the robe long enough to dance for him one of the wonderful dreams of fantasy enacted beyond the pale of mortals. It was the agreement that he should have the robe, when she was done dancing, by coming to her for it. The narrator then proceeds to picture, in language and gesture which cannot be translated, the bewildering mazes and fantastic figures she performed on the sun-kissed sands, while music from ethereal flutes made light the movements of the fairy maid, and sweets from Elysian bowers made fragrant the summer air. Gradually he grew



GIRLS DANCING.

dizzy from watching, and as she finished he reached to grasp the feather robe. At that moment a breeze from the sea spread out the precious garment like the wings of a bird, and to his amazement she was wafted upward, the last note of the song dying away as she disappeared in the blue space overhead.

One of the noted places passed on this route is the city of Shidzuoka, situated on an open plain fifteen miles from the seashore, and especially honoured in being the home of the "last of the tycoons." This Shogun Keiki, having been shorn of his royal powers, retired to this city in 1868, where he lived the life of a simple country gentleman of leisure.

spending his time in fishing and hawking. Japan, Europe, and America, owe more to him than they will ever acknowledge, as it was mainly due to him that the latter government (by the term America we mean the United States in their broad signification), through its representative, Commodore Perry, succeeded in opening intercourse with this Robinson Crusoe of nations. The real emperor maintaining his official seclusion at Kyoto, this shogun, as his agent, received the strange visitors, and began negotiations with the new power. In this correspondence he was designated as *tai-kun*, or tycoon, and as such his name stands in an honoured position in history.

Beyond this place an iron bridge fully a mile in length spans a river which, except for a brief while in spring, is a narrow, dejected stream. It is but an example of rivers in Japan. Streams that for eleven months out of the year are dried up affairs, that seem to be withering to nothing, suddenly spring from their beds as the snow melts from the mountains and deluge the country far and wide.

The country along this coast for a hundred miles is a vast rice-field, made up of numberless patches devoted to this crop. The division of these little plots, of a quarter of an acre in area, can always be defined by the grass-tufted ridges. A horse attached to a plow of antique design, and with a tooth that turns up a furrow three feet in width, is the means of stirring the sod. But rice culture must be a very disagreeable occupation, as the weeding and resetting have to be done in mud and water knee-deep. The mud of Japan is the muddiest kind of mud, too. Much of this work is done by women, and it is no uncommon sight to see mothers, with infants strapped upon their backs, working day after day in the rice-swamps. Forty bushels of rice to an acre is considered a fair yield. The main article of diet for these workers is millet, wheat, or barley, dried fish, and seaweed.

Though we did not pass the marble monument erected to mark the sad incident, we are reminded of the fate of the French M. M. steamer *Nil*, in the Yoshida Bay, off the town of Irima, on the night of the 20th of March, 1874. This steamer had on board 111 persons, and the articles Japan had sent for exhibition at Vienna. The night was dark, the tide running high, and her engine getting out of order, the steamer ran upon a rock and sank. Only four persons escaped.

One of the finest reminders of auld lang syne is the city of Nagoya, situated at the head of Owari Gulf, with a castle and moat of the days of feudalism well preserved. No tourist fails to visit what was once the home of the son of Iyeyasu, built in 1610. Of late years it has been taken for military purposes, and the broad strip of plain between the outer and inner moats has been converted into a parade-ground and a barracks. The moats are dry now, and along them deer roam, amid the surroundings of war, in peace. The castle is a five-storied stone pagoda, the roof



THRESHING RICE.

surmounted by two golden dolphins eight feet in height and considered to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. A wide view of the country can be had from the top of this pagoda, while its glittering ornaments are prominent objects from all parts of the city.

An entrance through a richly ornamented gateway of two stories admits one into the great courtyard of the temple of Higashi Hongwanji. The walls and ceiling of this temple are rich in their carvings. Among the special objects of interest is pointed out a stone with the imprint of Buddha's huge foot. As a matter of uniformity it ought to be large,

as it is claimed he stood sixteen feet in height. This place is noted for its five hundred images of the followers of this religious founder, painted in bright colours, but no two of the same tint. They are about two feet in height, and show every emotion in their grotesque features, from gay to grave, sublime to ridiculous.

A tour of the streets shows the workmen of various classes busy at their toil. If at first their movements and methods seem clumsy and awkward, we are soon forced to acknowledge that there is a certain ease



CARPENTERS.

and skill in their workmanship that is hard to equal. In the lightness of touch, the rapidity of motion, and the nicety of completion, they excel any other race. We see proof of this until we are convinced. Nothing is left unfinished, or with a lack of proper polish. The carpenter is able to build a house with fewer pins or nails than we use, because he fits his tenons to mortises with a closeness that makes the joints water-tight. Japanese workmen use their feet as extra hands, and the great toe rivals the thumb in usefulness.

Another place, located on one of the sounds of Owari Gulf, which

indents the island so that its width is narrowed to less than seventy miles, is the village noted as holding the revered shrine of Isé, erected on the sacred spot where the early ancestor of the emperor first set foot on Dai Nippon. If we are to follow tradition, the *tenshi*, as his loyal people love best to know him, is a direct descendant from Ama-ga-terasu, the sun-god, who came down to the earth in primeval days to dwell for a time in what is now the province of Isé. This town of itself is an attractive spot, embowered in umbrageous groves, and surrounded by a beautiful landscape of hillocks and valleys.

The Uji Province, noted for its tea-raising since an early day, lies between Isé and Kyoto on the west. A tea plantation, consisting of acres of evergreen bushes, from two to three feet in height, is one of the prettiest sights of this region. Except the better grade of tea, the plants are left exposed to the rays of the sun, but those that produce the highest qualities are covered with mats thrown over bamboo frames. The soil and climate of this locality combine to make the cultivation of this herb particularly successful. Throughout this large district every swell of land, be it hill or mound, is terraced and planted with the tea-shrub, which looks at first sight like the myrtle. It bears a yellow and white blossom, resembling the wild camelia. It is from this region the tea comes which we get in the United States.

North of Nagoya, we pass through the central region of the great earthquake of 1891, and the evidence of its awful visitation is still to be seen. Before reaching Gifu, a considerable ascent is made with Ibukiyama frowning down upon us, with its bare sides rising over four thousand feet into mid-air. Gifu, situated at the angle of the railroad threading this country, suffered horribly from the earthquake just mentioned, not less than ten thousand people losing their lives, while twice that number were made destitute.

Fishing with cormorants, which seems to be the principal vocation of the people here, has served to give the place world-wide notoriety. The cormorant, which figures so prominently in this sport, belongs to the web-footed species of birds, of the migratory order, and lives on fish, which it catches with remarkable dexterity, and devours with an equal voracity. It is caught by the Japanese when, as a young bird, it lingers on the coast of Owari Gulf on its migration southward from its summer haunts on the

northern shores of Hokkaido. This difficult part of the work is usually done by placing a wooden image of the bird in a conspicuous position, partially covered with leaves, and generously sprinkled with bird-lime. The young captive then has to be given a course of training for future usefulness. This requires great tact and patience on the part of the owner, and the expense of keeping the cormorant through the winter, when no fishing is done, is considerable. There are cases where the owner



JAPANESE TEA TRADER.

actually deprived himself of needed food in order to keep his prize in good shape for the summer season's fishing.

Cormorant fishing is generally done by a party of fishermen making up a series of boats, with four men to each boat. The chief or leader of each stations himself in the bow, and has under his management at least twelve birds, and sometimes as many as eighteen. The way he and his feathered helpers ply their trade is what has given this locality its widespread reputation for this peculiar employment. This man is distin-

guished by his hat from a second fisherman in the boat, who handles four birds. A third person, seated in the stern, tends strictly to navigating the boat, while the fourth, seated in the forepart, keeps up an incessant noise by striking bamboo sticks together, and in shouting to encourage the birds. He is called *kako*, and is quite as indispensable as the others.

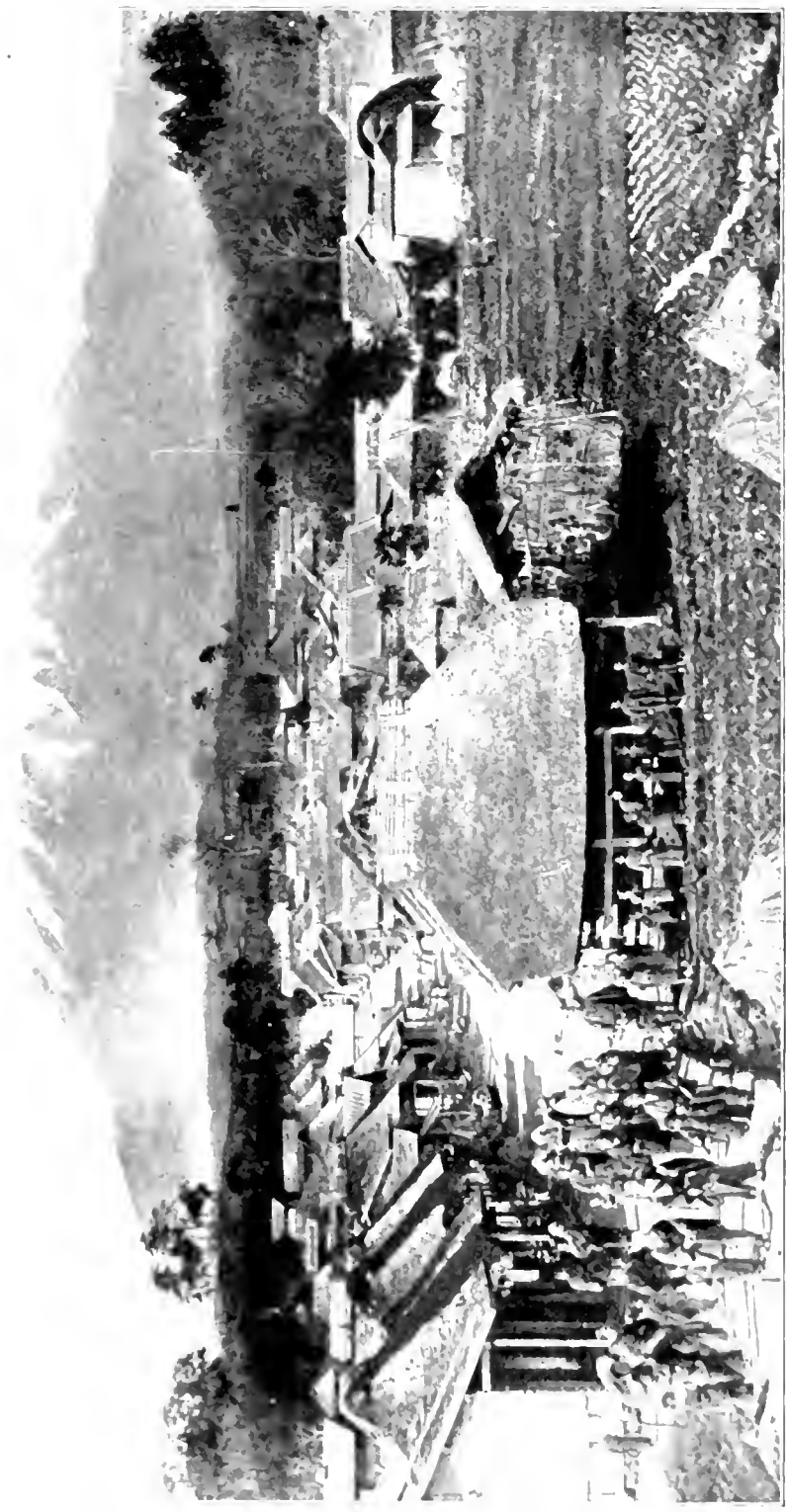
Each cormorant has had a metal ring placed around its neck, fitting close enough to prevent it from swallowing the larger fish, and suffi-



FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

ciently loose to allow the small ones to pass down its throat. A sort of harness is rigged about the body, to lower and lift the cormorant at the will of its master. This contrivance is somewhat after the style of a shawl-strap, a piece of whalebone answering for the handle on its back, while a stout cord is fastened to this to keep the bird from straying too far, and to guide its movements. This is made of spruce fibre, and is usually about a dozen feet in length.

The details carefully arranged, the steersman allows the boat to drift down the river, its course lighted by rows of torches on each side, for



FUCHIYAMA FROM FUDZUMI VILLAGE.



cormorant fishing is always done at night. Upon reaching the fishing-ground the master lowers one after another of his birds into the water; and when the entire lot has been let down, he gathers the reins in his left hand, keeping his right for the recapture of the cormorant and removal of fish as often as the occasion demands. He in control of the four birds follows the example of the leader, and the sport opens in earnest. The fish are attracted toward the boat by the torchlights, and the birds begin to gorge themselves with members of the finny tribe. The creatures that seemed so clumsy on land dart hither and thither with astonishing swiftness, diving whenever they catch sight of a fish. These feathered fishers are managed by the fishermen with remarkable skill, and a lively time ensues. The moment one of the cormorants has filled its capacious mouth, it has to be pulled in and disgorged, when it returns to the scene with renewed zest. It has brought in perhaps half a dozen good fish, and in an hour it will catch from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. As soon as the catch is considered sufficiently large, the run is made back to Gifu, with the birds resting in rows in the boat.

The willingness and intelligence with which these birds enter into the work is surprising. One of each set, usually the oldest, an old, grizzled warrior, is leader, and he goes by the name of *ichi*, or captain. The others, arranged in numbers according to their age and size, are put into the water in regular order, the *ichi* last, being taken out first. So clearly do the creatures understand this rule, that, if by mistake or intention it is broken, there is a rumpus at once.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALONG THE INLAND SEA.

THE Tokaido is the main artery of Hondo, running from the heart of Japan, and through it courses the life-current of the empire.

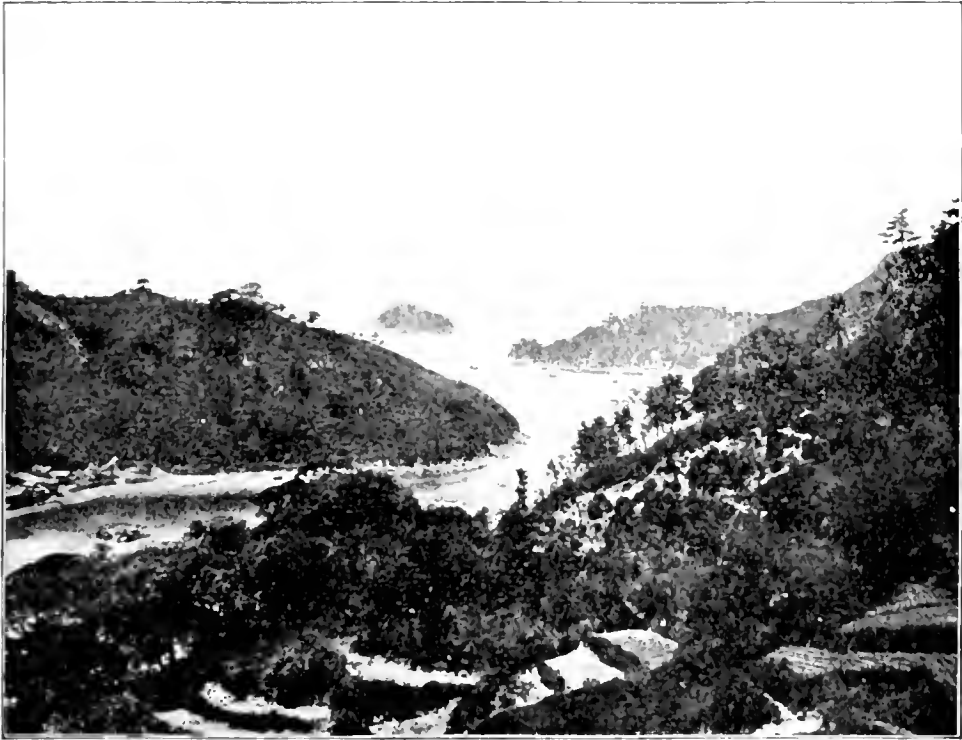
It runs through the most populous cities, and the richest lands for agriculture. It is along this route that the spirit of modern enterprise, as well as ancient glory, has been most potent in shaping the affairs of the realm, and with this is connected the better part of its history.

Leaving Gifu, we soon after reach the shore of that sheet of water whose beauty and legendary origin we have already heard told in glowing language. It is really the lake of Omi, though more often called Biwa, on account of its resemblance to a Chinese guitar. Two small steamers now ply between two towns on its historic shores, Otsu and Hikone, the latter a castled city on the north end. Not far from here is that notable place on the west shore of Hondo, Fukui, the "well of blessing." Biwa is the only lake of any size in Japan, and its setting is worthy of the gem. It lies only 340 feet above the Inland Sea, and has a length of nearly forty miles.

We are now on the direct route to Kyoto. The country is comparatively level. On our left we see series after series of rice-plantations, with the labourers bending over their tasks completely hidden under their huge hats. On the road we meet many Japanese farmers, either going to market or returning. They carry their produce, or the product of manufacture, suspended from long poles, nicely balanced on their shoulders. Some of the loads thus carried are enormous. Once we overtook what looked like a huge pile of baskets moving slowly along the highway. A closer inspection disclosed a man under the load. Again we met another, evidently moving, for he was bowed beneath a load of mats and household utensils.

We are still on the line of the railroad, and at Kusatsa we take the train for Kobé on the shore of the Gulf of Osaka. This will take us

through the ancient capital, but we shall not stop there to look around, as we purpose to finish our tour of picturesque Japan with a voyage down the Inland Sea to Nagasaki. Later, with ample leisure, we will return to note the many interesting scenes and history of this renowned "city of peace," the soul of ancient Japan. We shall pass through another city of even more modern interest, Osaka, which shall occupy its share of attention at the proper time.



RIVER VIEW, NAGASAKI.

We follow quite closely the course of the river Yodo, which flows leisurely between banks covered with reeds, and through groves of firs and bamboos, its margins dotted with groups of thatched dwellings. It was in this region that the Jesuits and Franciscans from Manila, with more zeal than prudence, went from hamlet to hamlet, more than two hundred years ago, in their vain attempt to introduce Christianity into this country. Their pathetic fates have been described in our treatise on the Philippines. This stream is a favourite haunt for the stork, the noble white heron, and the less admired hawk.

In more recent time this territory has been the battle-ground of the powers contending for the supremacy of the empire. In 1868, under the shadows of Yamazaki, near the village of Hashimoto, which means "foot of the bridge," the army of the Tokugawa was driven in disorder to Osaka by the forces of the emperor. Japan has been so drenched in blood that it would seem as if her fountains must well forth a crimson current, and the sap of her trees run red to the earth. But Mother Nature, who sets about at once to heal the scars made upon her features, forgets not more quickly than her children, and everywhere a spirit of peace prevails. The great aim of Japan is not to parade her sorrows, but to conceal them: not to sound her triumphs, but to silence them under the spell of merriment.

Scarcely thirty years ago the streets of Kobé were furrows in the sand, and the sites of the numerous dwellings plots of the same white earth. This town is a living proof of the thrift of an Occidental plant placed in Oriental soil. Across the harbour, which is called from ancient faith the "Gate of God," stands its opposite, in more respects than one, Hiogo, of olden glory. This was founded in the days of Taira triumphs, and, as its name indicates, was an arsenal. It wears now a very peaceful look. These two towns, presenting such a vivid picture of ancient and modern influences, are landlocked by green-walled hills. This port was the first visited by the Pacific steamers running between Yokohama and Hongkong. The trip from Yokohama here is made in twenty-four hours, or six hours longer than by rail. The cost by cars is \$10.74 for first-class, and \$7.16 for second-class.

Among the spots of historic interest are the tomb of Kiyomori, and at Minato, near by, a temple reared to the memory of one of Japan's heroes, Kusumoki Masashighe, the patriot who welcomed death rather than disloyalty to his country.

A place frequented by visitors to Kobé is the Men-daki, or Female Fall, popular as a summer resort. This is considered as the especial bathing-place for women, while higher up the mountain is the On-daki, or Male Fall, where men and boys are supposed to hold dominion. The height of the first fall is a little less than fifty feet, while the water of the latter drops over a precipice over eighty feet high. The first is the prettier spot, but the latter is one of wild surroundings. Considered

together, they are known as the Nunobiki Falls. Kōbē was opened to foreign trade in 1868.

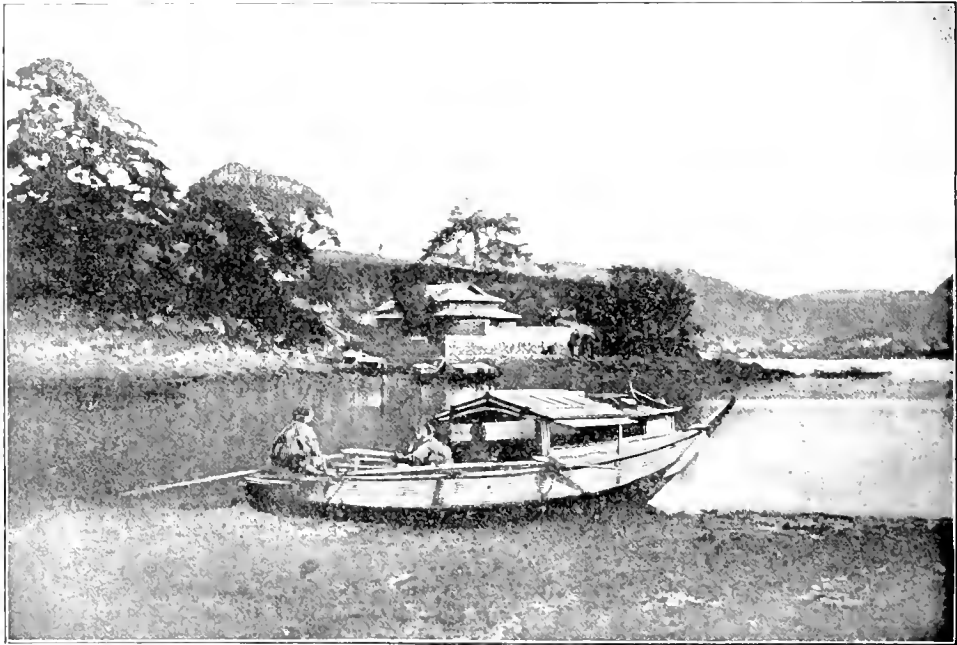
Sixteen miles inland from Kōbē is situated that mountain hamlet, Arima, where a large percentage of the bamboo baskets for the foreign market are manufactured. This town is noted also for its medicinal springs, where the sufferers from rheumatic ills flock the year around. It is a romantic spot set in picturesque surroundings.



A WATERFALL AT KOBÉ.

It is four hundred miles in round numbers from Kōbē to Nagasaki, the brightest, fairest, grandest water tour to be taken in Japan. The Inland Sea is the choicest bit of water snatched from old ocean, and hemmed in by shores that are an ideal of poetic and romantic scenery. Isles of enchantment are scattered all along the way, while the steamer, a floating island with a dense population, drifts dreamily past sleepy hamlets and wide-awake towns, productive plains and terraced hills, reedy moors and glistening rivers, ancient castles and impressive temples, evergreen forests and sunny mountain slopes, day after day.

This charming body of water, every part of which holds some tale of olden chivalry and modern romance of warlike deeds, is connected with the Pacific Ocean on the east by the Channel of Kii, and to the Sea of Japan on the west by the Straits of Shimonoseki, which has been aptly termed the Gibraltar of Japan. Its length is about 250 miles, while its breadth varies from narrows less than five miles in width to broad belts of thirty miles' expanse. It has an actual seaboard of 720 miles, with many fine harbours, towns of active trade, and castled cities. It is said



A PLEASURE BOAT.

to have an island for every day in the year. There are certainly enough of them for the comfort of the navigator.

The name by which this Eastern Mediterranean is known to-day seems to have originated with foreigners. The Japanese designated it as Seto Uchi, but were accustomed to give it as many as six names, all taken from the *nada*, or provinces, that bordered it at different parts. This was according to the prevailing method of the Japanese prior to the coming of the foreigners. Instead of giving a general name to a river, they would give the stream as many different local designations as it passed through districts. What was true of the rivers applied with equal

force to all other natural features of the islands. In fact, the island of Hondo was without a name for centuries, while Shikoku and Kyushu awaited a christening by strangers.

The tourist who has seen everywhere evidence of the work of the desolating volcano, covering fertile plains with ashes and pumice-stone until they are capable of bearing nothing better than bamboo grass and the stunted scrub, realises more than ever, amid these picturesque scenes and charming sea views, that Japan is not a land blessed superficially with a richness of earth. It is true no spot of arable soil, whether surrounded by some volcanic débris, or by the rocks of some precipitous hillside or sea-girt isle, has escaped the mattock of the industrious inhabitant, who has snatched a precarious living where one less frugal must have starved. No cove, however bleak or sheltered, but affords a hamlet of people, who manage, somehow, by sea or soil, to eke out a cheerful existence. This state of things may be better understood by the fact that nearly nine-tenths of the territory of Japan at present yields no part in the supply of food for its inhabitants. The percentage of area in cultivation is slowly but steadily increasing, however, where that great modern king of development, the iron horse, penetrates. As the remote regions are thus brought within reach of the markets, new land in the interior fastness is being taken up.

By this it is not to be supposed that Japan is really a country of poverty, any more than that its people lack the finer tastes and appreciation of the better things of life. We have shown that where there is a paucity of flowers, they have a love and trained taste for them of the highest order, which is prodigal in its display. If the Japanese show an utter lack of business display about their centres of trade, if their dwellings are flimsy, wooden structures with inner walls of paper, if they hover over charcoal braziers instead of coal or wood fires, if at night their heads repose on blocks of wood rather than pillows of feathers, it must not be concluded that they do this through ignorance or lack of culture, or even that they consider it an indication of poverty. Naturally the stranger to this idea of life, who enters one of these primitive homes for the first time, is surprised at the complete absence of what he considers necessary to the comforts of a home. The house that has no furniture, not even the common contrivance of a chair, none of the appliances of ordi-

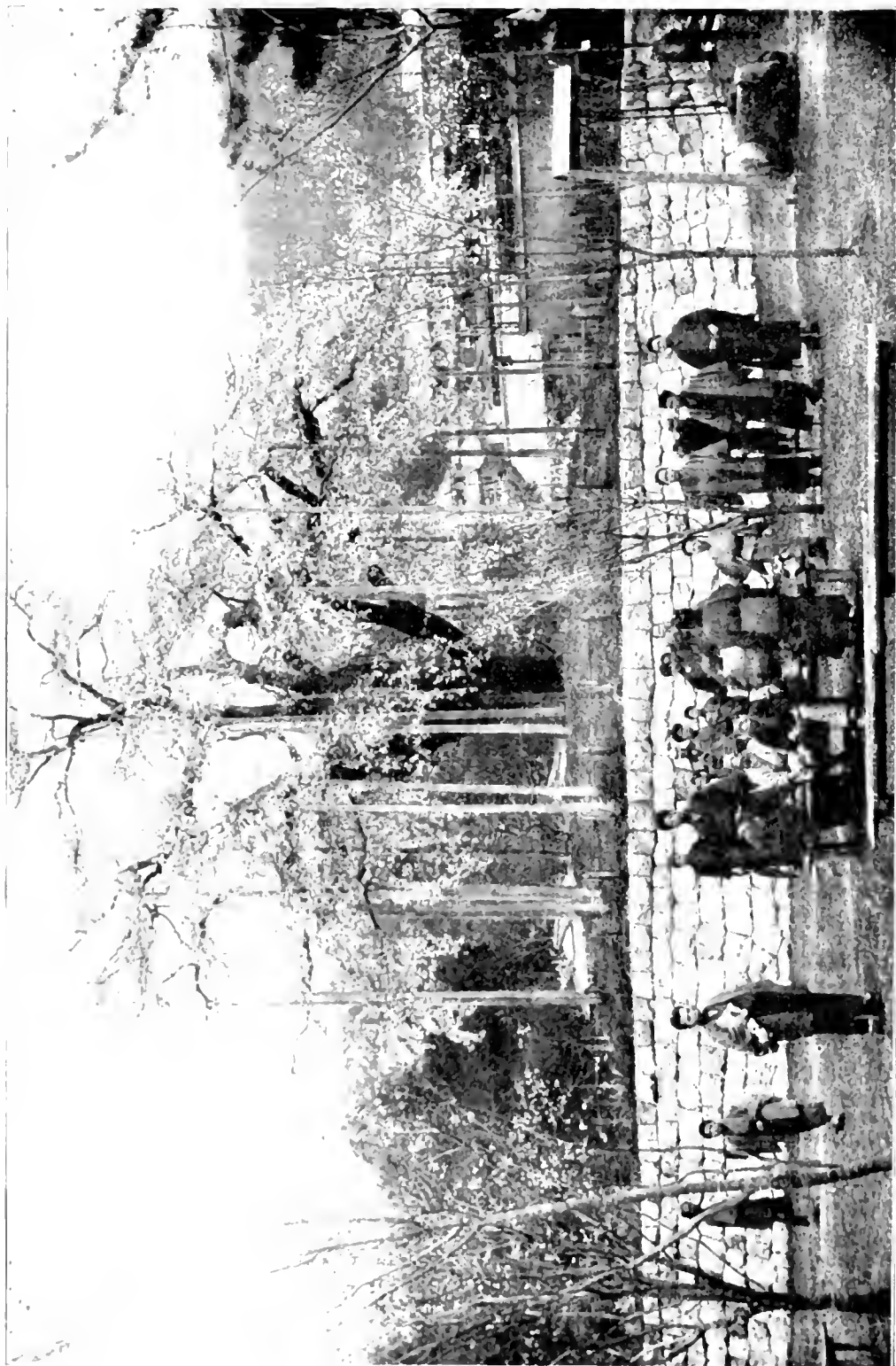
nary comfort, no pictures on the walls, no books on the tables, — because there are no tables, — no bric-à-brac or any movable ornament; the room where he must eat his dinner from the floor, and sleep on the same plane, and whose walls are silently folded away in the morning, must seem to the stranger barren and inartistic. Gradually he comes to understand that this very simplicity denotes a superior taste, and an artless education of which he has known nothing, a finer conception of true art because more closely concealed under an exterior of studied plainness. Nowhere does



JAPANESE BEDCHAMBER.

the tourist find picturesque cottages embowered in sweet-scented flowers of many-hued foliage, but everywhere the plain dwelling; the love of flowers in the heart, the absence of flowers in the surroundings; the love of the beautiful in the soul, the modest concealment of this in the dwelling — the body.

The naval station of Hiroshima is reached, and the sacred island of Miyajima is pointed out by our Japanese friends, and we look upon shores lined with stone lanterns and wistaria-entangled groves, where deer roam at will. A prominent feature is a torii, built so far out into the water that, at high tide, it is cut off from the land. We are told that there has



CHERRY - LEFT, MARI YAMA, KUGIJO.

never been a birth or death in this fairy-land, though it is inhabited. Temple Island is the definition of its name, but the Japanese love best to call it "the enchanted isle of Princess Sayori." This hints of romance, and we are prepared to expect what follows.

Shintoism still prevails here, and formerly devotions were paid to the spirits of the mountains; but this was changed when a lovely goddess, like Aphrodite of Cyprus, sprang from the sea to receive the homage

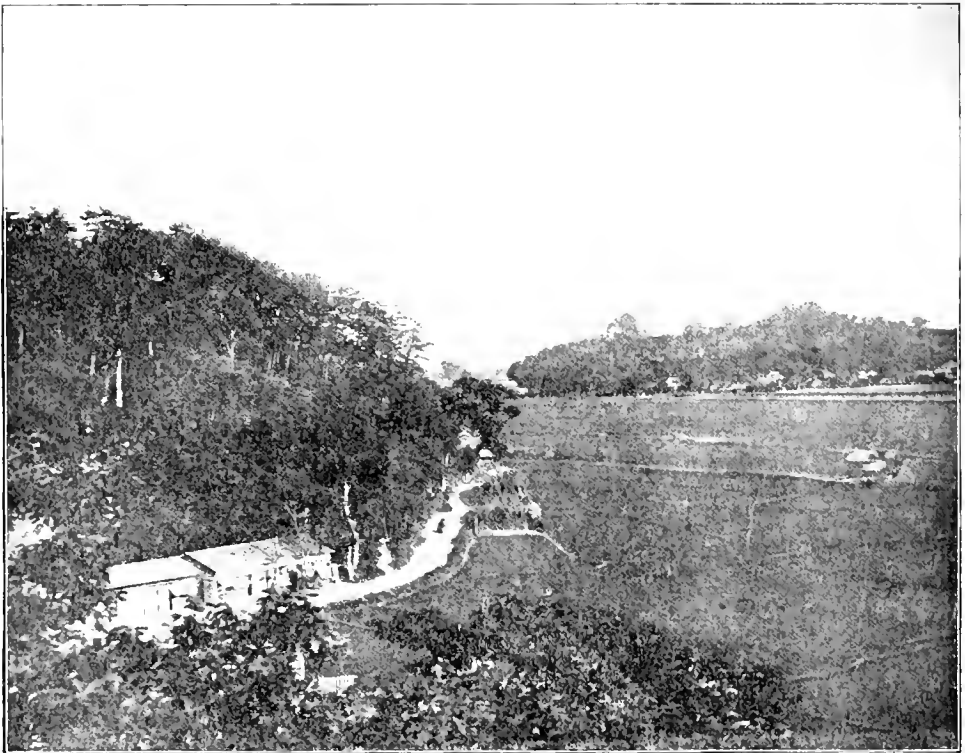


VIEW OF MIYAJIMA.

of the people in place of the invisible beings of yore. The sailors look upon this divinity as their especial protectress, and this veneration is held all over the island empire. Everywhere here, gentleness is supposed to be an attribute of the goddess, so that beautiful tame deer wander where they will unmolested, and put their soft noses into the hands of strangers, asking for their caress or for food. Lest this peacefulness be disturbed, dogs are not permitted to live in this Eden. A queerer custom is not to let any death occur here, and the dying are kindly and anxiously ferried over to the mainland to breathe their last, for fear the hallowed

spot may be touched by sorrow. On the other hand, no life is allowed to begin its solemn journey in this sacred precinct, for fear it may bring struggles and hardships.

Sayori is honoured with three temples of great beauty, appearing to rest at high tide upon the bosom of the placid sea. The galleries of these notable structures are supported by columns standing on three islets, and the water nearly overflows them and flows under the arches. The first



BLUFF, YOKOHAMA.

shrine is said to have been built in the seventh century, but the distinction belonging to it dates from 1156, when Taira Kiyomori won that victory over his enemies which gained him the throne beyond dispute. As he came to rise to the pinnacle of his greatness he remembered his scene of triumph here, and did much to enhance the attractions of the place.

Many chapters might be written upon the beauty and pleasure of this trip on the Inland Sea, until at Shimonoseki the steamer passes the last narrow gateway, and steams majestically out into the open ocean. The

course from this point, however, is close in to the shore dotted with villages, and set with a background of terraced landscape. The noted Arched Rock is seen and admired, the long, narrow bay leading to the fine harbour of that San Francisco of the Far East is reached, and we are at Nagasaki.

We find this one of the busiest places we have seen. Men-of-war lie at anchor surrounded by lesser craft, not forgetting the gondolas of Japan, the sampans, which seem everywhere present. On account of the frequent rains, their cabins are covered. The town has many places of interest to the sightseer. It has its great temple, the O'Suwa, surrounded by a beautiful public park. As at Yokohama, foreign residents choose their building sites on a hill, which commands a wide view of the city. A little removed from the town are the hot springs, which call a generous number of tourists hither. There are quaint villages lying under the dust and rust of ages scattered along the coast; and there is that historic castle of Kinnamoto, which we must not fail to see. In the midst of our attempt to decide which way to turn first, the steamer's whistle blows, and we know that the journey to China is resumed. Let them keep on who will, we will give a week to this vicinity, and then return, most of the way by rail, to ancient Kyoto.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HEART OF JAPAN.

IN Kyoto, the Moscow of Japan, one treads on hallowed ground. To her credit belong unnumbered sacred shrines, the beautiful fulfilment of Japanese art, centuries of classic memories, and a thousand years of imperial life. This ancient capital, with a population not far from three hundred thousand, has, to a less extent than most Japanese cities, become the victim of the antagonistic ideas of conflicting ages. The seat of Eastern imperialism for 1,074 years, and during three centuries the stronghold of "the Tokugawa regents," it might be expected to possess the grandeur and magnificence supposed to be a part of an ancient and imperial capital. Kyoto does not hold these attractions, though she atones for this lack in other ways.

The explanation for this absence of royal splendours is found, in part, in the fact that the emperor was not the real ruler, the administrative power being actually held by the regent, or shogun, and his followers, the feudal chiefs who held the greater amount of wealth. The nobles of the emperor, with lineages running back to kingly ancestors, on the other hand, were comparatively poor, and their abodes were marvels of modesty and plainness. The former resided in the Eastern capital, Tokyo, while the latter lived in the Western capital, *Sai-kyo*, or Kyoto. Here even the simplicity of the imperial castle was noticeable. A few decorations from the brush of some gifted painter relieved the bareness of its walls, and the timbers were of fine grain without knots, — this is all that can be said regarding royal display.

Kyoto became the capital in 794 A. D., and the plan for the new city, where the emperor was expected to be absolute, was one upon which all historians delight to dwell in glowing language. It was laid out with streets running with particular precision in regard to the points of the compass, until a network of communication was formed that was a marvel of perspicuity. At the divergence of these lines, a citadel, becoming the

proposed splendour of the capital, was built. The buildings that followed must have been grand for those remote times, and there is little doubt of the refining civilisation which existed then. But the power of the rulers centred here soon began to weaken, and that arch-enemy to the accumulation of wealth, fire, stepped in, time and again, to destroy the structures on street after street. Each time that new buildings were raised to take the place of those destroyed, they were smaller and cheaper than those before them. Feudalism was expanding and strengthening, the revenues

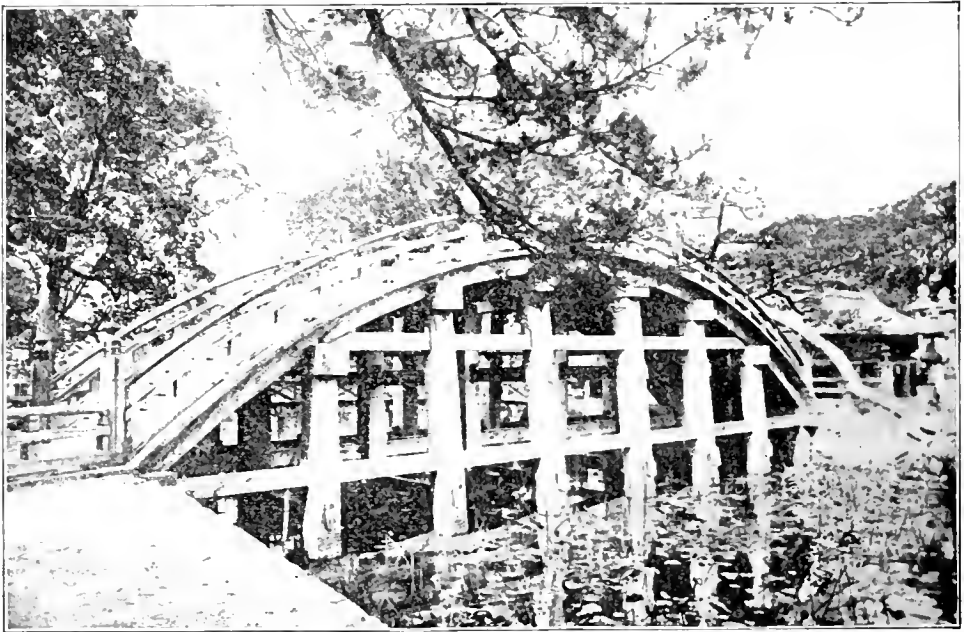


KYOTO FROM MARUYAMA.

of the imperial city were being turned into another channel, and this result was inevitable. The emperor and his nobles were compelled to set this example, and the citizens could not do otherwise than follow. So Kyoto grew poorer and poorer, weaker and weaker, the faithful people bowing meekly to the will of their impoverished chiefs. While the substance of it all went to Tokyo, the greatness and grandeur of the actual capital became a shadow.

Seventy-seven emperors held their courts in Kyoto, each succeeding generation showing diminishing pomp and pageantry, it is true, but with no diminution of grace paid to them by their followers. In the course of

so long a period of time, many changes must have been made in the general appearance of the city, and yet the original outlines of its plan are to be seen now. The scheme was suggested by Nara, with certain modifications borrowed from the Tang dynasty in China. It had the form of a rectangle, and was surrounded by moats and palisades. The imperial palace, with its citadel, halls, and auxiliaries, standing in the north section, was gained by a main gate on the south, which opened upon a long broad street (280 feet in width) running north and south through the city, and cutting it into two equal parts. The division on the east was known



A GARDEN, KYOTO.

as *Sakyo*, or “left metropolis:” that on the west as *Ukyo*, or “right metropolis.” Taken together, the two parts were divided into nine districts, separated from each other by wide streets, varying in width from eighty to 170 feet. These passed through the city east and west, and were numbered, instead of being named, from one to nine, as *ichi-jo*, one; *ni-jo*, two; *san-jo*, three, and so on. These names, or significations, are retained to this day.

As would be naturally expected where the residences of the nobility presented a marked simplicity, the dwellings of the common class were low, and devoid of ornamentation. This gave a monotonous and inartistic

frontage, though the rear was relieved by that happy gift of the people of converting bare grounds into fantastic gardens. The roofs of the houses, as a rule, were covered with rived shingles, though occasionally tiles of a slate colour were used. The palace was conspicuous by its green roof, made so by tiles imported expressly from China at great expense.

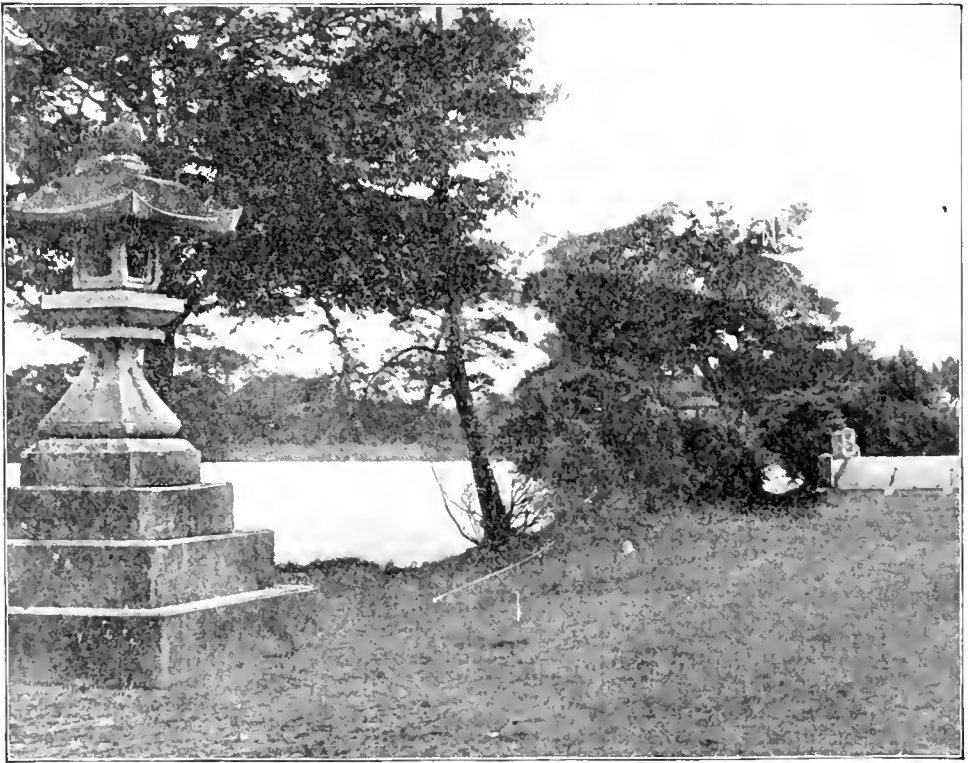
The difference between Kyoto and Tokyo is now easily distinguished. The latter has its dissimilar parts: its official and commercial Tokyo, the pomp and glory of its nobility, the poverty and plainness of the common people. It was so in the days of feudalism; it is so to-day; only the simple, meagre huts of the reedy moors are being slowly replaced by better dwellings. On the other hand, Kyoto stands to-day, as it did when royalty and its willing subjects associated in the fraternal bonds of universal brotherhood, as a happy example of an ideal capital of the Land of the Gods. Here we see by the cosmopolitan idea of the plan of the city, and the respectful attention given to the abodes of the common class, the capital of a nation rather than the stronghold of a military head. If the first appearance of the streets was that of sombre austerity, there was no dwelling so poor which was not flanked by a miniature park beautified with tiny hills terraced with grassy slopes, dwarf forests, and babbling waterfalls. There still remains evidence of the high quality of the education and civilisation of Japan as disseminated here under Emperor Kwammu a century before England had become a nation under Alfred the Great, and a thousand years before Columbus discovered the Western world.

Unlike some of the other Japanese cities, Kyoto is not yet dominated by the industrial arts, and if the streets are filled to a certain extent with the bustle and confusion of modern manufacture, there is still to be seen many an artist following his decorative craft after the manner of old, in imitation of nature, from leaves and flowers that overhang the windows of his workshop. The city used to be in constant dread of volcanic eruptions, but this fear is gradually dying out. It has now been sixty-five years since it last felt the shock of the internal forces.

Kyoto lies on a productive plain, embowered by mountain ranges that are covered with the deep greenwood of a semitropical clime. As well as being the centre of an agricultural district and the home market for

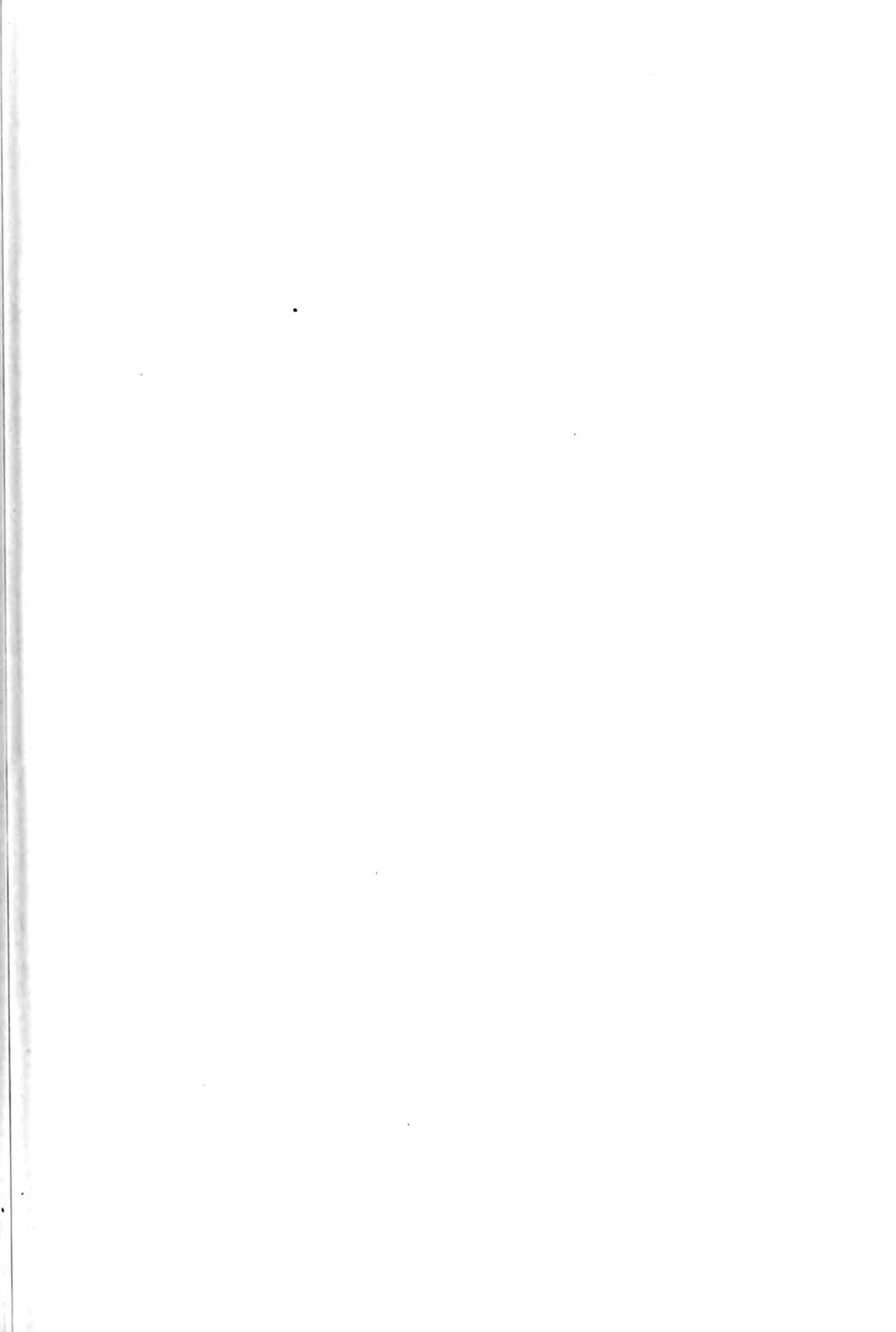
the tea of the Uji country, it is famous for its manufactures of silken goods, its porcelain wares, brocades, and embroideries. In yet another direction it is noted as being on a large scale what Nikko is on a smaller, the "city of temples," holding within its circuit twenty-five hundred Shinto shrines, and thirty-five hundred temples dedicated to Buddha.

The bronze Buddha of Kamakura, the finest work of its kind in Japan, has been described, but here in Kyoto is to be seen the largest image of



VIEW NEAR KYOTO.

that god, though it is made of wood and consists of head and shoulders only. But these parts are of such enormous dimensions that the top reaches into the temple loft. The image is gilded, and made hollow, numerous beams and cross-timbers keeping it in position. Formerly a bronze statue occupied the place, but both fire and earthquake seemed to have especial grudges against it. In 1662 the temple and its sacred contents were piled promiscuously upon the earth. Iemitsu was the reigning shogun at that time, and his treasury being low, he seized upon







the opportunity to fuse the bronze into coins, some of which are in circulation to-day.

Located in a building near by is an object of greater interest to the general visitor, the ponderous bell made of bronze and weighing over sixty-three tons. Its walls are nine inches in thickness, and it has a height of almost fourteen feet. This is larger than the Ta-shung-szu in Pekin, which has been considered the largest suspended bell in the world.

As mighty as this bell appears, it has a companion that outrivals it. A broad avenue lined with cherry-trees leads to the temple of Chion-in, standing upon a hill in eastern Kyoto. This edifice was erected in 1211 A. D., by a sort of wandering priest, who had organised a new creed known as "the Road to the Pure Land."

This temple is the principal monastery of the sect. The edifices of this religious order, now called Jodo, are always plain and unostentatious, though full of interest. This one at Chion-in, if nothing else gave it fame, is noted enough for its massive bell, in reality the largest in the world. It hangs in the big bell tower erected in 1618, is ten feet and eight inches in height, nine feet in diameter, nine and one-half inches in thickness, and weighs but a fraction under seventy-five tons. For almost three hundred years it has regularly pealed forth its melodious calls to prayer.

Japan has many other big bells of which she may well be proud, all of them producing a musical, voluminous sound, which falls on the ear with a softness and depth of tone that is wonderfully delightful. Russia is justly famous for her bells, — the bells of holy Moscow, the bells of St. Petersburg, the bells of lonely Ural Pass, whose mellow cadence has fallen like a funeral knell upon so many sad-hearted bands of exiles marching to a fate worse than death, the merry bells of festive Novgorod, — but the White Empire is outrivalled by the Sunrise Land, for nowhere do the bells of evening send forth such sweetness and volume of melody as in Japan. Here, in Kyoto, if you please, ring out those clear, solemn, massive tones, vibrating on the mellow air and through the ancient forests, swelling into grand octaves to which the atmosphere seems to lend wings, as they float far and wide, rising and falling with tremulous power; now fleeing into space, until apparently gone for ever, anon returning with

reinforced melody; again retreating, returning softer, sweeter, fainter, until languishing in space their beautiful cadence lingers long with the listener after the massive bell itself has become silent and motionless.

The freedom from harshness distinguishing the bells of Japan is obtained by the different method taken in ringing them. Instead of having the metal tongue strike sharply against the bowl, a heavy wooden shaft is arranged to fall against the bell, which does not break in upon the deep-



GION TEMPLE, KYOTO.

volumed sound, which reverberates in an increasing circle, until the melody dies away in the distance with a gentle murmur.

In the grounds of the great bell of Kyoto is an unpleasant reminder of war in the shape of an ancient mound, raised to commemorate the burial-plot of the trophies of a struggle with Corea in the sixteenth century, these mementoes being nothing less than the ears and noses of the slain, brought home by the triumphant army because it couldn't very well bring the bodies.

One of the spots of ancient interest is the shrine of Inari, which word signifies "the rice man." This plain, austere structure was founded in 711 A. D., over eighty years before Kyôto was built up as a city, and it is supposed to stand upon the spot where the goddess of rice first appeared in this vicinity. She was met by an old man carrying a sheaf of this grain on his back, and this symbol was accepted as the deity of the shrine. Like all sacred resorts of this ancient faith, the entrance is made under a great red torii standing on the main road, and then through a massive gate flanked by stone foxes. Reaching the *haiden*, or court, one comes to the principal chapel, with plain portals, and walls painted red and white. As well as being a shrine to this goddess, this place is the memorial of many followers of this religion, their monuments being parallel colonnades of red wooden torii, aggregating nearly five hundred in number but varying in size.

Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, with its semi-Oriental and picturesque native grandeur, is to the Russians what Jerusalem is to the Jews, what Mecca is to the Mohammedans; and Kyôto is all to Japan that the first is to the White Empire. Here Shintoism found its strongest adherents, and here it knew its greatest power. In later years it has become the headquarters of Buddhism, and the sects which have sprung from this religion.

The former is called by the Japanese *Kami no michi*, which means "the way of the gods." The word Shinto comes from the Chinese, and is the form adopted by all foreigners. Shintoism treats of the universe as simply Japan. It knows no other land, and its legends belong solely to the people of that narrow range of country. The religion is a mystery in itself. Its most devout followers do not appear to understand it. It appeals to the people from its very simplicity. It has no written doctrine, proclaims no moral code, pretends but vaguely to immortality, and knows no heaven nor hell. Its gods are nature's attributes personified, or national heroes deified. The first are the glorious sun, the mysterious sea, the swift-flowing river, the gray rock, the deep forest, the mighty mountain, and other forms and sounds, with their accompanying hosts of lesser powers. The majority of its deities however are historical personages, with the main principle ever in sight, that the emperor is the descendant of the gods who created the world, as Shintoism knows it. Thus,

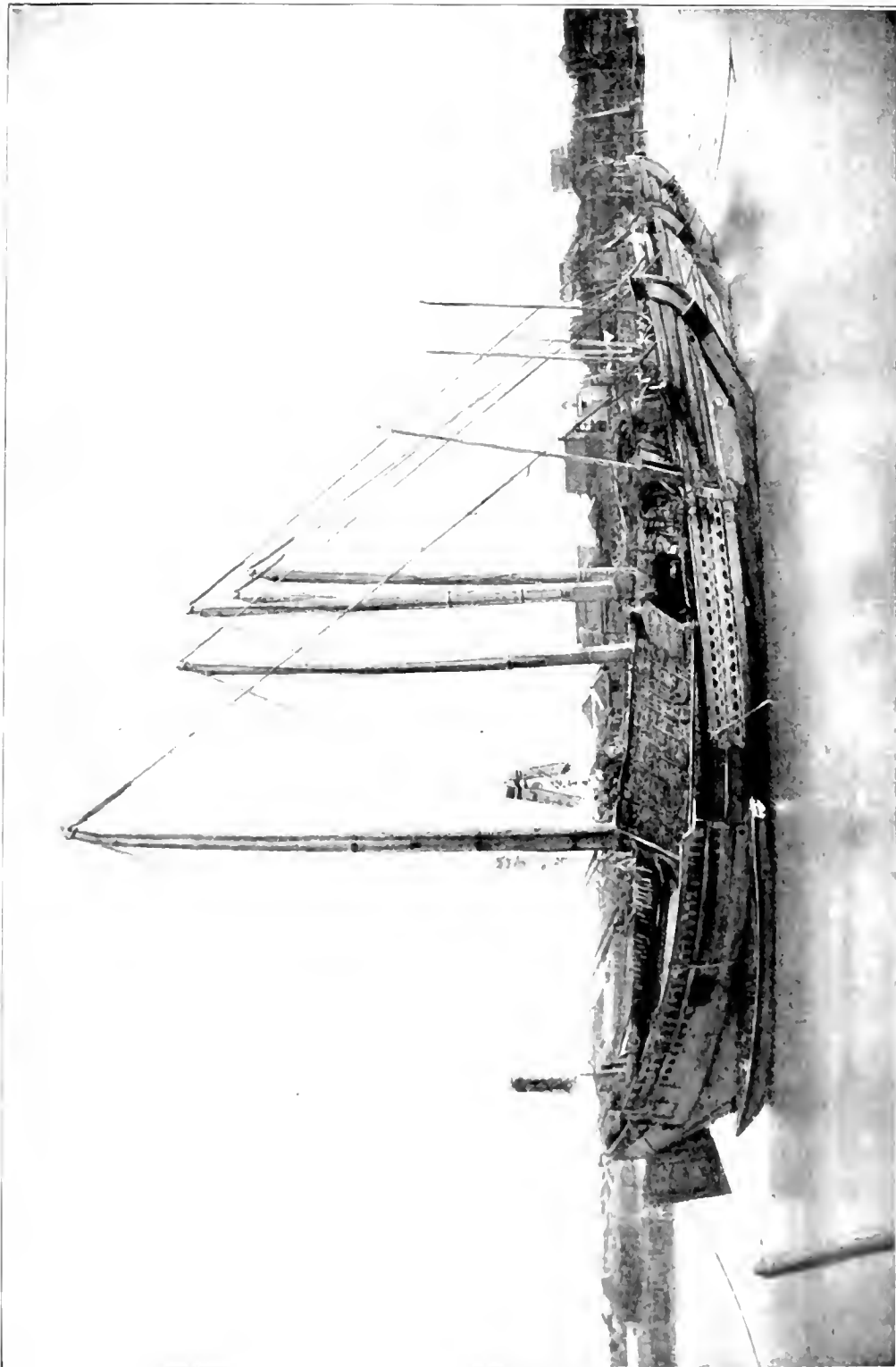
the one great object of the religion is to obey the royal representative in all things. This religion is the natural product of the country, but it is not uncommon to find a person born under that faith who dies under that of Buddha.

As has been said, the Shinto shrines are severely plain, and alike at all places, illuminated by stone lanterns, and reached under massive stone or wooden torii. They are classified under four official grades: state, prov-



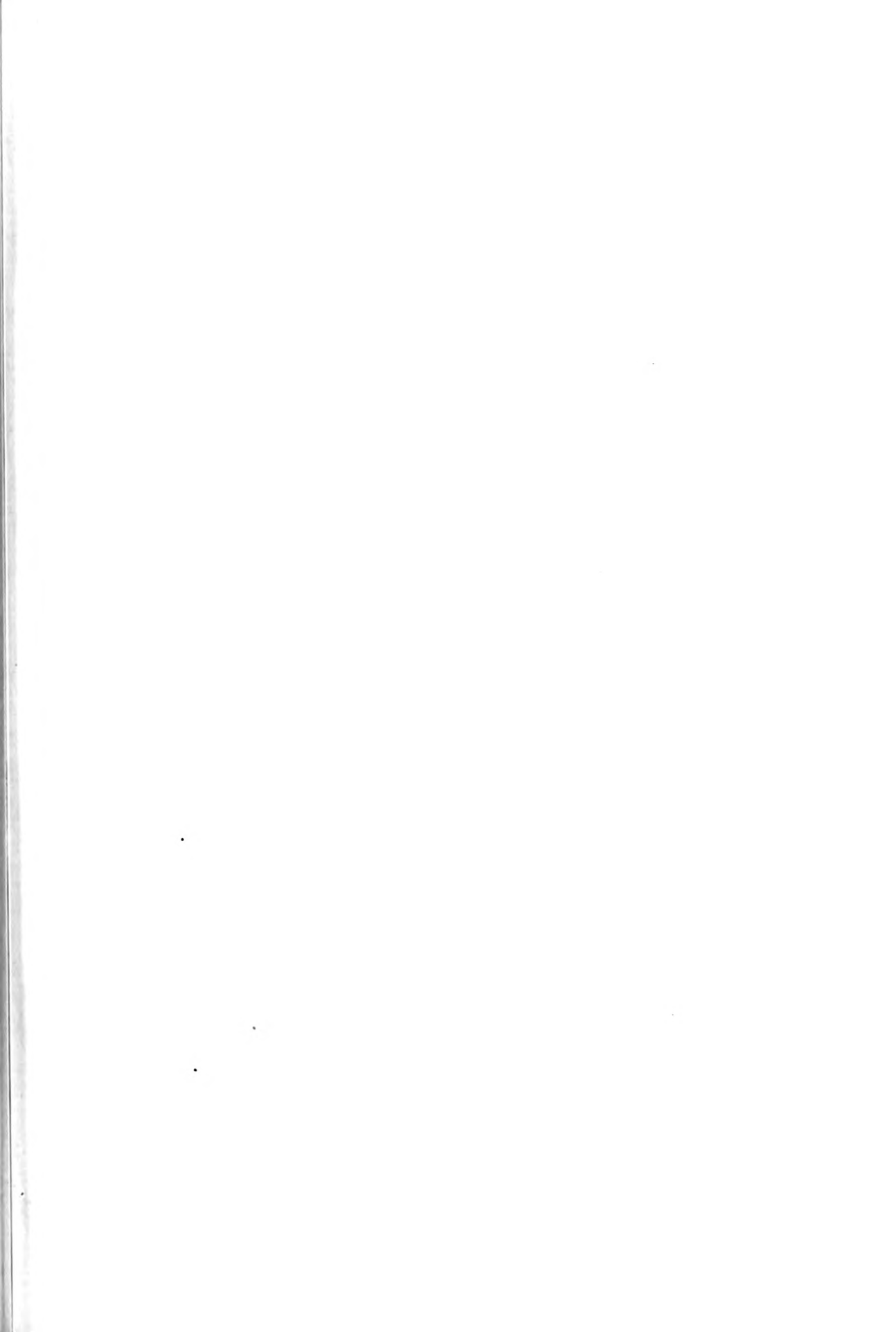
KYOMIZU AT KYOTO.

ince, prefecture, and district. The first are mostly dedicated to "divine ancestors," the exception being where deified rulers or subjects have won especial distinction that gave them this honour. This list embraces two sovereigns, Ojin and Kwammu. Between these shrines and those of the district, the difference is not so much in the deities worshipped, but in the manner under which they are sought. The latter of necessity must be simpler, poorer, and less respectful. This comparison is illustrated by the shrine of Isé dedicated to *Daijin-gu*, the goddess of the sun, which is



JUNES









the highest in rank of all, and the *Myo-jin*, an inferior form of the same image, to be found in almost every hamlet.

Few of these shrines receive more than a paltry support, say a couple of hundred yen a year, while others are more highly favoured. There are in the vicinity of one hundred and ninety-five thousand Shinto shrines in Japan, over which fifteen thousand *shinkwans*, Shinto officials, or priests as we should call them, perform the rites. The explanation, as to how so many shrines can be officiated at by so few priests, is explained by the fact that at many of them only one service is held during a year. The rest of the time the structure may stand open, but empty of visitors, save that at irregular intervals a straggler may enter in solemn silence, sound the gong by pulling upon a hempen cord dangling conveniently near, and thus summoning the desired deity, to whom he mutters his supplication, pay his small fee, and leave with a hopeful heart. The salary of the priest is a mere pittance—perhaps thirty yen; or he may, however, receive as high as one hundred yen, which would mean a hundred dollars a month, providing a yen were worth par value. Unfortunately for him it is not. The lives of these religious men are simple in the extreme, but they are allowed to marry.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FLOWER OF RELIGION.

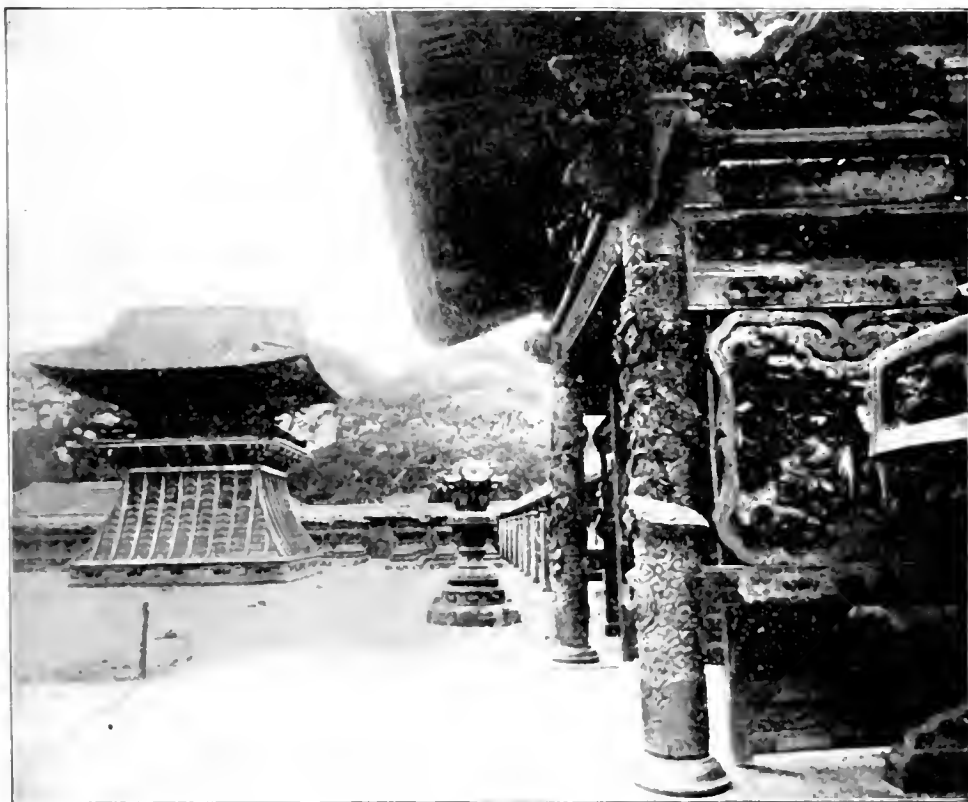
OUR Japanese associate and companion must have been under the influence of the spell of Shintoism, when he guided us with becoming gravity to that sacred spot, Yomega-shima, "the island of the Young Wife." Tradition claims that except at bright noonday, or under a bright moon, this holy retreat consecrated to Benten, the goddess of beauty and eloquence, lies swathed in vapours. It was neither noon nor night when we reached the hallowed place, but we never gazed on clearer waters or a more entrancing landscape. We cheerfully forgive the gods for any omission they may have been guilty of on that particular occasion. What tradition lost we gained. Our companion, whose fund of legends touched with history, and tradition tinged with romance, never seems exhausted, quickly breaks in upon our reverie of other days. We cannot well imagine where fact blends into fancy, but it is all very pretty.

Sometime, no matter when, so long as it is over, a beautiful young woman disappeared from her home. Everybody believed that she had been treated ill, though very pious and good. The river was searched in vain by those who sought for her body, and the people despaired of ever solving the mystery of her fate. Then, at the still hour of midnight, this island was lifted noiselessly from the bed of the stream. When it was discovered in the morning by the amazed people, the drenched form of the beautiful but unhappy woman was seen lying prone on its bosom. This was accepted as an omen from high heaven that she was well in her new sphere. Her body was buried on the island, and the islet consecrated to Benten. A torii was then set up, surrounded by huge stones of marvellous shapes. The torii, with its stone lions, and the shrine stand yet, while overhead towering pines, grown gnarled, knotty, tortuous, with the years, fling their long, twisted arms over the place. We see all this, and we take our last look at the rugged trees, which remind us of so many Druids standing guard at this hallowed ground, in silent acceptance of the story.



PLUM BLOSSOMS.

On our way home we are reminded of another religion, that has tried for twelve hundred years to master this simple faith of Shinto, by a visit to the temple of San-ju-san-gen-do, first built in 1132, and rebuilt in 1266 by the Emperor Kanneyama. This is noted as being the depository of the 33,333 images of Kwannon, the thousand-handed goddess of mercy so often seen in Japan. Outside, the building has little to attract the eye,



TEMPLE OF SHIVA.

but, once inside, the sight is dazzled by the vast collection of gilded deities. The central figure in the big hall of nearly four hundred feet in length is the large image of Kwannon, resting upon an enormous lotus-leaf. The goddess is attended by twenty-eight followers. The altar is decked with numerous symbols of Buddhism, while rows of the images of this particular goddess, cut five feet in height from solid wood, and gilded, are placed one above another on either side of the throne. In the mock halo encircling the forehead, and in the hand of each figure, are smaller images.

There are a thousand large figures, and the rest made up of smaller ones, all representing the same original, but with no pair exactly alike. Glittering in their gilded vestments, they make a bewildering array. The gallery behind this strange display was formerly taken as a shooting-ground, and there are many arrows yet left sticking in the woodwork, that were sent hither by archers long since gathered to the dust of their fathers.

Like the creed of Shinto, Buddhism was at first given to the inhabi-



STEPS TO THE SACRED GATE.

itants in a simple manner. In its simplicity lay its invading power. Its teachers must have foreseen this. A people that had lived longer than history, and in the dreamy atmosphere of an Oriental clime, under Shintoism, were not prepared to receive a radical change. This new creed from the West, by the way of Corea, simply sought to teach that it was evil to take life, to steal, to be an enemy to woman, or to partake of stimulants. The cardinal virtues, which might have been expected to complete such a discipline, were to be gentle to all dumb creatures, pure in mind, truthful, moral, patient, charitable, peaceful. It is easy to see that these precepts carried out would make a person a model moral being.

It is not difficult to understand that a race raised upon the code of Shintoism could not be expected to take at a single draught even this simple remedy for their salvation.

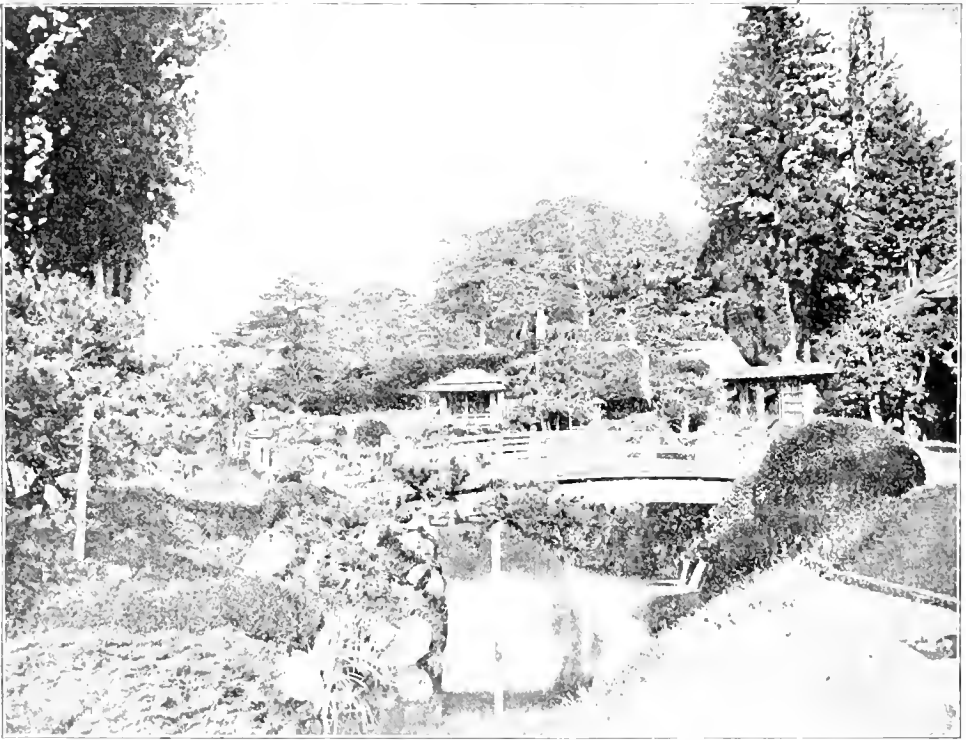
It will be seen that no revelation was attempted. While the old creed was silent in regard to the future, this new doctrine dared not venture at first into the mysteries of the unknown. The patrician, who had been given to believe, under the ancient plan, that he might eventually reach the dignity of becoming a deity, failed to accept to any particular degree the first tenets of Buddhism, which did not hold out to him this possible reward. Even the plebeian desired some more certain promise of promotion after death than he could see in this. So the high priests of Buddha went to work and gave to the religion its first touch of Japanese spirit. One Dengyo Daishi, in 805 A. D., under imperial sanction, if not encouragement of the *Tendai*, that is, "the heavenly command," taught the beatitude which declared the "Lotus Law," or that the covenant of the Buddha was the manifestation of the ancient deities Japan had been worshipping under the old creed. With this innovation, which restored to the patrician all of his old dreams, with pleasant surroundings, and gave to the plebeian what he had looked in vain for before, Buddhism became a naturalised subject, and immediately won favours and followers.

Yet the new religion met with opposition from many sources on account of the deep mysteries about it, which even its teachers dared not or could not interpret, and because it required an absolute separation from worldly duties on the part of its disciples. It was commanded that the faithful follower should neither tarry by the way to admire the beautiful, covet the treasures about him, give any thought to business, or application to work. The average Japanese might readily accept the primary precepts of morality, abstemiousness, and care for his family that it taught, but he could not deny himself the busy world. Singularly enough, the cloister from whence emanated this doctrine was yet alive with the noise and tumult of strife not fairly over, for the monastery of Hiei-zan, where these overzealous priests had their headquarters, had often echoed with resonant ring of arms and the tread of marching soldiery.

So another, one of the greatest of Japanese religious teachers, Kobo Daishi, came forward, in 816 A. D., with the doctrine of the "True Word," which eliminated the objectionable features. The creed now consisted of

a central saving spirit, a band of pleading angels in heaven, and an endless day of happiness for those who followed the divine law, and an enduring punishment for those who had broken the religious precepts. It also held to the incarnations of the Supreme Being, whose mission was to enlighten men, and lead them toward the better life.

The Japanese were so well satisfied with this plan of Buddhism, that it received no modifications for 360 years. Then a change in the condi-



TYPICAL VIEW IN A MONASTERY GARDEN.

tion of worldly affairs called for different religious teachings. Strife and contention had run such a wild riot over the land, that the country was deluged in blood, and sorrow bound the hearts of the people in such distressing bonds that a brighter prospect for future salvation was desired. In the midst of this hopeless plight, Honen Shonin, in 1174, relieved the spiritual despair in a large measure by the foundation of the sect of Pure Land, *Jodo*, the underlying principle of which was faith. We have seen the temple of this sect at Kyoto. The beguiling tenet, that trust in Amida, the Buddha of endless life and happiness, gained for the disciple

admission to the garden of peace and perpetual joy, found many followers.

Half a century later, this system was enlarged to accept love as an abiding element, and the new sect, which really became a supplement to that of the Pure Land, strengthened and beautified the whole. It was now taught that not only did Amida stand waiting at the golden gate to admit his disciples into paradise, but that he actually took up his abode in



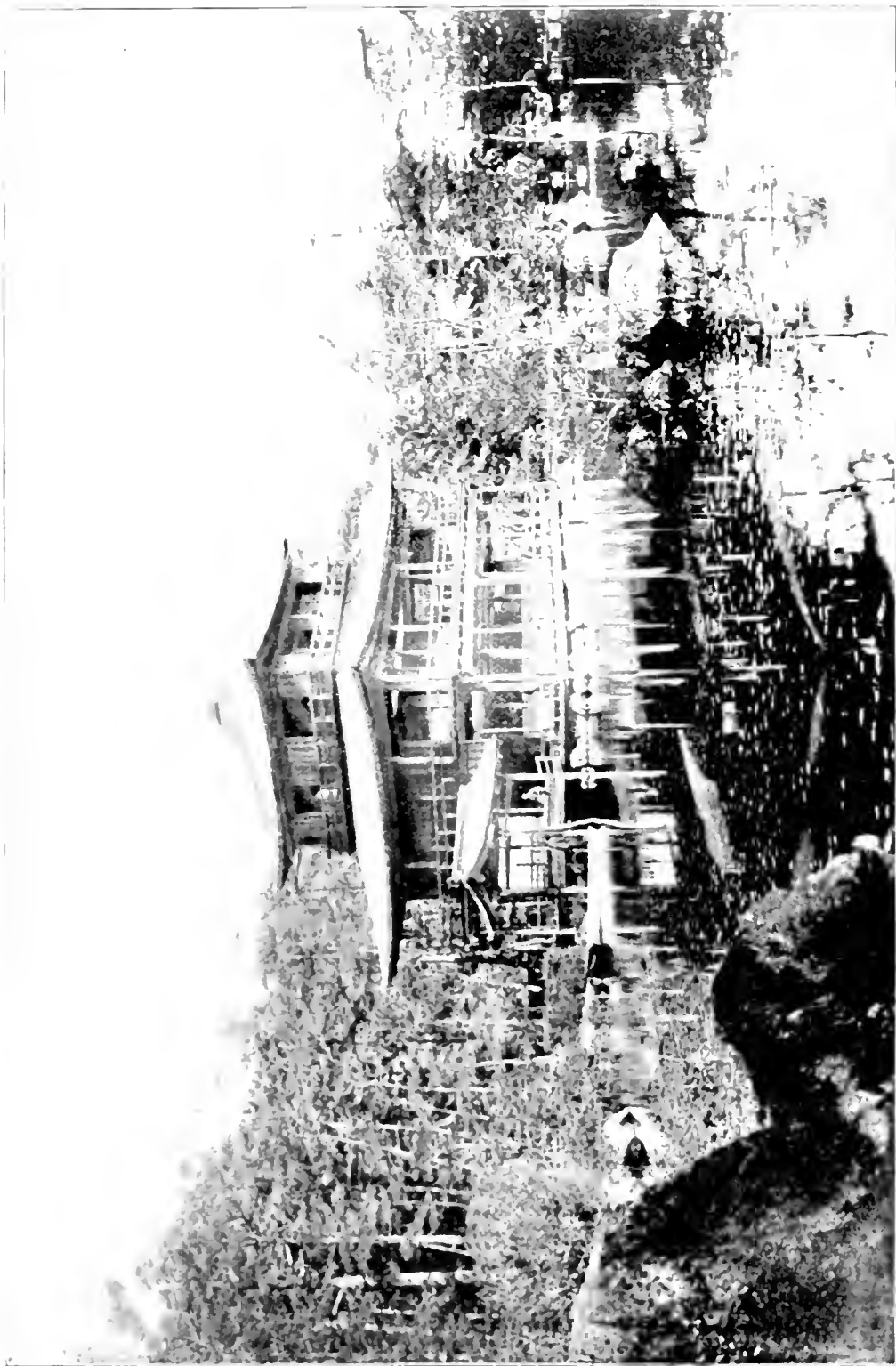
SHIRANUI TEMPLE.

the heart of his worshipper during his mortal life. Many of the priests now married, ate meat, and learned in the home what they could never acquire under the old régime. Much of the superstition which had previously entered into the forms of worship was abolished. This became the "Spirit Sect," and is to-day, beyond question, taken in conjunction with its parent, the Pure Land denomination, the most numerous religious order in Japan. One-third of all the temples in the empire belong to it.

Still it was left for another, Nichiren, "the Lotus of Light," to

approach nearer yet to Christianity by founding the sect known as the *Hō-Hokke-shū*, or "Flower of the Law." The essential difference between the idea advanced by this deep thinker, and the doctrine already adopted by the people, was that he held to the principle of a god who was supreme, the beginning and the end. All others had taught the result without trying to explain the origin. Nichiren's god was an omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient deity, to whom was due all the attributes, mental and physical. It held that common men failed to grasp the great principle that man was not of various natures, but with one; that the earthly house in which he lived was not materially different from the heavenly abode, except as he saw things through eyes worldly and not divine. The mission of the sect of Nichiren, then, was to announce the close relationship of this life with that immortal. Under these teachings "death ceased to be a passage to a mere non-existence, and became the entrance to actual beatitude. The ascetic selfishness of the contemplative disciple was exchanged for a career of active charity. The endless chain of cause and effect was shortened to a single link. The conception of one supreme all-merciful being forced itself into prominence. The gulf of social and political distinctions that yawned so widely between the patrician and the plebeian, separating them by a chasm which seemed well-nigh impassable, and all the unsightliness of the world, became *eidola*, destined to disappear at the first touch of the moral light. The Buddha and the people were identified."

At this point it may be aptly inquired as to whether the influence upon the two classes of people in Japan was potential, and on which it fell with the greater power and good. Appealing at once to a large number, among which were the most far-seeing of the people, it fostered a literature of high rank, and a philosophy of broad scope. It led to a search into the mysteries and profoundness of the Chinese life and learning, hitherto unknown to them. It reared temples grander, nobler, and richer than anything they had dared to imagine, while the ritualistic work was imposing and impressive beyond description. Not only did it afford a development of the morals, intellects, and ceremonials that had already subjugated Asia, but it showed to its latest disciples causes and results of which hitherto they had been in the densest ignorance; it taught them the sanctions of worship, the penalties of wrong-doing, and an order of



KINKAKU TEMPLE, KYOTO.

reasoning which was capable of enlarging and improving the inner nature of man. The patricians received through it newer and broader ideals of laws and government, higher estimates of personal worth, and nobler conceptions of the household. The plebeians acquired through it improved methods of husbandry, loftier motives for toil, stronger ties of brotherhood, and a deeper valuation of home and its environments. In short, the religious immigrant from Asia brought a new era of civilisation,



GROVE SURROUNDING A SHINTO-BUDDHIST SHRINE.

and where before had been chaos, a blank space in the passage of time, so far as written history is concerned, gave them a record, and existence among the nations.

It need not be supposed that all of the ceremonials and sanctity of worship at the Buddhist shrine are made with the actual solemnity that appears on the surface. Many come here with their offerings, for the opportunity to enjoy a rest from daily toil. It is true there are certain features about the forms he adopts that seem to an Occidental severe; but to him who looks deeper into the matter little of this is apparent.

Then, too, there are features connected with these exhibitions, — for they seem such to a stranger, — that appear oddly out of place in the presence of a worshipful throng. But the sight of some trivial, it may be vulgar, act, as we should rank it, in the sacred resort, does not shock the devout follower of Buddha. The female rope-dancer plies here what seems a proper calling, as her performances tend to enliven the solemn scene, and what lightens the cares of life must be right and pure in sight of Buddha. It should also be said that here the female gymnast performs her part in a manner quite unknown in the Occidental world. She dresses to conceal rather than to reveal any hint of her sex, and her acts are in keeping with this purpose. It is her skill in doing some difficult feat that attracts the audience, and not any bold or untoward conduct. Again, a trained bird may be the object of interest, and surely there is no harm in this manner of entertainment. Meanwhile, inside the temple, the clicking of the coin dropped into the treasury, the sputtering of the burning incense, and the monotonous tone of the priests at prayers, mingle with softening influence on the ripple of laughter rising from the light-hearted crowd surging to and fro, the chatter of monkeys, the cries of showmen, the song of birds, and the witty sayings of pretty girls. The whole creates a peculiar and not unhappy medley where the followers of religious faith do so with open hearts, and attempt no vain show of pretence of understanding what of necessity they cannot know, laying their very souls, and not the mockery of a form, at the feet of a deity before which they bow in honest if in blind adoration.

So far, Buddhism has met with no distressing opposition; but now we come to its first great reverse. Until the capital was established at Kyoto, Shinto had absolute sway at the court of the ruling power. At this time Buddhism established a foothold, which made it a growing, if not a dangerous, rival. Still it was not recognised by the state, and its patrons were given no special privileges, until the triumph of Iyeyasu led the shoguns to look with increasing favour on the new faith. Under Iemitsu, the third of the Tokugawa dynasty, the state stepped in to exercise control over religious affairs, and the priests of Buddha were compelled to yield, and the teacher and scholar became neither. Once noted for his zeal the priest seemed to have lost all ambition and character. He did little, if anything, toward advancing the cause he represented, not even consid-

ering it a part of his duty to administer solace to the ill and suffering; nor did he offer any hopeful message to the dying. Once a year, at the great *Bon* festival, when the spirits of the dead were supposed to return for a short time to their former homes on earth, he was aroused from his lethargy enough to minister to his subjects, spurred on then by the thought of the recompense coming to him at this time, when a large percentage of his revenue was paid him. In view of this state of mind on the part of the leader, it can be no wonder if the spirit of religion waned.

In the midst of this slow decline, when the doom of Buddhism seemed foreordained, the missionary from the Western world came to crush out this lotus plant. But antagonism proved the means of awakening Buddhism from its benumbing sleep. New life was quickly infused into the old faith,



DANCING GIRL, TOKYO.

and schools were established to educate its priests, who had too long been suffered to rest in ignorance. Thus the old religion was revived and given new life by a rival. So the supporters of this ancient faith, imported hither from India by the way of Corea about six hundred years after the birth of Christ, are making earnest efforts to give greater power to their religion. New and imposing temples are being built, where art and nature combine at their best to make them attractive. People from over the country are contributing to their support, and an example of

their liberality is the offering of women's hair from those who are too poor to contribute money. To understand the sacrifice made by these donors, one must know the high value placed on a head of good hair in Japan, where these ornaments are none too plentiful, and where the fair sex wear no covering for their heads which might conceal their loss until the shorn tresses have grown again. It means six months of retirement; six months of seclusion. Here in Kyoto is a temple built in 1895 by the disciples of the sect of *Monto*, which cost in its construction over 8,000,000 yen.



THE SACRED ROAD.

The cables, used to draw the huge timbers, were made of women's hair, and there is a gift here by the women of one province, of a huge rope of hair nearly three hundred feet in length.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, when the tidal wave of ancient tradition swept over the country, an attempt was made to drown out the tenets of Buddhism and Confucianism. This had much to do with the political revolution of 1867. The Buddhist temples were shorn of their rich appendages, and religion suffered the loss of vast estates belonging to it. But it was too deeply engrafted into the beliefs and inspirations of the people to be uprooted by official and political

interposition. It soon began to reassert its fallen prestige, and by the Constitution of 1869 it was firmly declared that Japanese subjects should be free to enjoy religious belief according to their wishes.

Buddhism has never been more thoroughly alive in Dai Nippon than it is at the present time. It has 108,000 temples in Japan, and fifty-five thousand priests. These last, unlike the Shinto, have no official rank, neither are their temples classified. They obtain their means of sustenance from contributions paid by their parishioners, and from the income derived from lands belonging to religious organisations. This last source of revenue was greatly reduced when government took away a large portion of this landed property.

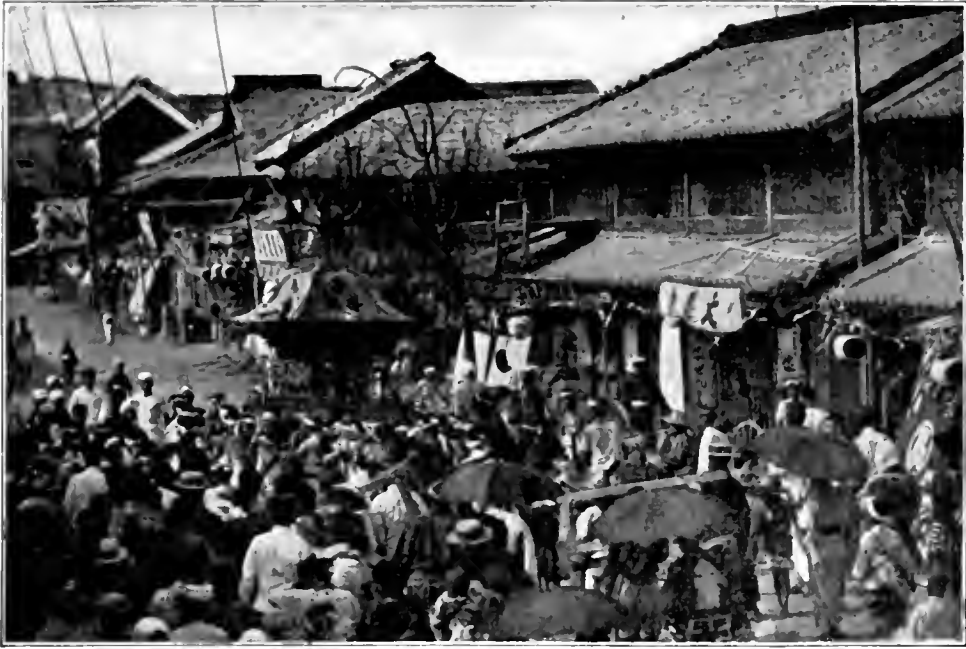


SHINTO PRIEST.

No native-born Christian has risen to the position of prelate, though there are several bishops and archdeacons belonging to the Protestant and Catholic faiths who were born in America or Europe, while there is an archbishop of European birth. The Japanese churches are represented by pastors of their own nationality, and these are in duty bound to attend the ceremonies given by the imperial direction at the Hall of Reverence.

The Christian portion of the population, as might be expected, fail to participate in the religious rites which the followers of the ancient religions hold to be important.

Of late the Shinto has made rapid strides toward the belief in one god, and Amaterasu is worshipped as that supreme divinity, while the imperial family are looked upon as her descendants, and treated as under-deities. This religion remains the creed of the royal house, based upon the following statement, which gives in unmistakable terms the standing of that line: "The imperial founder of our house, and our other imperial ancestors, by the help and support of the forefathers of our subjects, laid the foundation of our empire upon a basis which is to last for ever. That this brilliant achievement embellishes the annals of our country is due to the glorious virtues of our sacred imperial ancestors and to the loyalty and bravery of our subjects, their love of country, and public spirit." To many, it will not be a startling discovery to find that Buddhist priests assist in this Shinto worship, since it has been shown that the representatives of the former religion have declared Buddha to be a reincarnation of Amaterasu.



VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

CHAPTER XX.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS.

JAPAN denies herself the rest and religious exercises of Sunday as taught by the Protestant Church, but she has many sacred observances and traditional festivals regarded by her people as acts of worship. Until recently, Church and state joined hand in hand in these ceremonies. But modern Japan has broken the rule of ancient Japan. In other respects the situation has not changed, except to modify in a slight degree the manner of observance. In all ages the people have held to the bright side of the picture, attempting to please the gods by the sunshine of light hearts rather than by the clouds of a devotion made in sackcloth and ashes.

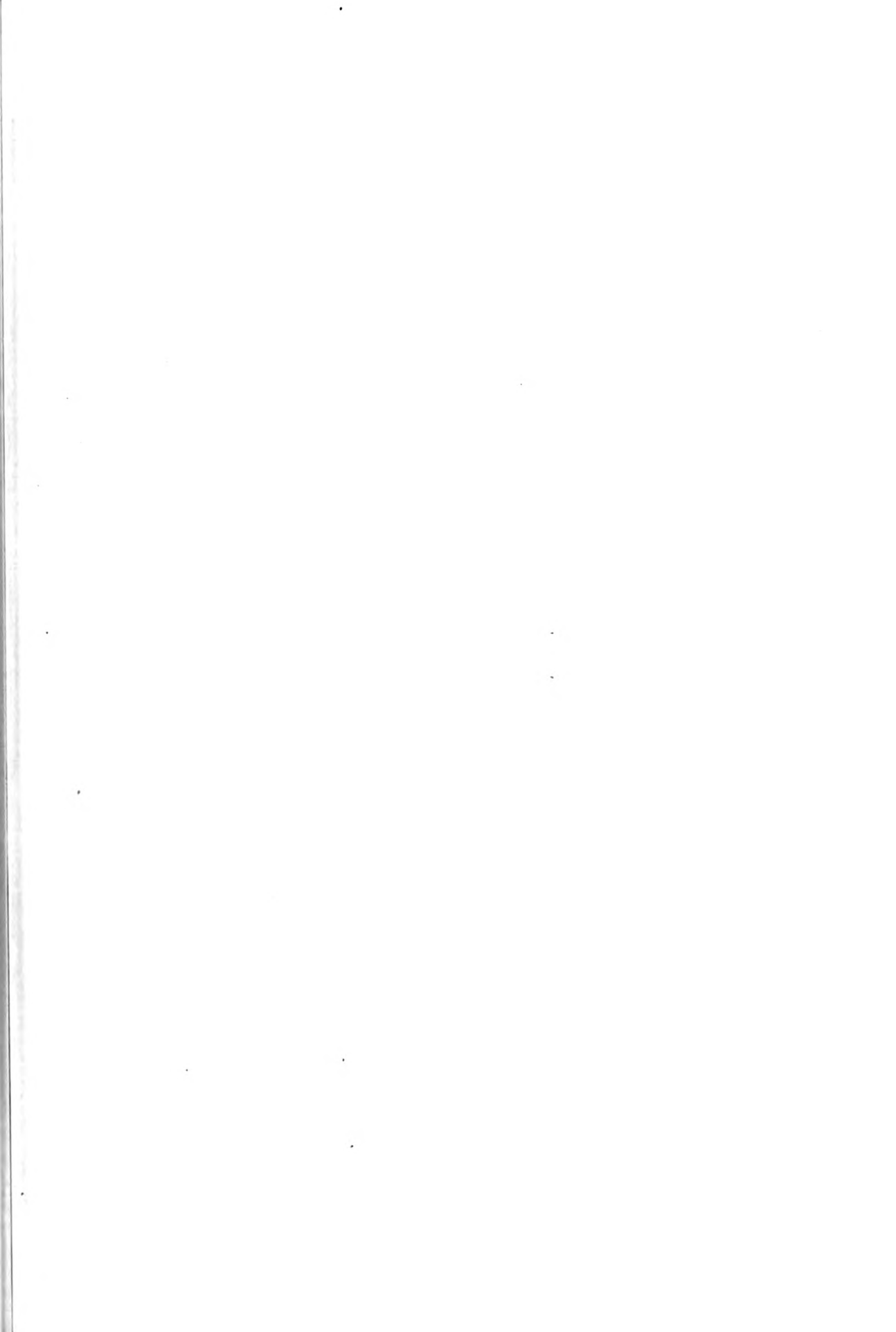
This form of worship, however, has always contained a certain amount of evil, on account of the lack of restraint allowed by the devotees. Thus, more than a thousand years ago, official interposition had to be made in the semi-annual festivals of the North Star to hold in check the prodigal display of the lower sentiments of the religious followers, lest the very gods be offended at the low scale of morality under which their believers

worshipped. The effect of this intervention was not lasting, for a little over a hundred years later official intervention had to be made in the very capital of the nation to moderate, if not control, the wild passions of the overzealous performers, whose ungovernable claims of the body outweighed their spiritual inspiration. To-day we discover evidence of this human weakness where we had hoped to find a stronger sentiment prevailing, and even at the sacred groves of Isé, within sight of the gods and goddesses of religious renown, stands the Temple of Temptation, with doors wide open to those who would enter.

Religious festivals are the most striking features of native life, and mirror the very soul of Japan. The most important fête of this kind is the *Gion-matsuri*, held annually in Kyoto, which it is our good fortune to see. The most important distinction of this, like many another, is the magnificence of its pageantry. The foremost *dashi*, or car, carries upon the top of a mighty upright, rising a hundred feet into the air, a glaive forged from the charmed anvil of the wonderful sword-maker, Sanjo Munechika, and credited with possessing the virtue of curing the ague at a single touch of its blade. Behind this *dashi* follow twenty-three cars, bearing the effigies of as many noted scholars and philosophers, a mock moon, a *mantis*, and a stealer of flowers. One of the most prominent personages of this elaborate procession is a dancing-girl, who postures in the centre of the dais on the foremost *dashi*. Upon her the city has lavished its richest and finest display of clothing, nothing considered too good or beautiful. She is accompanied by a maid of honour on either side, though they reap small share of the glory showered upon the car. Upon reaching the portals of the temple of Gion, the "little goddess" is given a glass of holy wine, and an amulet supposed to have been blessed by the god, whereupon she at once becomes a "sacred child."

Each special district, at the time of its *matsuri*, or festival, given in honour of some particular deity whose shrine has been reared in that place, feels at liberty to worship as many other deities as it likes. Thus these fêtes are often marked with a singular mixture or combination of divinities, summoned at the will of the people from the mystic fountains of the material and spiritual world.

Each of these deities is allowed a separate palanquin, a shrine on wheels, the principal god being given the place of honour at the head of







the sacred van. The carriage is lacquered a deep black, relieved by golden ornaments. On the roof a golden phenix perches with wings outspread, while a roof-tree glistens in decorations of copper. Inside this shrine is placed the effigy of the god who calls forth this train, a torii in front and one behind, made conspicuous by their red lacquer. The other deities are not placed inside the car, but mounted in gorgeous panoply high over the heads of the crowd riding upon it. The first car is not decorated, but this one, called the dashi, "a car of gentle motion," can be



KOTA AND SAMSEN PLAYERS.

described as a wooden house on four wheels, but having a mass of carving, decoration, and elaboration that defies description. An attempt of this kind would be useless, as far as concerned its representation of a class, for no two of these strange cars are ever made alike. The carvings on this one represent, in part, flights of phenixes rising on wide-spreading wings, trains of tortoises, and columns of marching dragons. Among the deities included are to be seen the zodiacal conceptions, the goddess of matrimony, the goddess of the sea, the seven gods of fortune, the conquering empress; in fact, the deities supposed to govern every trade and craft which most affects that particular locality. On a platform raised from twelve to

twenty feet above the ground, encircled and entangled amid the drapery of silk and brilliant brocades, snow-white gohei, and wreaths of gold and silver flowers, stand half a hundred people, while over their heads rises, on a high pillar, the carved head of the sacred object to which the car has been dedicated.

The host of images, and the dashi on which they are transported, are kept in the dwellings of chosen citizens and it is, perhaps, needless to say that they are watched over with zealous care. Not one of these objects is without its special interest as well as personality, and every bit of history connected with it is known to its guardian, who relates it with great pride and piety. As may be imagined, these festivals scintillate with romance and tradition. Not one is barren of some wonder tale, some strange and interesting incident connected with its career, and the occasion of the fête is regarded as a day of uncommon importance in the annals of the place. But along with the crumbling of the institutions of old Japan, the glory of these festivals is gradually wearing away, and in the light of modern thought and enterprise will soon live only in memory.

Perhaps our Japanese companion is thinking of this, and vividly contrasting the old way with the new, for he suddenly bursts forth into a strain of eloquence over a description of one of the famous Sano trains as it wound through the one hundred and sixty streets constituting that parish not so very long ago. Preparations were begun for the festival by the citizens two days before the grand event came off, when the dwellings were made as gay and attractive as possible by many-coloured mats thrown over corner, lattice, and lintel; in fact, every spot where a show could be made. The tops of the buildings were made as good sites for watching the procession as possible. The rooms of the houses that fronted upon the street were fitted up with screens of gold-foil for a background, and from poles hung up, and from the eaves of the buildings, were hung paper lanterns of bright hues and fantastic paintings. Everywhere no pains were spared to enliven the coming event with the grandest display that could be made.

The dashi was drawn by six black oxen decorated in red and white, and moving with becoming slowness, stopping at frequent intervals. At these pauses the music of flutes and drums filled the air, while the merry

spectators applauded roundly. When moving, the chant of the dashi drivers kept time in a sort of rhythmical order in keeping with the decorous advance of the train.

The procession was led by two small and two large banners, or *hata*, made of strips of white cotton cloth strung from bamboo poles, and bearing the names of the tutelary deities. The carriers of these were followed by a spearman, a dozen men carrying a big drum, two men with wooden blocks, which they smote together at regular intervals, two men with



A PALANQUIN.

flutes, twenty-four men bearing above their heads the image of the sacred *Shishi-no Kashira*, or Dog of Fo, a mounted Shinto priest, thirty-two men carrying three heavy spears, another priest on horseback, the sacred steeds of the gods, a sacred sword, three mounted Shinto priests, the guards of the shrine, a couple of musicians disguised with masks of the Tengu, or forest genii, fifty men bearing the sacred palanquin, two men with the rice-box of the principal deity, six men bearing the banquet table of the deity, half a dozen attendants on the shrine, body of prominent citizens in costumes befitting the occasion, thirty inferior Shinto priests in sacerdotal costume, two men carrying the gohei (an emblem of Shintoism used

in the temples), a young girl attired in attractive costume and riding in a richly decorated palanquin, two men with hyoshigi, a second palanquin borne by fifty men, followed by the same retinue as the first; a third palanquin carried by fifty men, and succeeded by attendants with rice-box of the deity, table of the deity borne by six men, mounted Shinto priest, ten Buddhist priests in armour and riding war-steeds, the Lord High Abbot in canonicals, riding in a palanquin, the four-doored palanquin of the deity, ox-carriage of the god, spearsmen, and glaivesmen, followed by vast crowds of people ready to pull or push on any of the carriages, to shout or sing, as the occasion might demand.

Alternating with the Sano festival is that of the Kanda, which occupies the attention of the capital city for nearly a month. This is considered of greater consequence than the other, and greater preparations are made for it. With the gorgeous display, a generous amount of food and drink is furnished, the national beverage, saké, being freely offered. But the main feature is the dress. The young daughters of the city are decked out in most elaborate manner, without regard to cost, the one object in view being to outshine any previous attempt of that kind. A prominent feature of the Kanda matsura is a bevy of *geisha*, dancers, who follow the procession and exhibit from time to time examples of their art in ancient dances, which consists principally of waving the hands in a most graceful manner. It must seem strange to the foreign observer to see these dainty, pretty little maids dressed, not in the bright costumes that it would be natural to expect on this festive occasion, but in the sombre hued, and unbecoming garments of the common labourer, the tight-legged trousers and small-sleeved tunic. The dancing-girl has sacrificed her glossy raven hair, imitating in this part the fashion of her brother. But here she stops, and the plainness and darkness of her garb is concealed beneath fairy grounds of embroidered blossoms and foliage, in the brightest colours of nature. So while she sacrifices something for her religion, she gains much in display, and a surfeit of applause from her admirers. And somewhere in that vast crowd of seekers after pleasure and religion is one who has perhaps spent half of his year's earnings that she may win the honours of this fête. He is, moreover, willing to spend another six months' wages that she may remain in indolence until

those sacrificed tresses shall again become a respectful adornment for her shapely head.

The more prominent deity worshipped in this festival is a descendant of the sun-goddess, but there is another who shares its glory whose name, according to the moral code of any other country, would seem to invite oblivion and obloquy rather than this respectable prominence. He was an arch-traitor to a ruling sovereign of Japan in the sixth century, the only man in the history of the country to undertake a rebellion against



TOILET.

his ruler. He paid for his rebellious ambition with his life on the plains of Sminosa, dying in the midst of battle, and his head was taken in wild exultation to Kanda for interment. Later, the stigma belonging to his memory was supplanted by loud praises, and his effigy was borne with divine honours at the festival of Kanda. Why was this done? Do the Japanese love treachery, that they would deify such a man, and hold him up as an object of divine adoration? No. It is not because of this; but it is done as an expression for their love of heroism. If Massakado, the rebel, died as a traitor, he fell fighting like a hero. It is the bravery of that undaunted spirit, which dared defy his very sovereign, that afforded

an example of heroism which they worship; not Massakado, whose name is abhorred and detested.

There is another example of this kind at Sano, where a deity is held up for admiration and honour, whose very name is covered with shame and ignominy. This is Kumassaka Chohan, burglar of ancient times, but a man of such audacious recklessness that his effigy is held in religious veneration, and his bravery extolled in song and story and religious rites. It will thus be seen that the Japanese possess such a high sense of



A SACRED RETREAT.

courage—an attribute we are not prepared really to understand—that they can overlook the low-born nature of the hero while they worship that divine spark of heroism inherent in him.

A case of this kind has had a more recent origin. In 1889 the Viscount Mori, minister of education, and one of Japan's most enlightened statesmen, was stabbed by a young man on the steps of his home, in sight of a crowd of people, just as he was starting on his way to the palace on that occasion which was to witness the acceptance of the nation's first Constitution. Scarcely had the assassin struck his terrible blow before he fell, pierced by the swords of half a dozen of the minister's attendants. The

body of the murderer was buried without ceremony, and it seemed that his memory would be speedily relegated to the caverns of obloquy. But soon after, in reply to the inquiry set afoot as to what had led the rash youth to commit such a flagrant crime, under such daring circumstances, and at a time of such approaching honours, it was said he had been prompted to the act under the fanatical belief that he was the chosen agent to avenge what he considered an insult committed at the great shrine of



GREAT STONE LANTERN, YOKOHAMA.

Isé by the prominent statesman. The irreverence of the minister may have been only the wild imagination of the overzealous murderer, but the circumstances under which he dared to strike his blow of vengeance, the time, the vast number of witnesses, and the certainty that he must pay for it with his life, fired the Japanese with a religious veneration for the heroic deed of the avenger. His burial-place was disclosed, and his grave no longer remained a secret corner; the crowds flocked to it as a sacred spot, the smoke of incense floated over it, and the hallowed place became a garden of flowers. Hither flocked the high and low, the artisan

and the actor, the farmer and the merchant, the geisha and the wrestler, the fencing-master and the warrior, the priest and the politician, one and all. By this it must not be understood that the masses were ignorant of the real signification that might be given to this. A word from the emperor would have instantly stopped it all, and the mob would have as quickly turned upon him who dared to render further homage to the dead. It was not hero-worship, as we bestow it; it was the valour of the doer, the picturesque daring which had caused an educated youth, with bright prospects in life, to ignore them all, and, under the unselfish motives of religious duty, to seek his victim in broad daylight, at his very home, surrounded by his armed retainers, and in the presence of soldiery and police and citizens to deal the most influential man in the empire, next to the emperor, his death-blow, which placed him among the deities. Had he struck that blow in the dark, as a coward strikes, or sought to cover himself from death by flight, it would have been different, and the name of Nishino Buntaro would have lived only in the calendar of crime.

Speaking of the shrine of Isé, we are reminded here of the perpetual fire of Hestia kept burning two thousand years in the Grecian prytaneum, and find that the stone lanterns of this place have been sending forth their continuous flames of light since the early days of the gods, a period of nearly three thousand years. Another shrine that outrivals the record of Greece in this respect is that in Izumo.



A TEA-HOUSE GIRL.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE PINE OF THE LOVERS.

AWAY from the centres of population the religious festivals often partake of singular features, and common objects are frequently made the subject of desire or adoration. In the province of Omi is a form of worship intended to encourage fidelity in married women. This takes place in the month of April, on "the first day of the horse." In Japan the faithful wife is a person of high esteem, and it is the aim of the truly conscientious woman not only to be true to the marital bonds, but to keep the memory of her husband after his death by remaining in the single state. By being faithful in the marital bonds it is not to be understood to be merely faithful in outward appearances, but for her to adapt herself to the whims, caprices, and temper of her husband, though he is not expected to do as much on his part. When it is taken into consideration that the wife assumes these vows without any previous acquaintance with her future master, something of the responsibility she takes upon herself may be imagined. It might be thought that many of them would shirk this exacting and trying part, but it belongs to woman's glory to be married once, and to show to the world her faithfulness in conjugal life. On these festivals mentioned, the wives and widows are expected to parade themselves before the public, carrying upon their heads as many earthenware pots as they have had husbands, the fewer the greater the honour. One might conclude that they would hesitate in thus publicly proclaiming their record, for in Japan marriage and divorce are close companions, but they have another motive in view. This is the belief, that the goddess of matrimony will punish any insincerity, which prompts them to carry the full number of pots, let the tongues of the gossipers wag as they may. There is a legend that one woman, more crafty than wise, managed to have her pots graduated in size, so that, while their number was not small, she presented the appearance of carrying but one. As is often the case with such triflers, she was overtaken in

her deception, for she tripped and fell, when her true character was shown, to her lasting disgrace.

In the province of Kishu there has been and is to-day, among the more superstitious, the belief that all the deities repair every year in the tenth



CHINESE GIRL.

month to hold a festival of rejoicing, which is called the "laughing festival." This takes place at the great shrine of Izumo, and the period is known elsewhere, on account of the fact that all the gods gather here to the neglect of their usual duties, as "the month of the godless moon." Here and then, amid a scene of uncommon mirth, are arranged the nuptial plans for the coming year. The name and peculiar signification of this festival originated with the incident

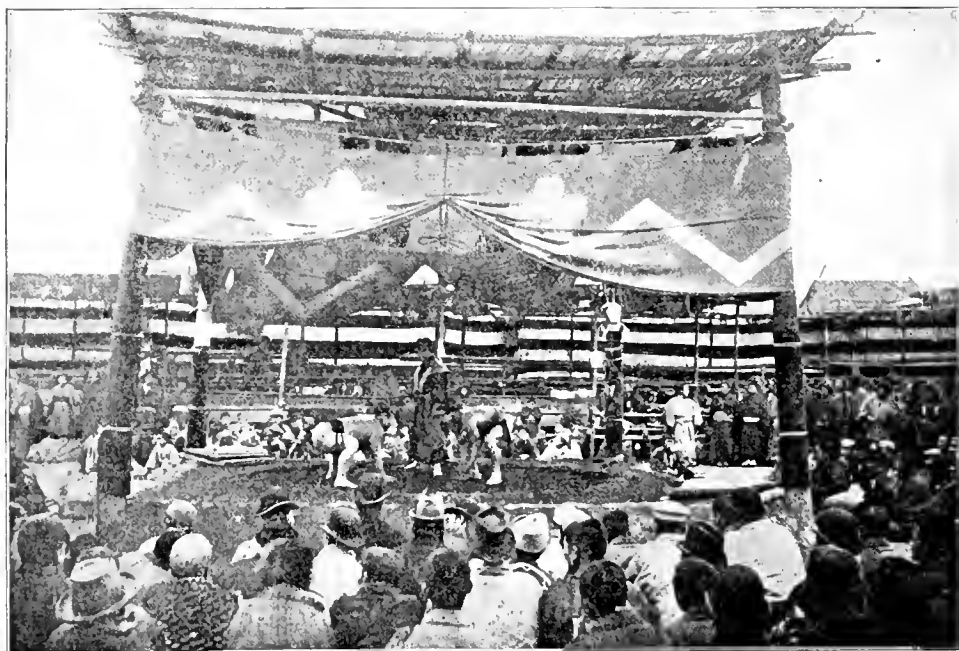
of a belated god. One of those who was to meet there, in the days of yore, started in season, but, mistaking the date, and thinking he had more than ample time to reach the sacred place, dallied by the way, so he did not arrive until the last debate was over and the exercises closed. It is supposed the other deities laughed long and heartily over the discomfiture of their comrade, and thus the fashion of the festival was set for all time.

The manner of observing this divine parliament is quaint. As the time draws near, old and young collect, the latter forming in front of the procession, the others falling into line in the order of their ages, each one, from the first to the last, carrying two boxes of oranges and persimmons held aloft on bamboo sticks. Upon reaching the shrine, the march having been made with proper solemnity, the children are commanded by the eldest man to laugh. No sooner has the first child started the glee than others catch up the merriment, the men following the example, until, the entire train keeping up the merrymaking, the whole district rings with the laughter of the occasion. In this way it is believed the gods like to have their people meet and make merry, as well as to bear cheerfully the heavy cares of life.

Other festivals follow various methods of proceeding, and among these athletic competition is held in high favour. Here in Kyoto we have seen the annual wrestling tournament, which decides the national championship as to muscular strength and skill. In the Ugo Province stands a shrine of this nature, where regularly, on the fifth day of the first month, the athletes of the province, often to the number of thousands, used to gather to decide the mettle of their arms and bodies. As this spot was situated at the top of the mountain of Kimpo-zan, where at that season the snow lay to the depth of a dozen feet, and often deeper, it was no small part of the undertaking to reach the scene of the trial. It was expected that the rivals should all repair to a snow-cave a quarter of a mile distant the night before the trial. At the break of dawn, stripped to their loin-cloths, they were expected to rush from the rendezvous to see who could reach the shrine first. This victor, who won only after a stern race up the snowbound cliffs, was supposed to be favoured with the protection of the god throughout the year. Following this race, the whole party got as near to the shrine as possible, when the great wrestling trial began. The object was really not to see who should remain the longest on his feet, but rather to oust one after another out of the enclosure. As fast as the space was partly cleared, newcomers, who had been behind in the race to the summit, joined in, it being the rule for the strongest to aid the weakest. The excitement and confusion of this wild sport, in which several thousands joined, may be well imagined, but according to legend no one was ever seriously injured in the mêlées. This is

accounted for mainly by the utmost good-feeling which prevailed throughout the whole affair, until the last man, the champion of the year, was left alone on the sacred ground. Then he was caught up on the shoulders of his companions, and bearing him thus the entire crowd marched down the mountain in good order, singing and shouting as they moved along.

A festival is given at Ono-machi in honour of the Susa-no-o, that high-tempered god who drove his sister into one of the caverns of the earth.



A WRESTLING MATCH.

This ceremony does not call for any regal processions, any elaborately carved and decorated dashi, or artistically dressed dancing-maidens, but is performed by a band of lusty men dragging the chariot along the road at a furious pace. Upon reaching the seashore, they plunge in breast-deep, holding above the briny tide their burden; then they rush back to the shrine at the top of their speed. Should any one fall by the way, there is another to take his place, every one running and striving as if his life depended on his activity. Once the shrine is reached, all this wild tumult instantly ceases; the horde that a moment before seemed so anxious to rend each other to pieces in the mad struggle

now chat and drink as if dull care and strife were unknown to them.

Other objects at other shrines are as zealously catered to in the wild fashion of the people. At Hakozaki is the shrine of the "god of war," where it is believed the bountiful offerings made in the thirteenth century caused that god to raise a storm on the sea, which destroyed the power-



BRONZE HORSE.

ful armada of the Monguls, then on its way to conquer the country of Dai Nippon.

At the temple of Kwannon a scramble for pieces of wood thrown to the multitude by the priests is made in commemoration of the "goddess of mercy." This is at Saidai-ji, in the province of Bizen. These blocks are not credited with any supernatural attributes, but are emblematical of the benevolence of the giver. As it is considered of importance to get one of these amulets, the rush for them grew from year to year, until it became necessary to limit the number of the rivals. Again athletic exercises were resorted to in order to regulate the matter. So everything is arranged to open at a specified time.

At ten o'clock at night, on the fourteenth day of the first month, the

8th of February corresponding to the calendar now, the competitors having taken their places, at the beat of a drum they dash madly through the grounds of the temple, and running at breakneck speed, reach the river flowing through the town. Here a swift bath is taken to purify themselves, and they enter the sacred enclosure by a way hitherto untrod by them. A second tap of the drum at midnight warns another body of contestants to follow in the track of the first. Two hours later the drum sends forth its deep-toned note, as a signal that the first part of the contest is over. During the four hours a steady stream of rushing men has been passing through the court, the constant tread of so many feet, rising and swelling in volume, making a roar similar to the breaking of waves on the seashore, so that the echo of these footsteps can be heard twenty miles away.

The last drum-beat has not died away before the *shingi*, a round stick of pine wood, consecrated by the prayers of the priests, is flung from a temple window into the midst of the crowd. At the same time a hundred lesser tokens, called *kushigo*, are made to accompany the other, and the mad struggle of the mob begins. As the main prize is the shingi, every one bends all his energies toward capturing that as long as he has any reason for hoping to obtain it. The second scramble comes for the smaller prizes, and fortunate is he who gets one of these in a crowd of tens of thousands, of whom only a hundred can win. That the contest is a furious one goes without saying, and the noisy battle of the naked men striving there in the temple grounds is a sight to be long remembered by the witness. In all these religious festivals, and we have only mentioned a small part, it will be seen that the more educated class has little to do, it being left for the more ignorant and superstitious to keep alive the spirit of their existence.

Wherever one goes in Japan he is unpleasantly reminded of the practice of burning the body and limbs by doctors to cure the ills of the flesh, or by the person himself, if he belongs to the athletic class, to produce muscles where strength is desired, or else by officials as a way of punishing criminals. The result is many ugly, repulsive scars on men, women, and even children. In Kyoto are many specialists of this sort, who, for a trivial sum, practice this ancient method of treatment on their patients. In the offices of these physicians hang life-size charts of the human form,

with dots and dashes showing where certain diseases must be treated. Their outfit consists of two large iron pots containing slumbering fires, over which are placed sticks of red-hot charcoal. Over the spot to be treated on the patient, a small piece of combustible substance like punk or sponge is laid, and the fiery end of the stick of charcoal is held on it until the object begins to burn. The fire thus fed is allowed to eat into the flesh a sufficient depth, when the burning mass is removed. The odour of burning flesh is apparent, and sometimes these wounds are as



JAPANESE DOCTOR.

large as a silver dollar. Jinrikisha men, whose limbs require strength, often resort to this method of gaining the required muscle, until their limbs are covered with these hideous scars along the sinews and ligaments.

We have been on a trip to the shore of the Inland Sea, and a royally good time we have had, too. Among the places of interest that we visited was that hallowed tree on the bank of the Takasago, known in romance as the "Pine of the Lovers." Whoever passes that way on a moonlit night can see the shadowy forms of the ancient lovers step forth from the heart of the pine, and hear in the whispering coast wind their renewed pledges of love and fidelity. If the fortunate comer looks closer, he will soon see

the maid and her lover, with bamboo rakes in their hands, draw together the fallen needles of the ancient tree.

If the time was not auspicious for us to behold this pretty sight and listen to the oft-repeated murmurs of love, this was partly made up for by



TYPES.

the mellow voice of our dreamy companion as he told in language that bore unmistakable impressions of other days the legend of the tree, which was planted in the last days of the god of sacred trust. No man was living in this country then, but later a humble fisherman and his wife took up their abode on the sandy shore not far from the Great Pine. In time there was

born to them one child, a beautiful daughter, whose eyes were as clear as the silvery pools of the Inland Sea, and whose countenance shone as brightly as the sunshine on Lake Biwa.

O-Matsu, for that was the name given her by her parents, having no playmates, loved to sit by the hour under the pine, knitting the fallen needles into strange and fanciful shapes. At one time she wove herself a

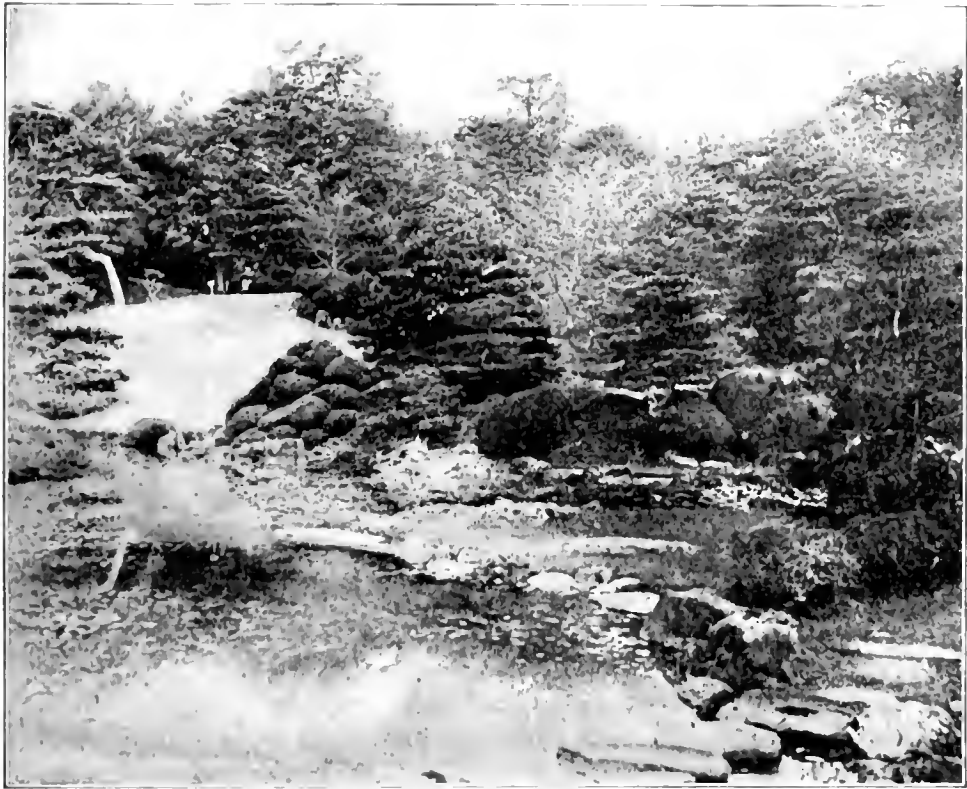


JAPANESE MONKEY TRAINER.



mantle of such beauty that her father and mother marvelled much. Again she braided a fantastic sash, which they called *obi*, and this she declared she would not wear until her wedding-day came. Thereupon the faces of her parents grew anxious, for they knew of no eligible young man to seek her for a bride.

But it was not for poor mortals to peer into the future. Even as O-Matsu had been plying her shuttle, a youth across the bay was watching



LAKE-SHORE AND FOLIAGE.

the flight of the far-flying heron, and wondering what land lay beyond the broad sea plain. The more he thought about it the stronger became his determination to visit the unknown country; so one day he started to swim the long distance. Well was it for him that he was a stalwart swimmer, else had he never been cast up by the waves at the very feet of O-Matsu, as she wove her fancy work and dreamed her dreams.

If she was at first startled by this unexpected stranger, coming in this strange manner, she soon recovered herself. She saw that he was both

young and good looking, and she dragged him to where she had raked together a goodly layer of pine-needles. Lying on this soft couch, the newcomer speedily returned to consciousness. His joy upon awakening and seeing who was watching him need not be told; neither need it be repeated how the twain immediately felt for each other that love which is as changeless as the pine.

The lovers hailed it as a good omen that they exchanged their vows of constancy beneath the old sacred tree, and the parents of O-Matsu were very much pleased, for they looked on Teoyo, as the lover gave his name, as a model youth. So the happy couple were wed, and Teoyo, having no desire to recross the sea, remained to help his new father, who was becoming aged now. O-Matsu never had reason to regret her marriage, and the happy pair, when the day's toil was done, used to seek the old pine, bamboo rake in hand, and while they repeated their pledges of love, raked together the pine-needles.

The passing years took away their aged parents, and changed many conditions of the country; but three things remained unchangeable. — the Inland Sea, the noble pine, and their love. A crane came and built her nest in the old tree, and reared her young there, while a tortoise came and dwelt close by its foot. These two and the pine gave the lovers promise of long life and endurance. But the longest span must have an end, and there came a season when both tottered under the weight laid on them by many years. Still they did not fail to visit often the friendly pine, and, seated on its soft needle carpet, they would tell over, as they had done in their youth, the sweet story of love, sweeter far now under the constancy of years. And never did they forget to rake together a pile of needles with their bamboo rakes before they went away, that there might be a couch for them when they should return. At last a day came when the sunset played at hide and seek in the top of the lofty pine, and the bamboo rakes lay undisturbed for the first time during many years. This was not because their owners had at last been unfaithful to their trusts, but because they rested on a couch made by hands eternal on the farther shore of the River of Souls. And this simple story explains why the two lovers are seen at bright moonlight beneath the old pine.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MARKET OF MIRTH.

LIVING the existence of a secluded people for over two thousand years, — what has been aptly called a Crusoe life, — Japan affords, in the study of any part of her history, rare interest to the scholar, philosopher, and antiquarian, while the general reader cannot fail to be instructed and amused. Closely allied to the religious festivals of the inhabitants have been their fêtes of seasons and flowers, their pastimes, and the celebration of important events, which have marked the long highway of centuries like so many mile-stones. One by one these observances have been added to the growing list, coming with steady and unannounced heraldry through all the generations, until such a strong bond of custom and conventionality has been fastened upon the people as they hardly realise. Thus the island empire is environed and interwoven with such a strict system of religious and fraternal associations as no other country on the globe can equal. At the same time, no other race is capable of showing a finer appreciation of these pleasant, graceful, appropriate, and harmonious observances.

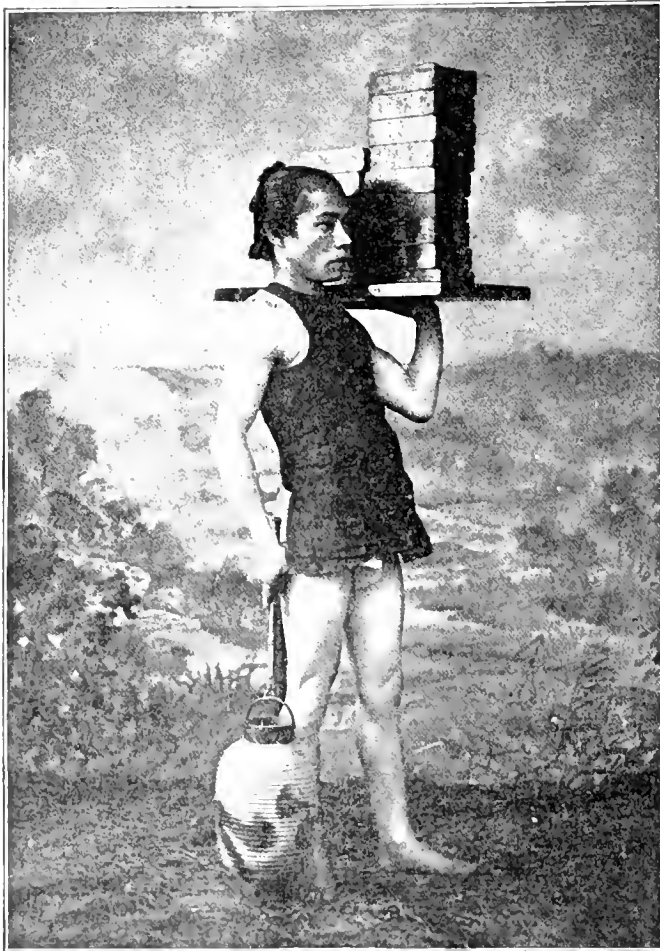
The year in Dai Nippon, during the old régime, began under a movable calendar, and in the winter season it was from two to six weeks later than under the Gregorian reckoning. But even then it came in what was really a winter month, though it was looked upon as the awakening of spring, and was called *ris-shun*, "springtime," notwithstanding the fact that the plum and the *yuki-wari-so*, "snow-parting plant," did not open a bud for weeks to come.

New-year's is among the most scrupulously observed days in the year, and no work of any kind is supposed to be done. This does not mean that any one is left in idleness, for there are the preparations for calling on friends and acquaintances, and as on this occasion all don their best clothes, no little care and time is spent in this part of the celebration. The calls on those in the higher class by those in the lower are of the most

formal nature, but those between friends are generally visits of pleasure, where small presents are given and the gossip of the season is exchanged in a confidential manner. Every countenance is wreathed in smiles, and peals of laughter are heard on every hand. Each person is dressed in his

or her best, which means that bright colours have been given an outing, for the Japanese love best the hues that set the example of cheerfulness in this market of mirth.

In some respects New-year's Day is a serious affair to the head of the family, though its duties are performed to the minutest particular with a grace and lightness of spirit in keeping with the general brightness of the glad occasion. First donning his holiday attire, he makes his offerings to the deities, both



LANTERN SELLER.

spiritual and terrestrial, proffers his remembrance to the shades of his fathers, offers his salutations of good-will to his living kin and friends, and then partakes of a morning meal intended to be in keeping with the association of the day.

No householder is in such humble circumstances that he does not have to prepare a "heavenly table,"—a tray lacquered in bright colours and decorated with the foliage of the evergreen *yuzurika*. This is considered

the only fitting receptacle for those seven dishes of allegorical origin, "a feast of fortune," of which the following is a list, with accompanying significations: A rice cake, or "mirror dumpling," because it is made in the shape of the sacred mirror of the Shinto rites, and supposed to contain what is good for the digestive organs; oranges laid on green leaves, meaning a "bequest from one to another;" chestnuts dried and crushed, signifying victory; persimmons, considered to possess medicinal value; dried sardines, denoting conjugal fidelity, as the little fish never swim singly; the *ebi*, a lobster, its long tentacles and curved back suggesting life so extended that the shoulders become bowed and the beard grows long and heavy; last, a herring roe, that creature of the sea which is supposed to be the most prolific. This "table of elysium" is also emblematical of the three islands of youth located somewhere in the extreme corner of the sea-world, according to a Chinese legend, where all creatures retain perpetual youth, the birds and animals are of a pure white, and the palaces of the people are of gold and silver.

"Young water," that is, water drawn from the well under the first rays of the light ushering in the new day and the new year, is used in preparing the tea, and the principal edibles are a special compound of six articles of diet, none of these being ever omitted, though they may be changed in the proportion of their amount, to suit the tastes of those at the meal. These foods are the *mochi*, rice cake; *imo*, potato; daikon, Japanese turnip; *uradai*, halibut; *gobo*, a sort of burdock; *kombu*, a kind of seaweed. In order to ensure good health during the twelve months to follow, it is deemed necessary that a goodly measure of saké should be quaffed from a bright-lacquered cup. This part of the custom is said to have been introduced from China centuries ago, and to have originated there with an old hermit, who made it a practice to distribute among the villagers on each returning New-year's Day portions of physic, with the injunction that if it was drunk with saké it would secure for the drinker a hale and hearty body.

The most prominent feature of the decoration is the "pine of the doorway," festooned with the *shime-nawa*, or rope of rice-straw. The first consists of small pines and bamboos placed on either side of the vestibule, the trees supposed to typify by their evergreen foliage long life. The pine became a part of the decoration about a thousand years ago, while the

bamboo is a later addition by some five hundred years. The straw rope is of greater antiquity, and is emblematical of spring, and refers to the ancient morning when the goddess of sunlight was enticed from her cavern of darkness by the discontented gods of darkness, then overruling the earth, and the rope was placed across the entrance to the cave so she could not return to her underground abode. These ropes are the most important of the decorations, and are stretched not only across the entrance to the house, but before every other spot which the sunlight is supposed to



A WINE CELLAR.

benefit, such as the well, bathroom, sacred shelf, and inner court. Sometimes a piece of charcoal is suspended from the rope, it being considered efficacious in warding off evils; and a lobster, decorated with fern fronds, and indicating hardiness, is attached to the line.

It is not held to be necessary to resort to the temples that the deities may be propitiated, though a few do it. The majority prefer to ascend the most convenient eminence in their neighborhood, and the entire party, joining hands, watch and sing as the new sun sends its virgin beams over the landscape. Later in the day small bodies of both sexes parade the streets, dancing and playing before the homes of the inhabitants. Besides

these are parties called "bird-chasers," which are made up of maidens going about with wide coverings nearly concealing their features, while they play on the samisen, under the belief that this will drive away birds of ill-omen that are supposed to be fluttering on wing over the homes of the rich and poor.

Among the pastimes held in high estimation at this time is the game of shuttlecock and battle-board, which found its way into Japan from China. Tradition gave the shuttlecock the shape of a dragon-fly, and attributed



CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

to it the power to drive away mosquitoes. It lacked the battle-board, and the Japanese added that, — a thin, flat board of pine lacquered in red and gold on the back, and since adorned with pretty pictures. This game is played by the young of both sexes, and the Japanese maiden cherishes her battle-board next to her dolls, though she is very fond of the latter.

On the day following New-year's there is a sort of semblance of resuming work and business, though this can be scarcely called more than a pretence. Three days later the men-of-arms resorted, in other years, to the practice of marksmanship, being careful to have the target large enough so that there could be no failure in hitting it, lest their records for the

coming year should be unfavourable. Still three days more are allowed to pass, when the pine and bamboo decorations are torn down and burned, willow wands twisted and braided into artistic forms being hung from the eaves of the dwellings. With the burning of the decorations the observances are practically ended, but it is considered a part of the same to allow the servants, male and female, on the fifteenth day the privilege of visiting their homes. On the twentieth day the closing scene is performed by the housewives, who offer rice dumplings to their toilet mirrors as an evidence of their culinary skill.

For many centuries the "five festivals of the seasons" have been prominent and favoured fêtes. These are observed on the 7th day of the first month, the 3d day of the third month, the 5th day of the fifth month, the 7th day of the seventh month, and the 9th day of the ninth month. It will be seen that they occur with a numerical regularity which is striking. The Japanese seem to have a peculiar pleasure in such arrangements.

The first of these festivals refers more especially to the domestic arts, and is largely a combination of stewing, brewing, and divination, called the "chopping of the seven herbs." The women are mostly concerned in its performance, which lasts through the earlier hours of the day.

The second is a child's festival, during which dolls representing every trade, craft, and calling, civil and military, historical and legendary, are made. Each feature of these dummies is shown with an exacting fidelity to the original. The setting forth in display of these figures, often numbering a thousand, is both interesting and educating to its participants. This month, March, with its toys and opening blossoms of spring, is primarily the month for the girls, and the little Japanese maids queen it right royally both at home and among their friends.

The festival of the 5th day of the fifth month is especially a boy's fête. This is given in honour of the birth of a male child within the past twelve months. The happy event is proclaimed by flying a paper or silk imitation of a carp from the top of a staff. Made of light material, and subject to every passing breeze, these banner-like objects can be seen streaming from hundreds and thousands of houses, until it looks to the beholder as if a flood of fish had been sent down upon the towns from the sky. The big eyes of the carp are considered to be typical of a persevering will, as



BRIDGE OVER THE RIO GRANDE, MANILA AND PAGAYEN R.R.

well as the indomitable spirit the fish displays in swimming up the streams against strong currents and cataracts. It being now the season of the iris and the sweet-flag, bouquets of the latter are conspicuous, while the saké drunk on this occasion is seasoned with the petals of the former. Once warriors and battle-steeds figured prominently in these festivals, and displays of feats with the sword and mimic battles took place, but these warlike scenes have passed away with the new order of things. The *tango*, as this is called, is of very ancient origin, and many legends of its



TOY DEALER.

association still live, though none explain definitely its rise and growth. One of the customs is to extinguish all the lights in the temples at the hour of the hare, so that the frightened animals may seek their homes without fear.

May is the month of flowers. It is then that the cherry blossoms, which are the embodiment of all that is pretty, refined, and invigorating, according to Japanese ideals, are in the full flush of their glory. It is true that a single blossom has no special claim for admiration, and even a tree loaded with its gems is worthy of but a passing glance, but it is when many of these gigantic flowering plants are massed and their foliage

trained according to the taste of the artists that the grand effect is obtained. Broad avenues along river-banks are rendered transcendently inviting by them; or a framework is made an enticing retreat by a network of these smiling messengers of summer and harvest. Cherry groves are the pleasure-grounds both of the young and beautiful, with no



A FLOWER GIRL.

further care in life than the seeking after the many-hued bauble of love, and also of the gray-headed philosopher, who looks deeper into the mysteries of life, as well as of the poet, the artist, the labourer, and the noble.

The purpose of the Japanese is to celebrate each season with appropriate floral emblems, from which come the picnics of the wistaria, azalea, iris, lotus, peony, chrysanthemum, orchid, and the forests in their gorgeous autumnal tints. The ideal observance is that of the simplest nature. An expression of some tender senti-

ment made in a couplet, the paper upon which the verse is written suspended from the branch of a tree of especial interest, or from a blooming plant, is an example, the act being accompanied with outbursts of song more voiceful than melodious, and strains on that most unmusical of instruments, the samisen. These are all outdoor fêtes.

The ceremonies of the sixth month are of a religious nature, and are

performed on the river-banks at twilight, where one of the Shinto priests sets up a rude cross, and prays for the peace of the households of that vicinity. As will be seen, this is a relic of Shintoism.

At Kameido is celebrated a feast called the "First Rabbit of Japan," which is given in memory of the great scholar, Sugawara Michizane, who lived in the sixteenth century. On account of the interest he took in literature the poetical youths write long poems (so considered by them), and burn them as offerings on his tomb during these fêtes. If the cinders from the flames float high in the air, or are wafted to a considerable distance, the author turns away with high hopes for his future success.

CHAPTER XXIII.

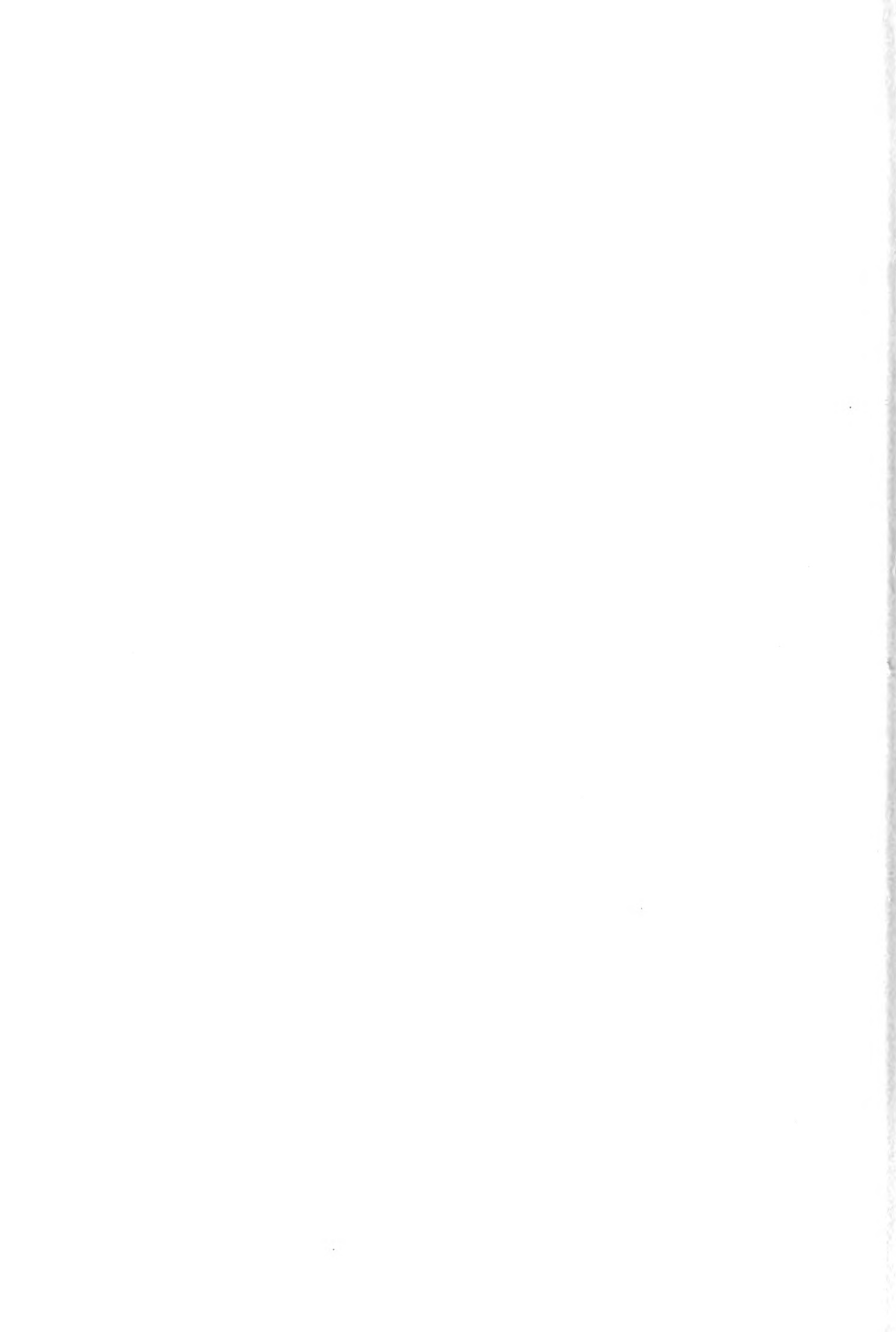
THE STAR LOVERS.

IN early summer occurs a picnic which combines pleasure and business in a happy manner. It consists in seeking, as the tide ebbs, the shell-fish which are to be found buried in the sand under the water a few inches deep. Both sexes, old and young, find relaxation and satisfaction in this sport. The pleasure-seekers float out with the tide in a sort of flat-bottom boat, making the scene merry with snatches of song and music from the tinkling samisen. At the proper distance the boat is stopped, and the enlivening rout begins. In the midst of the active scene the light-hearted damsels soon lead their sterner rivals a lively competition. To overcome the disadvantage they might seem to have in the matter of dress, the wide sleeves of their loose-fitting waists are fastened up by bright cords crossing over the bosom, so as to give each owner of a white, well-rounded arm ample chance to plunge it into the water without wetting the garment. The bright-coloured underskirt is dexterously tucked up under a concealed girdle, and the fair water-nymph is alive for work or sport. If there is a generous display of pretty ankles, it must not be supposed that it is made at the sacrifice of good taste or modesty. The Japanese see nothing wrong or imprudent in that which of necessity must be done.

In the month of August, according to the present calendar, is a festival called most commonly Bon, which is dedicated to the ghosts of the departed friends, who are supposed to revisit the scenes of their earthly career at this season. Five days are given over to this fête, but the ceremonies are not elaborate. An altar of straw is raised on bamboo pillars, between which is hung the "sweet air rope" for the spirits to ascend. The floor is strewn with the leaves of the coxcomb and lespedeza, while imitations of horses and oxen are cut from melons, and a band of cedar-leaves is bound about the whole. Each dwelling has lanterns hung before its door to guide the visiting spirit, and at eventide of the second day little hemp







fires are kindled to show them with greater plainness the way within. On the sixteenth, the last evening, these tiny lamps are set to light the path of the departing spirit, and the festival is then over.

During the ceremonies *omukau-dango*, "cakes of welcome," and *okuri-dango*, "cakes of farewell," are eaten, with other viands in keeping with the means of the householder. Throughout the entire reception of the departed friends making this annual visit a decorous demeanour is maintained, and no effort is made to win their favour. The whole purpose is to receive them as if they came in flesh and blood, kindly, courteously, and generously.

The festival of the 7th day of the seventh month has nearly lost favour, even in the remote districts where such



CATCHING SHUILL-FISH.

customs linger longest. This consisted of cake offerings to the stars, based upon the legend of the herd-boy prince crossing the Heavenly River, the Milky Way, in order to keep his tryst with his beloved, the Weaver Princess. This was illustrated by vessels of water placed between rows of smoking incense set up in sticks. The object of this festival is explained by the story of the star lovers.

It all happened a long time ago, when the Sun, ruler of the universe, dwelt in his spacious mansion on the near bank of Silver River, which flows across the heavenly plain and is known to mortals now as the Milky Way. The Sun had a daughter named Ame-kujo, who was very beautiful and gifted. She was an exceedingly industrious maid, and worked so constantly at her loom, weaving fairy-like fancies, that she became known far and wide as the Weaver Princess. The father was very proud of his lovely daughter, and he was greatly pleased over her industry, until at last



A COUNTRY SEAT.

he saw that she was growing moody and silent at her work. This troubled him sorely, for her vivacious spirit had been the light and song of the palace, when her speech had sparkled with witty sayings, and her countenance beamed with the cheer of a youthful heart.

She had had many lovers, and her troubles were readily traced to these. Among her suitors was a noted warrior, grown gray in the service of his king. While he talked much of war and little of love, — which is not the way to win a maiden's heart, — her father favoured his suit, and frankly said as much to Ame-kujo. Then she confessed that she had plighted her troth to a herd-boy named Kinrin, who tended his father's flocks on the

bank of the Heavenly River. Thereupon the Sun was so angry that, for a whole week, he kept his face veiled from the world behind black clouds. From that time the princess became very sad, and a great gloom gathered over the household.

The warrior suitor saw this change, and wondered what it foreboded; the herd-boy lover saw it, and knew it portended evil to him and his maid. When he found opportunity to speak to her, he bade her be of good cheer,



A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF TOKYO.

and hope for a happy fulfilment of their dreams. But the Sun would not listen to the pleadings of his daughter, and the grizzled warrior repeated his offers of matrimony frequently and stubbornly, though her only response was to ply the shuttles of her loom faster than ever. No more was she the merry, vivacious maid of yore.

Finally the Sun decreed that Kiumin, on the 7th day of the seventh month, should be banished to the farther bank of the wide Silver River, and should remain there an exile for ever. Hearing of her lover's unhappy

fate, Ame-kujo stole down to the place of his starting, and there the unfortunate couple met and parted, as they believed, for the last time.

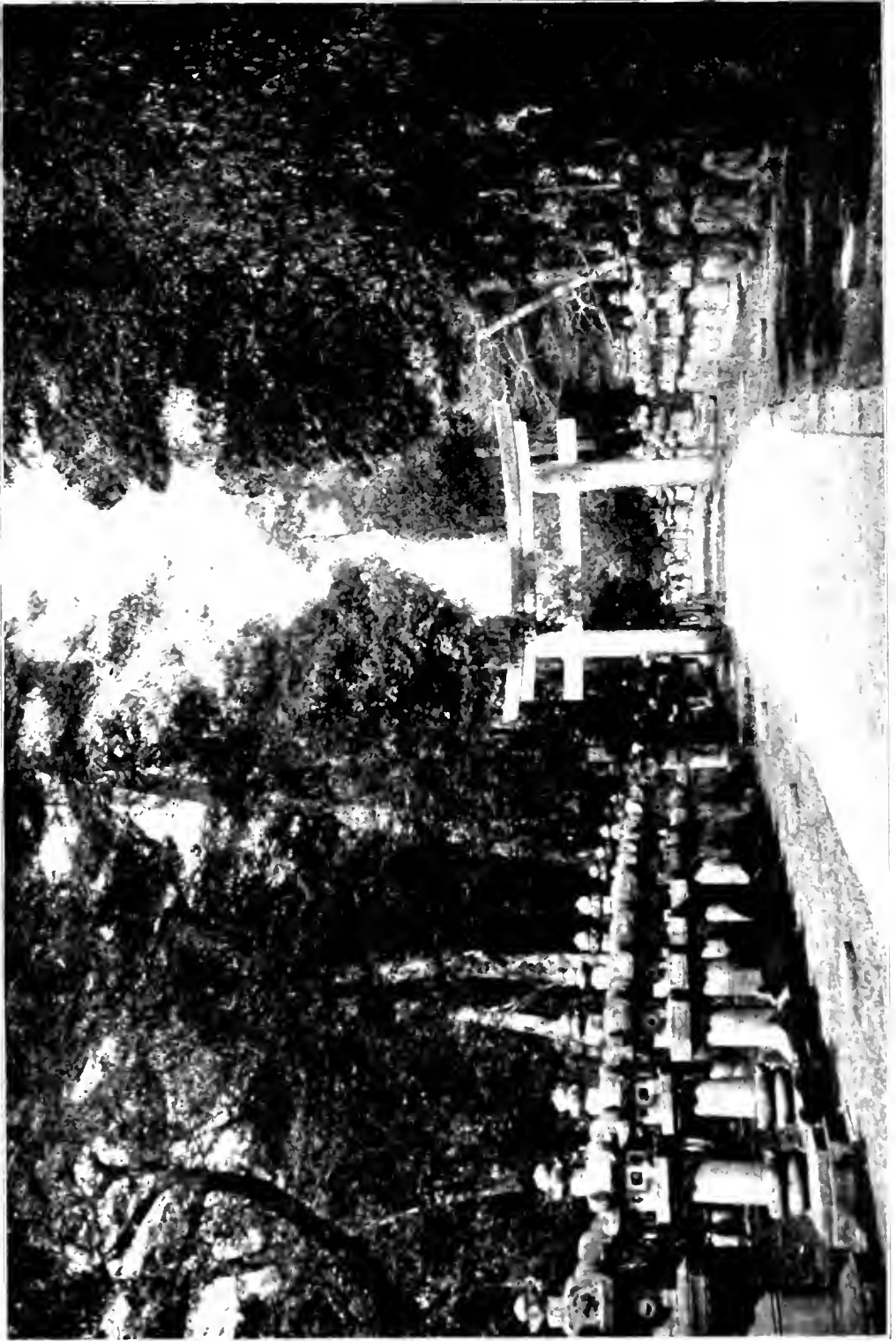
The Sun had commanded all the magpies in the kingdom to gather with outspread wings, and thus make a bridge for the exiled youth to pass over the river to his future abiding-place. Kinrin saw through his tears the weeping princess, as she watched him out of sight. On the distant bank of the River of Heaven the magpies dispersed, leaving the disconsolate lover alone in his despair.

The sadness of the days to Kinrin, as he followed his herd in the remote land, and that of Ame-kujo, while she plied her shuttles in her desolate home, cannot be pictured by a mortal. The warrior who had wooed her with such fiery words, now that he saw the change in her once lovely countenance, refused to wed such a disconsolate bride.

When he found that his daughter grew more and more dejected, and that she was going to die unless the burden of her sorrow was lightened, the Sun relented so far that he declared she and her exiled lover might meet on the 7th night of the seventh month of the coming year. She at once dried her tears, and something of her old-time lightness of heart returned, her spirits growing happier as the day she was to go to Kinrin drew nearer. The only fear was that the day might bring rain, when the river would be so swollen that she could not cross.

But the very elements were her friends. The day came and departed without a shadow. At evenfall the stars set their bright watch in the sky, and joy reigned triumphant throughout all the heavens. The magpies came as they had the year before for the exiled herd-boy, and spreading wide their wings made a safe bridge for Ame-kujo to cross over the broad river to her lover. His surprise was more than equalled by his joy, and with such happiness as only the pure and faithful know, the two lived those happy hours of the stars. She must leave him before the Sun should return from his nightly pilgrimage, and with sorrowful hearts the lovers separated, their only solace being the hope that they might be permitted to meet again another year.

In all the years that have fled since then, unless it be very stormy, on the 7th day of the seventh month, the faithful star lovers have met



NARA TEMPLE GATE AND STONE LANTERNS

in that far-off country of the sky, the great joy of their meeting made brighter by the hope that some time the banishment of Kirin will be over, and that they will know no further separation.

On the 1st day of the eighth month it was expected that a grand annual festival would be held at Yedo, now Tokyo, in commemoration of the entrance of Iyeyasu, the founder of the shogunate, into that city. But modern Tokyo ignores all this show of military glory, and is happier in paying homage to the moon in the month which, according to the new



LANTERN MAKERS.

calendar, is fair September. There is an old saying in Japan that the moon of the springtime loses her brightest beams among the blossoms of the flowers; in the summertime the water reflects her image in purer tints than her own light; in the winter the north wind robs her rays of much of their lustre; but in the autumn all nature is her friend, and rejoices to see her at her best. Thus the harvest moon of Japan is the moon of festivities. Especially is this a poetic and romantic festival in the more thinly populated districts, where the old-time spirit still lingers, the laughing waterfall vies with the moon in her transcendent beauty, and the noisy cataract seeks to attract by its tumultuous forces what it loses in other

respects. Man, nature, and moon combine to make this the happiest event of a happy season.

Three things are wanted to make this festival a success: the time, the moon, and water. Tokyo is well favoured in respect to the last by the river Sumida; Osaka, by the noble Yodo, coming fresh from Lake Biwa; and if Kyoto is less fortunate in this respect her people do not know it, so the result is the same. While this festival has lost much of its ancient



BRACKET BRIDGE, FUKAGAWA.

glory, it has gained in the new order of things. Generous display of fireworks, hosts of bright flying pennons, pretty, vivacious geishas, decked in their daintiest costumes, their most fascinating grace of manner, their gentle refinement of womanhood, all aid in making this the happy fête it is.

A favourite place of holding one of these festivals was a bridge spanning one of the streams which drained the Fujiyama district. Upon building this bridge, in order to bring about the most good to the public, it was considered necessary to have the two happiest men in the province first

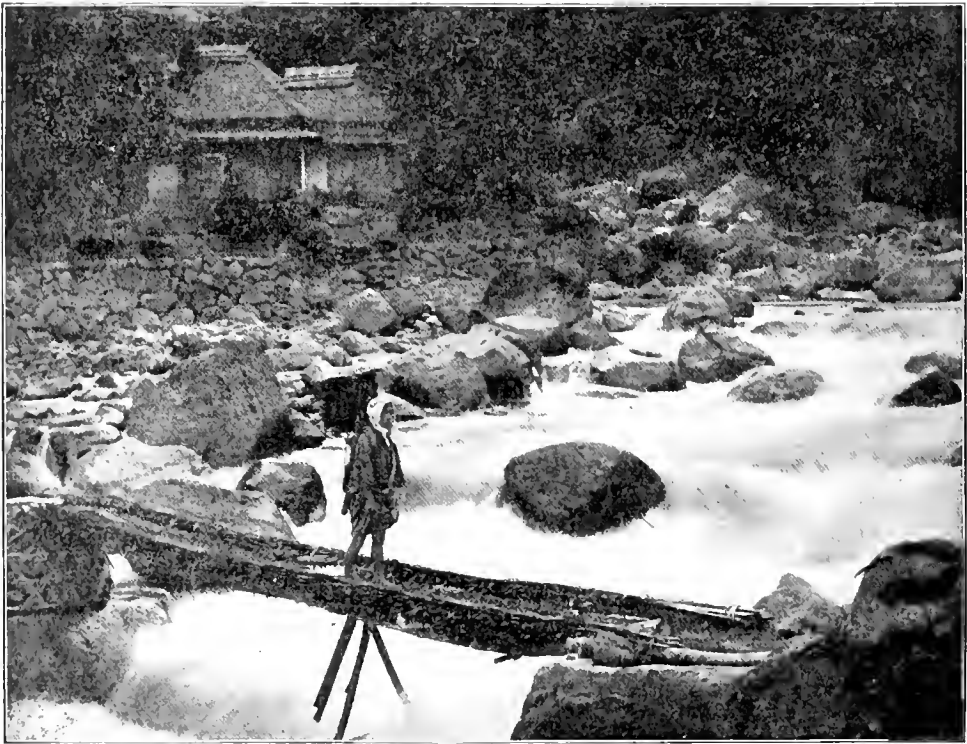
pass over the new structure. In looking around for proper persons, the officials were exceedingly fortunate in finding two men who had each been masters of homes for threescore years, and whose wives and children, twelve in each family, were all living. Therefore these gray-headed patriarchs were chosen to lead the way across the bridge, which had been painted a bright red as an emblem of a light heart. The venerable twain were accompanied by their faithful wives, while behind these couples marched, two and two, according to their ages, their grown-up children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, making a long procession. A vast crowd of spectators watched the train, laughing and shouting for joy, while showers of fireworks illuminated the night air, and the thunder of cannon shook the distant mountains. As was foretold then, the bridge has stood long and firm as proof of its happy beginning.

This was better fortune than that which befell another structure of this kind, which a powerful daimio in the Keicho era decided to rear across the river that had witnessed one of his victories, as a monument of his prowess. But when he came to build the bridge there seemed to be no solid bottom to the stream upon which to raise pillars to support the long structure, with its picturesque curves and multitudinous feet like the centipede. Thousands upon thousands of stones were thrown into the river, but as often as the bridge was constructed it would sink into the bed of the river out of sight. In his despair and disappointment at being defeated in what had seemed so slight a matter, when compared to his triumph over armies of men, Horio Yoshiharu swore by his beard that he would ultimately succeed.

Now it had been a heaven-ordained rule among men that no person should cross a bridge without having a *machi* in the back of his *hakama*; that is, a piece of stiff cardboard sewn into the garment to keep it smooth and in good shape. So when it was found that one named Gensuke had been accustomed to pass over this bridge as soon as it was reared without regard for this custom, the cause of the evil was quickly thought to have been found. Gensuke was instantly seized, and in order to appease the anger of the gods whom he had offended, he was buried alive in the bed of the river, where he sleeps to this day. The result was all that had been devoutly expected. The foundation for the pillars became as solid as the rock-ribbed hills; so the bridge was completed with what speed was

possible. There it stood firm and faithful for over three hundred years. The truth of this story was shown by the fact that the middle pier bore the name of the foolhardy man, and was known as the *Gensuke-bashira*. It was claimed by the believers that on moonless nights, at the dead watch between two and three o'clock, the pillar would be enveloped in a ghostly red light.

In the idyllic season of early autumn the festival of the chrysanthemum



MIYANOSHITA RIVER.

holds high place, and once Japan could justly claim the peerage of the world in this flower. If nature has been chary of her floral gifts to Dai Nippon, she somewhat atoned for this niggardliness by bestowing upon it the *kiku*, or world-famous chrysanthemum. The gardener, whose arts and skill in arranging beautiful parks abounding with artificial waterfalls, fountains, lakelets, rockworks, tiny bridges, and dwarf trees seem without limit, gives his best attention to this flowering plant. Sometimes he trains a number of these plants upon frames to represent scenes of national interest, and shows his love and adeptness in hundreds of ways. The

emperor's gardens at Akasaka afford a fine display of the chrysanthemum in its natural state.

Formerly a royal banquet was held annually in honour of this flower at the imperial court at Yedo. Then the women in higher walks of life engaged in rivalry to see who should be the fortunate one to send a blossom which should be accepted by the consort of the reigning shogun. Sometimes great enthusiasm and excitement ruled. If this has all passed away under the new order of government, the love of the chrysanthemum still remains with the Japanese, and they do not cease to praise its fitness for decorative work, its prolificness of blossom, the ease with which it can be massed so as to portray historic and legendary and mythological pictures. To them it is, in its many varieties, "the moon-touched flower," "the pearl of hearts," "crystal court," "the sleep of the gray tiger," "frost beam," "the jewel of the inner court," "the snow of the five lakes," and so forth. The festivals of the cherry blossoms and the chrysanthemums are the two fêtes of the year when the climate and the hearts of the people join in unison to make the very most of a gala season. A garden of a type foreign to the country, as many other things have usurped the old ideas and fancies in Japan, is now opened in the golden month of October in Tokyo, when the aristocratic and official classes help to swell the vast crowd visiting the magnificent display.

A prominent feature at the fairs which come late in the summer are great numbers of fireflies, imprisoned in horsehair cages, and for sale at a rin each. A rin, it should be remembered, compares to our mill. The Japanese have a sort of reverential respect for these little "earth stars," and among the pretty conceits related of them is the following:

Once upon a time an old woodsman saw a little moon-child on the branch of a bamboo, and he captured the tiny creature and took her home. His wife was delighted with the newcomer, who lived with them for twenty years. As she grew older a brilliant light overspread her body, so that the forester's humble dwelling was filled with the sweet smile of her presence by day, and by night she moved about his home like a lamp of gold. The stars paled to dimness when she went abroad, and the moon became dark and angry with jealousy.

Of course so fair a maid had many lovers, and among the others the emperor was so charmed with her beauty and sweetness that he wanted

to make her his bride. But a fairy had told her that twenty years would end her earthly existence, so she refused her lovers with kindly firmness, though without telling even the emperor her real reason. He became very angry, and threatened to take her a prisoner to his castle. But when he came to carry out his threat, lo! she took flight on a moonbeam, in her fright crying tears of silver. Then Mother Moon relented, and far away from the pursuit of the distracted emperor took the fugitive in her warm arms. Not having told the emperor her reason for refusing him, the tiny maid did not feel that she had done right, so her tears took wings, and on summer nights can be seen flying about everywhere searching for the disappointed emperor. He died many, many years ago, an old man, keeping in his heart a love for the proud little princess who dared to refuse an emperor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PASTIMES OF A PEOPLE.

AMONG the native methods of sport and amusement are feats of acrobatic skill, running, jumping, wrestling, juggling, living statues, trick monkeys, deformed animals, and shooting alleys, to say nothing of trials at archery, with bows eight or ten feet long and arrows of corresponding length.

The oldest of all the sports and pastimes is that of wrestling, supposed to have had its origin over nineteen centuries ago, and to have held its popularity through all the changes and vicissitudes, rise and fall of power, during that long period. Tradition, which is ever ready to nurture history, declares that as long ago as twenty-five years before Christ the peace of the island empire was disturbed by the boasts of one Kehaya, a member of the emperor's body-guard. As this gigantic wrestler grew more and more arrogant in his manner, it was finally proclaimed that whoever should be able to throw him should receive high reward. Accordingly some of the strongest men began to practise for a trial with him, but when they came to meet him he overpowered them all. This made him more overbearing than ever, and he loudly boasted that no two men in the empire could master him. This called forth a challenge from a certain soldier who had never been credited with any skill in that direction, and the bully quickly accepted. The venturesome soldier's name was Sukune, and everybody pitied him, believing he would meet the same fate as the others. But in this they were mistaken. Sukune had been preparing in secret for such a match for over a year, and when he came to contend with the mighty Kehaya he speedily overcame him, crushing him to the earth. Great was the rejoicing, and the victor was rewarded with a large estate in the Yamato province. He has the credit of fixing the code of scientific wrestling.

Be this legend or history, in 720 A. D. wrestling was given its first royal sanction, when Emperor Shomo and his imperial court extended public

patronage to it. One Shiga Seirin, of Omi, was master of the arts and artifices connected with it. He understood the forty-eight kinds of clutches and holds, having been the originator of many of them, and knew the gradations belonging to the game. He improved upon many



WRESTLERS.

of the grips, and established himself so well as master of the pastime that his successive descendants held the important and honourable position of chief umpire at court until the extinction of the family line in 1187, after 450 years of creditable rule.

The honour next fell on Yoshida Oikase, of Echizen, one of whose lineal descendants is the present chief, and who

is alone empowered to bestow upon the champion wrestler that badge of distinction which every ambitious follower of the order seeks as the ultimate reward of all his training and skill in overcoming his rivals, the *gokozuna*, a belt braided of two strands of white silk.

Tradition delights in attributing great size to the champions of this pastime, picturing some of them as tall as seven feet, and weighing between four and five hundred pounds. Such athletes among the slight-





figured men of the race must have appeared like giants. It is needless to say that wrestlers of such wonderful size are not found to-day, though the contrast between their size and that of their countrymen is striking. It is nothing unusual to find those among them who stand six feet in height and weighing 250 pounds. This fact is accounted for by the custom of selecting only youths of uncommon size for this calling, and these come principally from the labouring class, which, as we have said, possesses greater stature and muscle than the nobility. From the time of having



ACROBATS.

accepted this calling, the follower diets for the purpose, eating only the most wholesome food, and abstaining from all intoxicating drinks.

The wrestlers of the country are divided into "camps" or factions, the Western and Eastern Camp. These are subdivided into classes, each with its champions. These camps hold grand matches in the spring and the autumn at Kyoto, Tokyo, and Osaka, and once a year in each important centre of the interior provinces. These trials take place within a ring formed by straw sand-bags. An umpire is given position inside the ring with the contestants, to see that the rules of the game are strictly followed, and to stop the battle as soon as he sees that one side is faltering.

The rivals strip themselves of all garments that are likely to interfere with the free movements of limbs or body, and agree to obey all rules and restrictions, which are many and often look intricate to the onlooker. The umpire's duty is no slight matter, and he is often called upon to exer-



ACTOR AS AN OLD-TIME WARRIOR.

cise strong expression of purpose to keep the wrestlers within the code of grips and thrusts. He who finally succeeds in throwing his adversary outside of the circle of sand-bags is declared victor. Utmost good feeling prevails inside the ring, but the spectators often become wild with excitement. One of the methods of rewarding the rivals is for members of the audience to throw their clothes to them, and redeem them afterward with money.

The bout between the contestants is not limited to one day,

but they are allowed ten days in which to end the struggle. The wrestlers are good-natured men, who never fall into the vulgar habits of the common brawler, and receive good remuneration for the following of their rugged calling. It is very seldom one of them transgresses the law, and an arrest is of rare occurrence. The goal toward which all are striving is the exalted position of *toshi-gori-yaku*, or "elder." These distinguished mem-

bers are the organisers of matches, become referees, look after the finances of the camps, and take pupils for the profession. There are over eighty of these elders at the present time in the country, while there are several hundred wrestlers.

Football, according to Occidental methods, has supplanted the old-style *ke-mari*, introduced from China more than a thousand years ago. The object of this game was to keep the ball always in the air, kicking it as high as possible. Goals were not arranged, neither was there any organised effort in the struggle. *Te-mari*, or hand-ball, is a pastime adapted to the feminine sex, and the young girls show great skill and grace in the manner which they play this popular pastime. There are numerous fanciful figures, calling out the ease and suppleness of movement for which the Japanese dancer is noted. During the game, as the actors pirouette and bound to and fro, the entire body of players keep time with some ditty sung in unison by the entire party.

Among the youth of the opposite sex kite-flying is the favourite pastime, even the adults deeming it not beneath the dignity of their age and experience. So deeply has this sport fixed itself on the people that special seasons are set apart for the trials. In some localities the boys look forward anxiously to the New-year's Day, as a time for kite-flying. On those occasions, the sky over some of the villages is literally peopled with kites of many sizes and descriptions. In some localities, the birthday of a boy is most properly celebrated by kite-flying, and, as soon as he becomes large enough to participate in the sport, he invites his friends to join with him in the merrymaking. On the day of the birth of a boy, his parents announce the happy event by sending aloft one of the messengers of the air to announce the coming of the young heir, and also to illustrate with its lofty flight their high aims and ambition for the child. If the family belongs to the lower class, it must be content with a kite of small size, but if the parents are among the nobility, nothing short of a kite of enormous size will satisfy the soaring aspirations. Thus, those of this class are as much as thirty feet in diameter, and carry a tail of red and white, or pink and blue, in alternate folds that reach for more than three thousand feet. Soaring high among the clouds, this enormous kite, with its bright-coloured appendages, presents a most beautiful spectacle, hundreds of people turning out to watch it. The moment it begins to descend, the watchers

stand ready to seize hold of the tail, tearing off section after section, to keep as precious relics of the happy event. The affair is ended with a feast, to which all are invited.

The grown people all over the islands have their seasons for kite-flying,



JAPANESE KITE.

but none is more famous than the great picnics of Nagasaki, which are enlivened with the spirit of rivalry and contest for the supremacy in this sport. The time set for these tournaments is three days in the beautiful month of May, when the entire population turns out to witness or participate in the pastime. Kites as large as twelve square yards and as small as a foot square, with bright fringes completely surrounding them, are sent upward the length of the holding-cord, usually from two to three hundred feet.

These kites are of uniform shape, the frame being made of well-seasoned bamboo ribs, slightly convexed to the wind, and attached to the flying-cord by several lines fastened at regular intervals around the rim. The most important feature in their construction is the covering of powdered glass placed deftly the entire length of the holding-line. The purpose of this is to cut whatever string it may touch of the other kites, and the great object is thus to cut loose as many of the other kites as possible. The kite

thus sent adrift is lost to the owner, and becomes the property of whoever may be fortunate or skilful enough to capture it. In these two directions lies the interest of the occasion, and so furious becomes the rivalry that exciting scenes are sure to follow. Not only are the kite-flyers eager for the trial, but there are kite-catchers, who station themselves wherever they may imagine is good vantage-ground, those positions most elevated being considered most advantageous. Thus many of them climb into the tops of high trees, and there wait and watch for the prize. Should it happen that more than one person reaches the disabled kite at the same time, the one nearest the end of the string is considered the fortunate person. If more than one can claim an equal advantage, the kite is cut into parts and thus divided. Women, often beautiful girls, vie with boys and men in this exciting pastime, and many a lover's fate has been decided in these tournaments. Once, at least, the fate of Nagasaki hung on a flying kite, when two factions contended for the honours with an earnestness which threatened to end with a resort to spears and glaives in place of harmless kites. Fortunately the difference was



A TOY SELLER.

settled by a compromise, and peace again reigned. Usually the best of good humour prevails, and the results are accepted with commendable resignation. The cost of the *shi-gen-kai*, as this picnic is called, often depletes the pocketbooks of the most wealthy, all of which is taken as a matter of course.

If Nagasaki prides herself upon the skill of her kite-flyers, and Toas holds her a good second, Suruga claims honour in the matter of size. The kites of this place are monsters of a thousand feet square, or of "two thousand sheets," as they are called. The term "sheet" refers to the number of sheets of paper of which the kite is constructed. One of these kites costs about six hundred yen, and requires a cable and twenty men to fly it.

An extreme in the matter of size is found in the province of Owari, where the smaller the kite the greater the distinction. Here tiny affairs, miniature representatives of bees and cicadas, are sent aloft, attached to gossamer silk wound on ivory spindles.

CHAPTER XXV.

INDOOR RECREATIONS.

A WHOLE volume of good size might be written on dancing and dancers without exhausting the subject. Probably no art or custom of the Japanese has been as severely criticised, and it is equally true that no part of their social life has been so little understood. In Japan the dancers know nothing of polkas, waltzes, or quadrilles, their aim being to represent some ideal picture, such as the festival of the cherry from the planting of the tree, and the bursting of the bud into blossom to the gathering of the flower, or to describe some household scene or drama of war. The figures of the geishas are beautiful, and their entire action is pervaded with a grace and charm that must be seen to be appreciated. Dancing, according to Occidental ideas, has no place in Oriental life. In the former, that which portrays a happy motion of the dancer adapted to music is demanded, sometimes with a spectacular display, which is best illustrated by the ballet. In Japan these qualities are unknown. Here the art that pleases is the art which conceals the causes leading to the minutest result. We find all the grace of the Occident in the swaying of the body and the motions of the limbs, each of which is effected with a studied symmetry which deceives the unsophisticated spectator into the belief that he is looking upon that which is commonplace, when in reality it is something beyond his comprehension. He does not at first appreciate the rhythmical motion which offers no muscular development, but portrays to the initiated some rare incident of ancient history, legendary tale, or family folk-lore. The natural ease and grace with which it is acted comes only from long training of the dancer, who, after all, must possess a hereditary gift in that direction.

Dancing is taught the girls and boys as soon as they are able to go alone, and is never relaxed in the case of those who desire to become adepts. Few, if any, are lacking in the art, and public dances in which old and young, male and female, join in hearty response are of common

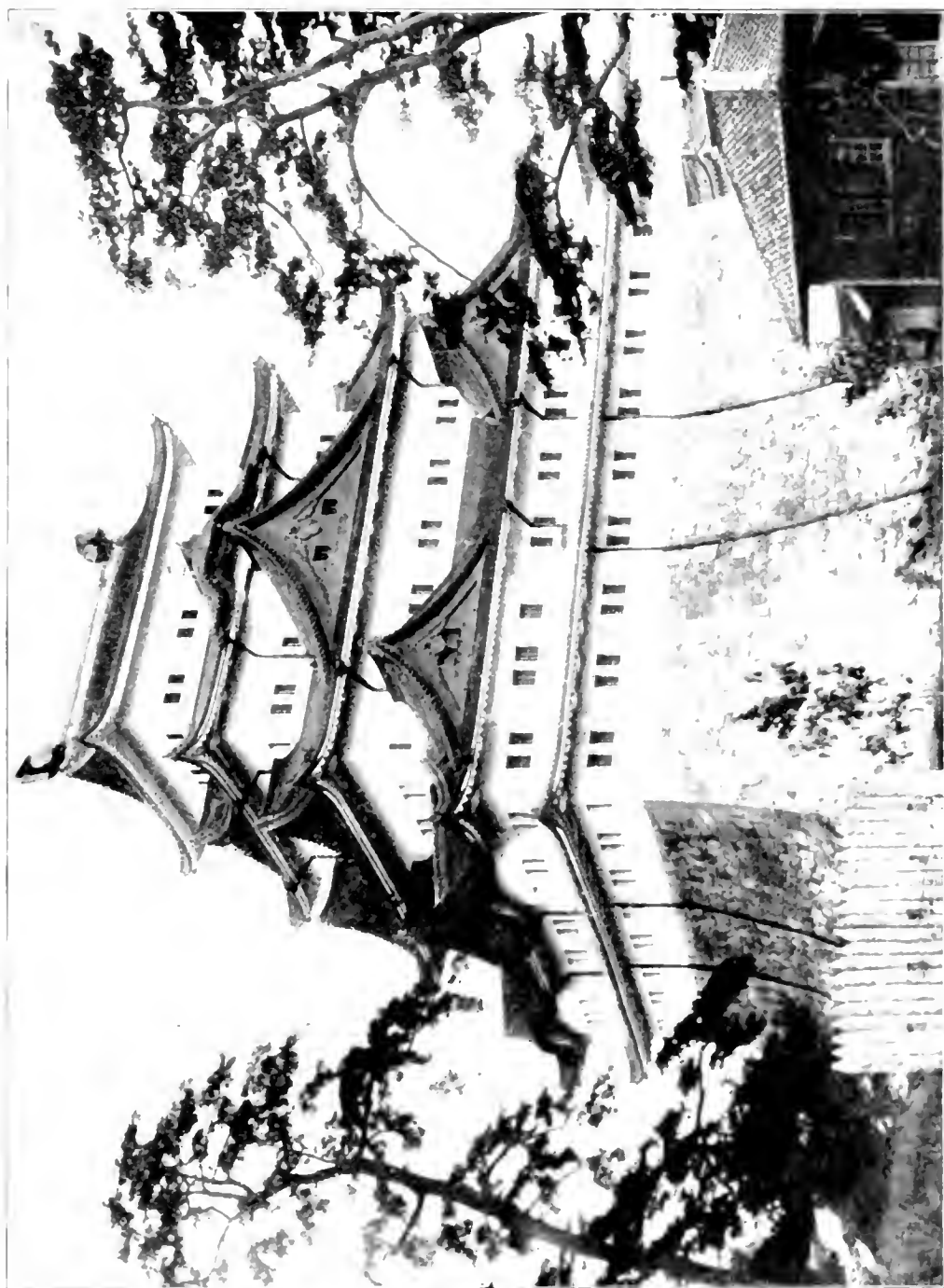
occurrence. Great events are generally observed and commemorated in this manner. One of the most noted dances of old time was that which lasted for a full week at Kyoto, soon after the capital was changed from Nara to that city, near the close of the eighth century. Another Kyotoan



GEISHA.

dance is worthy of special mention on account of the wonderful varieties of costumes, and the great number of people taking part in it. This was an expression of thanksgiving for the remarkable prosperity of the country, and each district represented was noticeable for its individual colour. The South, noted for a wonderful bird of crimson hue, chose scarlet; the West, the lair of the gray tiger of legend, had white crape; the North, the seat of military power, was distinguished by a becoming dark hue;

the East, where the great dragon inhabits the dark green sea, was known for its light green silk. Upon these distinguishing grounds were woven or embroidered designs and decorations of almost every shade and shape imaginable. It is recorded that on one of the fields were to be seen such ornaments as "a nightingale perched on a spray of blossoming plum; silver trout splashing in blue streams; snowy herons roosting among pine



NAGOYA CASTLE

boughs at the shrine of Gihon: fiery maples glowing on Kwacho hillside; rosy cherry petals floating over the Otowa waterfall, or the vulgar Venus embracing a mushroom on the Inari Mountain," and innumerable other figures and designs as unique and beautiful, until it appeared as if the inventive skill of the weavers was without limit. Never before or since has such a picturesque concourse of people danced through the day in a maze of graceful and grotesque figures to the music of flute and drum.

Dancing is a prominent feature of the festival of the 7th day of the seventh month, when tiny misses, in high coiffures, spangled with silver pins and pink tortoise shells, and decorated with richly embroidered satin robes, set off

with a broad belt of embossed gold and purple designs, are among the leading characters.

With the various dances and their checkered fortunes, it remained for the *kanjin-no*, commonly called now by its last syllable, to be put upon the stage as a part of the prelude to the acting. This was an ancient dance, which formerly fell from grace, to be placed by a daring admirer on the boards of the theatre in 1830, at a time when amusements of this



A FLUTE PLAYER.

kind were condemned by the aristocratic class. His name was added to it, so it became known as the *sensuke-no*. This dance and its powerful auxiliaries, which may be said to have had two lives or periods of existence, is purely a Japanese affair. Many of the other dances in Japan have been affected by Chinese influence, but this has not been the fate of the *no*, which has been compared to the drama of old Greece. To no other amusement do the Japanese lend their undivided interest as they do to this, and they never seem to tire of it, though the foreigner may witness it in disgust, and leave the place bored by its tediousness.

From the dancing-child has sprung, within a little over two hundred years, a character in Japanese social life which finds no counterpart in any other country. Almost at the beginning of the reign of this singular person it was declared that she was undermining society, and the nobility excluded her from their places of amusement. So for a hundred years the dancers of this class were content to accept such adulation and encouragement as came from public resorts where the best morals were not expected. After this long interval of ostracism the dancing-girls were allowed to return to good society, and they began to play an important part in polite circles. The picture of one of these "sirens of society" is that of a pretty girl in her teens, with an exquisite figure and a refining grace in all her manner. She is so slight of form and airy of movement, in her brilliant robes and sparkling head-dress, that she appears like a butterfly hovering about a light. Her tiny feet keep perfect rhythm to the tedious humming of the samisen, her flowing sleeves and parti-coloured skirts of bewildering folds rising and falling, swelling and contracting, with each graceful curve and motion of her supple figure, the whole rendered more fairylike by the red flame of the paper lanterns. Although profusely ornamented, she is tastefully dressed, and appears both modest and demure, but with an archness which gives piquancy and winsome delight to her manner. She is not only a model dancer, but she can play and sing, and is both witty and well informed. This is a description which does scant justice to the much-talked about, long-abused, and ever-admired *geisha*.

The very name is against her fair reputation, for it denotes that she is not a part of a household, but an adjunct of a *geisha-ya*, a dance-house. It betrays to those knowing the meaning of the term that she is a party to a contract made by her parents or guardian to another who shall give

her employment for a certain number of years. This contract usually means for seven or ten years, a portion of the proceeds going to her, and the balance — the larger half — to him who has undertaken her charge. If she enters her service before the age of ten years, she commences as an *o-shaku*, or cup-bearer, and five years later becomes what is denominated the *ippou*. This means she has advanced far enough to be entitled to an amount of compensation, or "honorary tribute," of twenty-five yen, in payment of an entertainment lasting during the burning of one stick of incense. She is now allowed to leave her dancing to her younger companions, while she devotes her time to music. She plays accompaniments for convivial songs, sings herself, perhaps, and enlivens the whole entertainment with her vivacity and ready tongue, never lowering herself be-



HOUSE-CLEANING.

low the dignity of maidenly modesty. If she is particularly bright or pretty she soon becomes in great demand, and is often the recipient of what seems a good income. Besides this, she is entitled by license to pick up without question rewards along the by-paths of her calling. If she prefers to incur the risk of being found out without proper consent, she plies her arts in secrecy. While she improves these opportunities,

either bought or stolen, she has another and culminating object in her little head. This is nothing less than to secure a lover who shall be able to promote her from this public career into a home of her own. Much has been written about the geisha, — dancer, singer, artist, and vivacious little minx, so deeply skilled in artifice as to lose sight of art, — and her cousin, the *musume*, — the dainty, plebeian, picturesque girl of the tea-house; but while the foreigner cannot help admiring and condemning both, he does not really understand either.

In connection with what has been written here, the shadow of social sin is apparent on the bright surface of society. This becomes plainer when we learn upon investigation that the life of a geisha is not always lived as her personal choice might dictate. She, as a rule, becomes such through the request of her parents. They may be in straitened circumstances, and take this method of paying off an indebtedness. Looking still deeper into the situation, we find that she is a sort of cousin to another class of unfortunates, styled *yu-jo*, who are always the direct object of a trade. Continental Europe licenses her social sin, and Japan follows her example, except that she does not parade or exonerate her vice. Although the unhappy party to this bargain has small voice in the original transaction, she has the privilege to break that contract at her own free will. If she seldom does this, who, not thoroughly conversant with the true condition, is able to pass judgment upon her? That the delicate situation is felt and appreciated is shown by the fact that the wife of a Japanese gentleman has to show a respectable record for several generations back, and this fact more than anything else works against the marriage of the geisha, or *yu-jo*. The inhabitant of the Western world is perhaps most puzzled to know how it is that parents will become the prime factors in these unholy trades. Let them answer, not the victim.

The drama was brought before the public in a somewhat romantic way, near the close of the sixteenth century. A famous dancer named O-Kuni, having danced before the Shogun Yoshiteru, pleased that monarch so much that he granted her especial favours, and she became celebrated. But falling in love with one of the ruler's retainers, and their relations being discovered, she immediately lost public approval. Both losing their positions, she suggested that they dance on the public sword for a living. In this manner, what had been a religious dance was converted into a profes-

sion of a profane character, though she made certain modifications to suit their purpose. Her part having been previously a character of historic representation, picturing the enticement of the sun-goddess from her cavern, the transition was easier. She and her husband performed for a livelihood. For some reason, she often assumed the part of a man, while he acted that of a woman. A rude platform was raised on the dry bed of the river, and they became known as "the river-bed folks." As might be expected, their patrons were not of the higher class, but they met with a success that enabled them to live comfortably. Soon others followed them, but it was a long time before this establishment of a theatre was received with favour by the upper class. Seeking broader fields, and it may have been



TEA-HOUSE GIRL.

with the hope of elevating their standing, O-Kuni and her husband, with a goodly company, repaired to Tokyo. But there was no river-bed for their rude theatre; the daimesses deported themselves in a manner which brought down upon them public condemnation, so that finally, in 1613, government ordered that females should no longer act in public with men. The parts of females, if acted at all, should be taken by men.

This edict brought into the field an actor who was capable of taking

the feminine part of the play with a fidelity which defied the critics, and became so perfect that many refused to believe a deception had been practised. This actor, whose name was Genzaemon, had followers who carried the art even farther than he, so that the refinements of feminine deport-



AN ACTOR.

ment, the rare qualities and grace of the womanly parts were so accurately reproduced that it seemed incredible that such lifelike playing was the work of the male sex. The restriction forbidding women to appear on the stage has been removed, but such as have attempted the histrionic art have been so low in morals that they have not received public recognition. The theatre is now patronised by the better classes, but the actors have failed so far to win their way into the good graces of society, and

they are not likely to until they have elevated the standard of their own lives.

There are no chairs in a Japanese theatre, and the spectators must sit on their knees. The parquet is a bare floor, having neither benches, chairs, nor aisles. The better portion of the crowd sit within an enclosure separated by a rail, and corresponding to our parquet circle. This is raised about two feet. Between acts children are allowed to go upon the stage, and play at their will. If the heat is oppressive, as it often is, men appear

quite naked, except for the loin-cloth, and the women do not hesitate to remove their clothing entire to the waist, no one thinking it improper to do so.

Among the more intellectual entertainments the *gundan*, or war-story, deserves to rank first. This comes nearest to our lecture of anything in Japanese life, and has served more than all else to maintain an interest in the past history of the country, and to inform the people of its secrets. Until this form of public entertainment was instituted by some Buddhist



ACTORS

priest, the common class was in woeful ignorance of the warlike aims and deeds of the patricians. In fact, such matters were not allowed to be discussed, and even the literature of the times contained nothing more than the bare mention of military events from time to time. For this reason even the patricians became densely ignorant of the history of their country. Thus, when the friars of mediæval Japan, who were possessors of this knowledge, began to give their recitals before patrician audiences, the *gundan* immediately became very popular. But it was two and a half centuries later before the lectures were given publicly, so that the common class could listen to these military classics.

This popularity came about through the misfortunes of one of the *sumarais*, who had figured prominently in the gorgeous pageants of his earlier years. As a means of making a livelihood, he stationed himself within the court of the temple of Twmma Tenjin at Kyoto, when a festival was in process, and began to relate in stirring language some of the scenes in which he had played a conspicuous part. The worshippers at the shrine soon gave him an attentive ear, and he reaped undreamed-of reward for his vivid portrayals. Others, seeing his success, and in need of such means to earn a livelihood, rather than to seek the vulgar calling of a trade, imitated his example. In this way men came to devote their whole lives to perfecting the art of oratory, so that, in time, the lecture became not only a favoured way of entertainment, but no little talent was displayed by the *raconteurs*. The narrator, or *koshaku-shi*, is no mere declaimer from some arbitrary text; what he has to tell has not been recorded in any public document. He moves through his recital with all the effectiveness of an actor, each part of his narrative being in perfect accord with the customs and environments of the period he describes. He attempts no dramatical display, but, seated on a mat before a desk, holding in one hand a fan and in the other a paper baton, he begins in a simple manner, gradually rising in earnestness and intensity, as he forcibly describes the passions that swayed the hearts of men, the gentle influence of women, the anxious prelude to battle, the clash of the contestants, — the swiftly-moving baton, as it falls sharply upon the wooden lecturn, giving a vivid idea of the shock of arms, the din of the armed combatants, the dash and surge of the wild hordes; and then the climax, the broken ranks retreating in wild disorder, and the hoarse cries of the victors, — all depicted with remarkable fidelity, until the spectators behold with their mind's eye the entire picture from beginning to end.

The amount of good done by these lecturers in imparting information to the masses can scarcely be estimated, and yet they are poorly paid, except in rare cases of the masters of the art. The followers of this profession are divided into what are considered schools, each division tracing its origin to some successful originator of that style in the past. All are devoted to particular descriptions of some feature of history, such as the treachery of some important clansman, the quarrel of some powerful chief, some critical point in the condition of the country, the rise of some obscure warrior, the



JAPANESE FESTIVE DECORATIONS, BENTENDOHRI, YOKOHAMA.

career of some renowned hero, the romantic love episode of an ancient gallant, and similar deeds and situations as may be easily imagined as belonging to the history of the romantic feudal age. There are over three hundred lecturers in Tokyo alone, many of them men of marked literary and oratorical ability. There are the tragedians, while there are those following a different line, who aim simply to amuse. This class take for their themes only romantic incidents, appealing to the sympathy or pleasure of their audiences.



A BROOM SELLER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS NEW.

IT was fifteen hundred years ago, under the reign of Emperor Richu, the seventeenth in descent from the first mortal sovereign, Jimmu, that an attempt was made to weave a history out of the confused mass of traditions and mysticisms enveloping the origin and rise of the Japanese people. From that date, 400 A. D., the history of the island empire may be readily divided into five periods, viz.: the first, beginning with the legends of the misty ages, and ending with the establishment at Nara of the wandering court of the Empress Jito in the early part of the eighth century; the second, comprising the early civilisation of Nara and Kyoto, ending with the twelfth century; the third, the era of civil wars, which closed with the battle of Sekigahara, 1600; the fourth, the period of the Tokugawa shogunate, closing in 1867; the fifth and last, consisting of the late years of foreign intercourse and Japanese progress under the present emperor.

It is not an easy task to trace the origin and growth of this people; to

discover amid the shadowy army of mythological beings the first ruler, Jimmu; to describe the dynasty he is said to have founded; to portray the civilisation that was built upon the ruins of tradition; the arts and literature that flourished amid such surroundings as we of the American Republic cannot understand, and at that period when the glory of this vast continent emanated from glittering temples and golden shrines, which have long since crumbled into ruins, without leaving a record of their builders. But if the blotted pages are filled with a bewildering array of rival rulers in all stages of power, a shifting rabble of worshippers at shrines dedicated to a medley of deities whom nobody professed to understand, until it is impossible to sift out the real from the unreal, and fix the actual situation in the mind, above the clashing of arms and confusion of scenes, as the image of the unsheltered Bronze Buddha remains to attest to the one-time glory of the Genji clan at Kamakura, while the dust of its castles has mingled with the sand of its plains, and the glitter of arms is drowned in the changeless sea, so here and there along the path of ages some stalwart figure, entwined with stories of heroism and nobility, stands out in bold relief. Foremost among these appears the Goddess of the Sun, who, in the traditions of a vivid-minded race, was the mother of royalty; at the head of the dusky army of the ancients rises the Empress Jingu; next on the shifting stage the invincible Hideyoshi, the Taiko, and the Caesar of the Middle Ages; Icyasu, the Augustus of the Golden Age; and then Keiki, the Cromwell of the Tokugawa shoguns. When we have seen these resume their places in the dazzling retinues, and noted their victorious marches, we have brought Old Japan before us, with its simplicity of common life, its gorgeous military pageants, its heroism and patriotism, its cruel ambitions, its displays of the love of life, and its remarkable indifference to death.

Whether the people now inhabiting Dai Nippon originally sprang from mixed races, and, if that were true, whether they were aliens to these islands, remains to-day a mooted problem, though the theory to be advanced here is that accepted by the majority of historians and antiquarians. As we are about to follow this trail of the races, our Japanese friend gravely reminds us that the very earliest inhabitants were descendants of the goddess that dwelt upon Tokama-no-hara, or the Plains of High Heaven. We lend a respectful attention while he relates the tradition of the gods.

In the misty past, before time, when all the world was chaos, and the stars and moon, the earth and sky, were formless and only a vapour, was the birth-time of the gods. Then only phantom shapes flitted hither and thither across the space of eternity, as clouds drift over the surface of the heavens. An immense bulrush-bud, piercing the infinite distance, gave birth to the first deity. This was followed by others, until, after three generations of created objects, and where the tip of the bulrush had pierced the space, four pairs of heavenly spirits came into being. For the



A COOPER.

first time a division was now made, and the last pair of gods were given the task of creating the earth. This couple, the source of all life, were Izanagi, the God of the Air, and Izanami, the Goddess of the Clouds. A fathomless gulf lay at that time between heaven and the chaos of region beyond, the space spanned by a floating bridge of heaven, one end securely upheld on a mountain peak and the other on the wall of distance. This pair, walking on the bridge, marked the void below, and the God of Air said to the Goddess of the Clouds: "Let us visit the kingdom beneath. There needs be a firmament there." Then he struck his jewel-tipped spear into the mass below them, and from the pearly

drops congealing on the point, an island was formed in the boundless region.

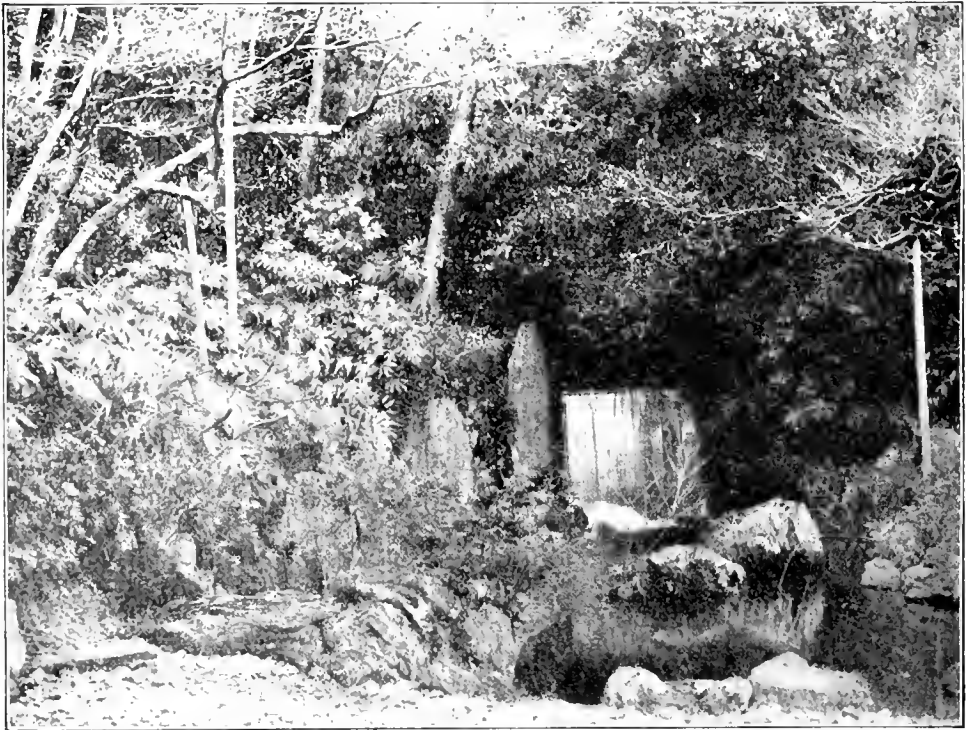
The earth-maker and his companion then descended the Heavenly Bridge to see what sort of a country had been formed. The sight of it pleased them so much that Izanagi called up a high mountain to hold the end of the floating bridge, and he and Izanami, pledging themselves to wed and remain together on the earth, set out separately to explore its distant parts. He followed the foot of the mountain toward the east, and she going toward the west, they kept on until eventually they came in sight of each other. Upon discovering him afar off, the Goddess of the Clouds exclaimed, with undisguised admiration, "How pleasant it is to meet such a noble-looking youth!" Wishing to be equally as gallant he replied, "Not so pleasant as it is to meet such a fair and lovely maiden." The couple then completed their marriage by clasping hands and began to set in order their new home.

Soon afterward their bright prospects began to darken. The new lands created by Izanagi proved barren and desolate; their first-born son was weak both in body and mind. Disappointed in each other and everything about them, they returned to the palace of the heavenly spirits, when they were told that all their misfortunes had taken place because Izanami had been the first to speak at that meeting beyond the mountain world. To recover the treasures they had lost they must woo and wed again, being careful this time to obey the divine injunction. The couple again crossed over the floating bridge, and Izanagi speaking first when they met on their journey around the mountain, great happiness came to their lot. They created all the islands of Dai Nippon, and from the foam of the rolling breakers, as they surged against the mainland, was formed China and the rest of the world. They had children born to them, the Ruler of Rivers, the Deity of Mountains, the God of Forests, and the Goddess of Flowers. Izanagi was much pleased, but as he looked around over the beautiful landscape, lonely in its glory, he said, "There should be one higher and nobler to rule and protect this fair world."

A daughter was born to this couple, and her beauty was so dazzling and her deportment so regal that nothing below a throne in high heaven would suit her station. She was Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, and the joy of Izanagi was so great that he exclaimed: "She shall rule the universe

from the Blue Plain of High Heaven. Her clear smile shall gladden the whole world. Fleecy clouds shall be her handmaidens, and glistening dewdrops her messengers of love."

After the birth of the Goddess of Light a son was born to the happy deities, and as his was a dreamlike beauty of the gentle evening, he was given a home in the far sky, and given alternate rule with his sister. His name was Tsuku-yomi, the Moon God. Izanagi and Izanami had other



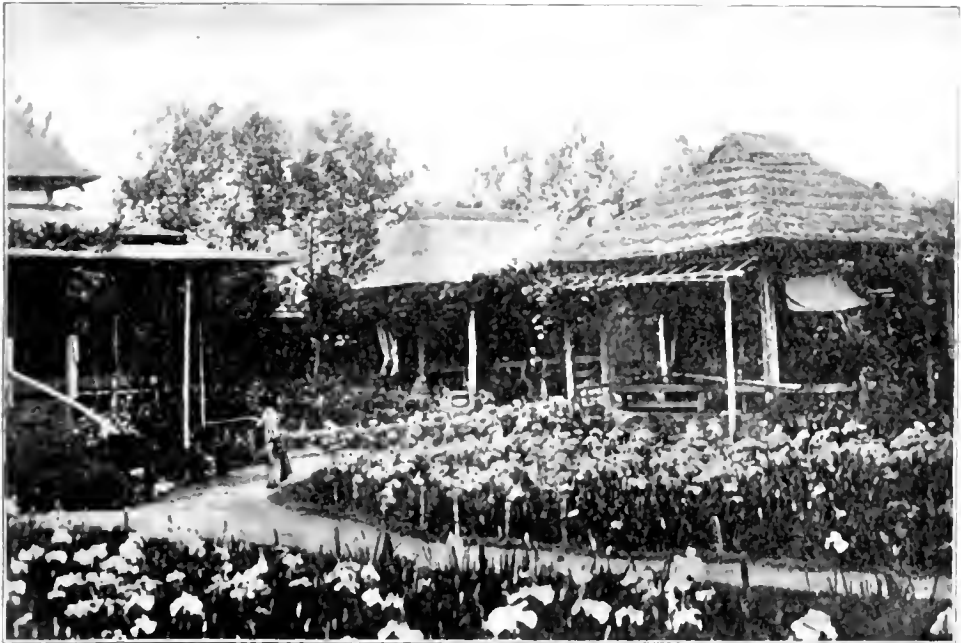
A GARDEN CASCADE.

children, who were not blessed with such glory. Two may be mentioned, the God of Fire and the more to be feared Susa-no-o, who preferred shadow to light, whose smile was a blight to flowers and plants, and who was given the sovereignty of the sea. He soon became extremely jealous of his sister Amaterasu, and resigning his kingship over the ocean reigned as the Moon God, in the hope that he might better outrival her.

The Sun Goddess was loved by all, and under the benign influence of her smile the earth yielded up from its treasure-house the iris and orchid, the cherry and plum blossom, the pine and bamboo, the maple and wistaria,

the rice and hemp. The mountains were clothed in deep green vestments, the plains strewn with flowers, and the Inland Sea veiled in silvery gauze. She had but to whisper her wish and it was answered. While she plied her shuttles celestial maidens sang of the joy and peace on earth.

Susa-no-o looked on all this by night and was angry from jealousy. So he did everything in his power to make existence miserable for his sister, who finally fled to a cave to escape his persecution. The universe was then plunged into darkness, and strife and turmoil reigned supreme. The

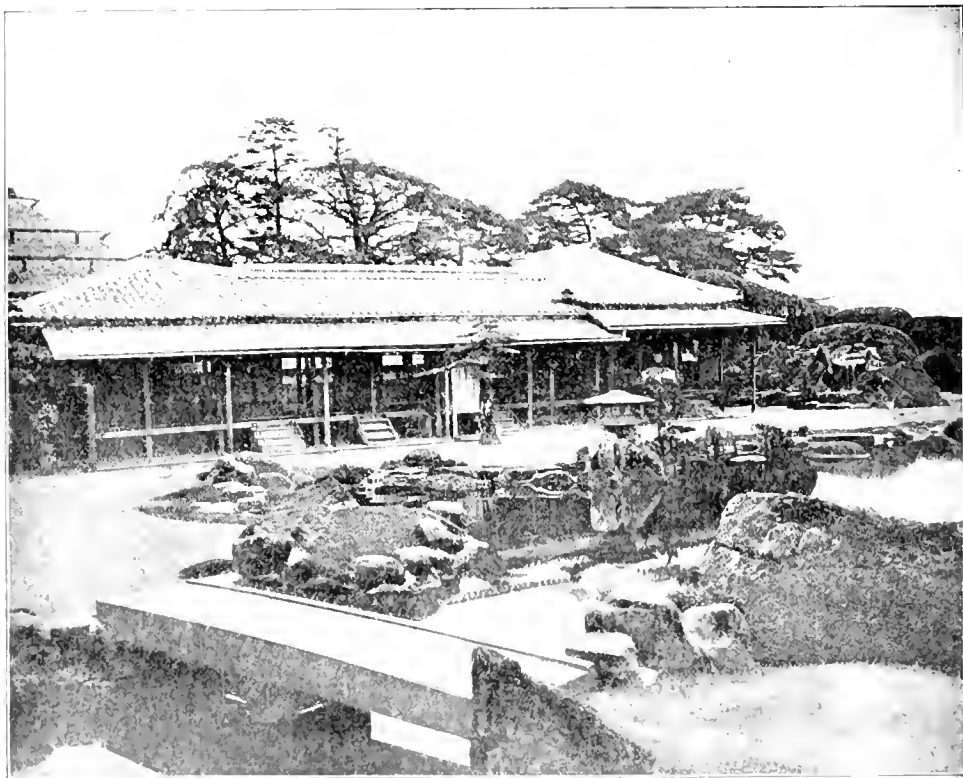


IRIS GARDEN.

gods, becoming alarmed for the welfare of every beautiful thing, and even for their own safety, assembled to see what could be done. Knowing that the Sun Goddess alone could save them, they began to devise plans to call her forth from her retirement. But plan after plan was tried and failed, until that of the magic mirror was resorted to. Great fires were built about the entrance to the cave, and eight hundred merry maidens were told to laugh. As the merry peals of laughter made the earth tremble, Amaterasu looked shyly forth to discover that it was light, when she had supposed that darkness was reigning. Upon asking what this meant, she was told that a goddess rivalling her had come among them. She believed

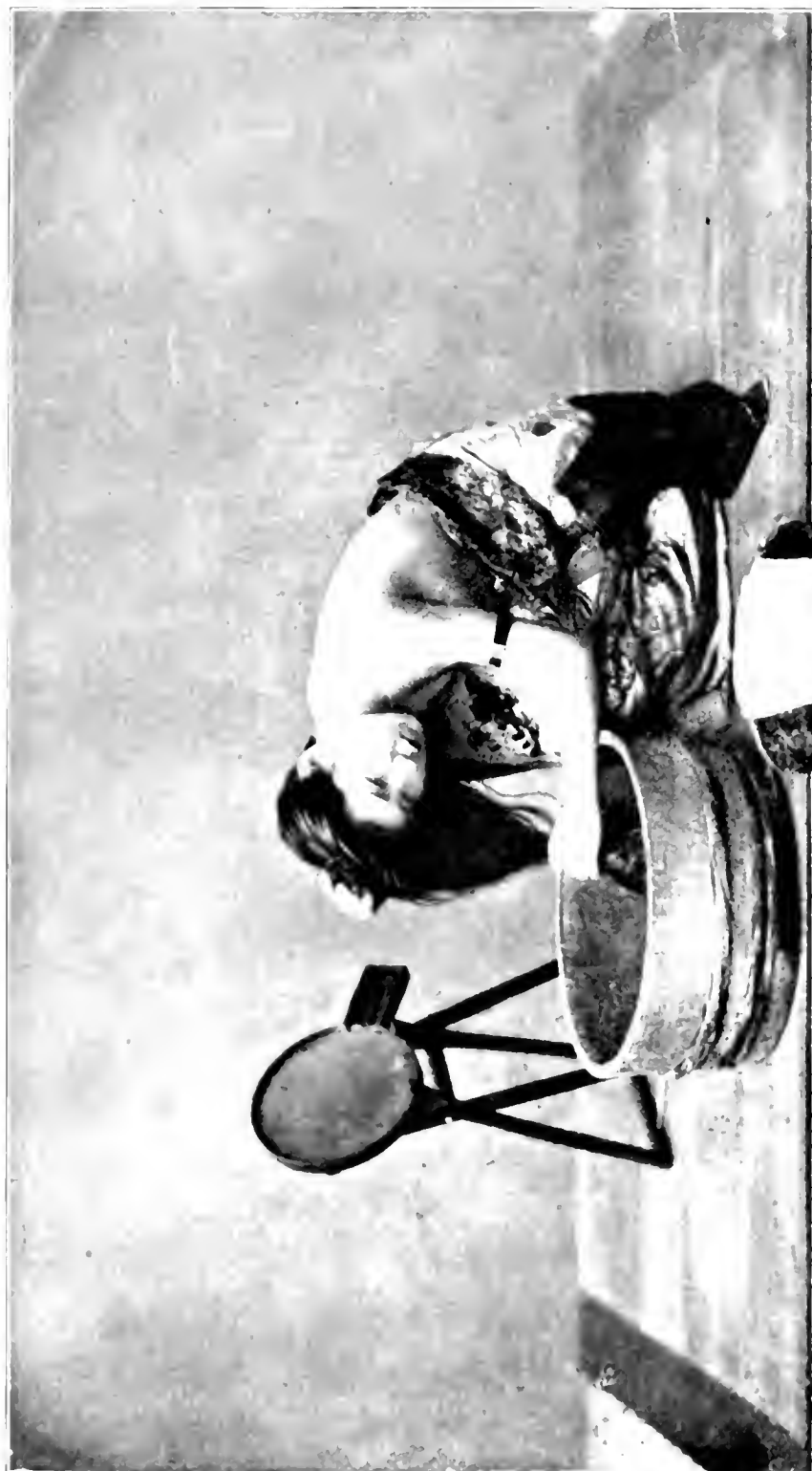
this when she gazed into the mirror and saw her own matchless reflection. This caused her to step outside the cave, and, to stop her from returning, a rope of rice-straw was deftly drawn across the entrance. The eight hundred merry deities cried out, "May the Sun Goddess always stay with us." Thus darkness was driven from the world and happiness and rejoicing again held sway.

But if freed from darkness, the earth was still peopled with evil spirits,



GARDEN AT KAGOSHIMA.

and there was no peace by day or night. Then the deities decided to send some one down to quell the wild riot and prepare the people for the rule of Amaterasu's grandson, Prince Generous-Giver. But of the agents sent to do this difficult task, as many as three failed. One lost courage at the very outset; another fell a victim to the violence of the mob; and still a third was captivated by the blandishments of a beautiful maiden who met him on the seashore. He found life here so fascinating that he forgot his mission, even forgot his brother deities, and revelled in the toils of a



vulgar life. Finally the Sun Goddess sent a pheasant to inquire why her messenger tarried so long. But the delinquent deity was so angry over the appeal of the bird that he shot her with a bow and arrow. The pheasant fell, and the arrow continued its flight to the feet of the Goddess of the Sun on her throne in high heaven. Anticipating that evil had befallen her loved pheasant, from the blood on the shaft, she sent the arrow back to earth, with the injunction that it find the evil-doer.

A mighty storm arose soon after, and on its wings the dead body of



AN ISLAND SEA.

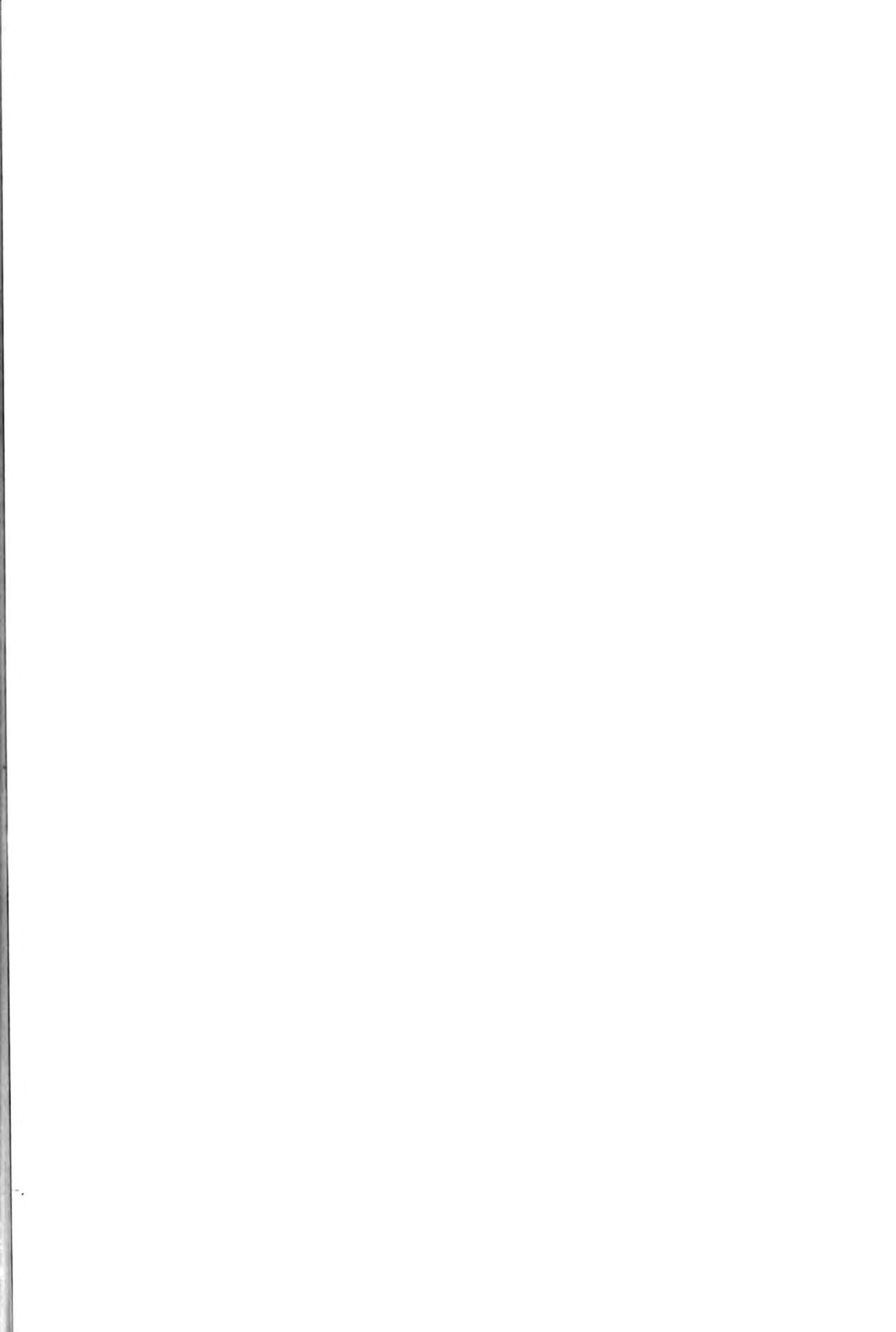
the faithless prince was laid at his father's feet. Then there was weeping and wailing, for he had been dearly beloved, and a great mourning-house was raised. But in the midst of this lamentation a brother of the dead prince appeared, and was mistaken for the traitor. This so offended the former that he cut down the mourning-house with his ten-grasp sword, and scattered the ruins to the four winds of heaven.

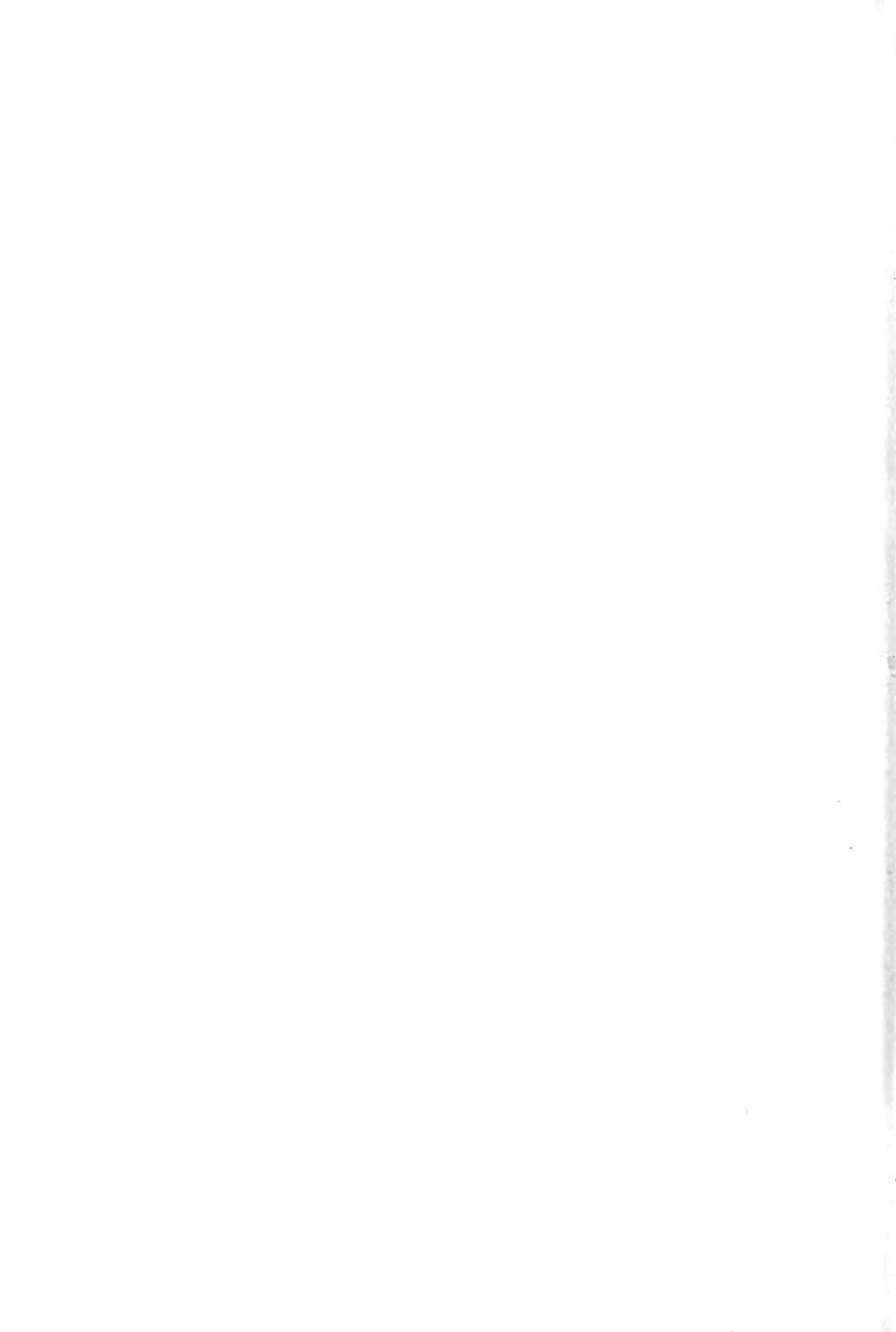
This feat caused the others to declare that he, Toku-Mika, was the very one to subdue the evil spirits below. In answer to Amaterasu's request he started at once on his warlike mission. He was accompanied by a boon companion named Tori-bune. Upon reaching the shore of the

troubled land, in what is now the province of Idzumo, the doughty twain placed their swords on the crest of the waves, and seated themselves on the points of the weapons. In this manner they were able to defend themselves from the evil spirits of the earth until they had conquered them.

The Goddess of the Sun was greatly pleased over the exploit of her latest emissaries, and she at once instructed her grandson, Ninigi, Prince Generous-Giver, to go at once to the earth and begin his reign, which she foretold would be one of peace and plenty, and from this fact he became known as "Ruddy-Plenty, the Rice Prince." Among the treasures that she gave him was the famous mirror, which had restored light to the world.

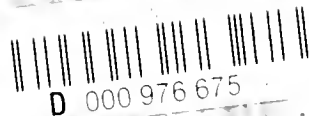
Prince Ninigi looked on the vast pine forests, the reed plains and the mountains, the rivers and seas, and was greatly pleased with his domains. But this son of the gods was lonesome in the midst of his plenty, until he met one day on the shore of the Inland Sea a maiden of such loveliness as he had never dreamed. Falling in love with her, and learning that she was the daughter of the Spirit of the Mountains, he sought her father to ask for her hand in marriage. Now it so happened that this deity had an older daughter who he was especially anxious should wed before her sister. But she was very plain, and Ninigi would not take her in place of the beautiful Ko-no-hane, Princess Tree-Blossom. This so angered the older sister that she exclaimed in anger: "You have made a foolish choice. Had you chosen me, you and your children would have lived to a good old age; but as you have chosen my sister, all your children and children's children will perish as the blossoms of the trees." This explains why human life is not as long as that of the gods who lived on earth before the advent of man. But Prince Ninigi and his beautiful wife were very happy during their mortal life, and from them have descended the royal rulers of Dai Nippon.





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